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LONDON:
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SCENE—An Olive Glade under "The Heliconian Ridge." Interlocutors—Lord TENNYSON, TIRESIAS, and Mr. PUNCH.

- Punch.* THE olive-glade, my Theban, and the peak !
But from the watery hollow, clear and cool,
Pal'as Athene climbs not.
- Tiresias.* Better so.
Your blindness were the eclipse of Britain's sun,
In days when darkness dominates o'ermuch
Her "men of light and leading."
- Punch.* Never fear !
Not "gazing on divinity disrobed"
Will dull my patriot vision. Eh, my Bard ?
Like green in winter, music midst the storm,
Comes, ever vernal in despite of time,
Melodious still through Faction's fiercest roar,
Your Muse's latest gift !
- Tiresias.* The Golden Bough
Bare never mellow fruit since SAPPHO sang.
- Tennyson.* Thanks ! Yet I loathe the Lydian flute,
That tootles an effeminate song,
With sickly sweetness making mute
Firm manhood's clarion clear and strong.
I would that through my daintiest Art
Should thrill, with true Tyrtæan might,
"The song that nerves a Nation's heart,"
And fires the patriot plumed for fight.
- Punch.* Fear not, my mellifluous ALFRED, we Englishmen know you of old,
With the true knightly steel in your temper, for all that your lips are of gold,
A patriot valiant and wise as that other great ALFRED, who smote
The Danes, flew the Dragon-flag sea-ward, and silenced the Raven's hoarse throat.
A story your lips should have sung, as they sung the Arthurian lay.
But, Baron, your ballads have dropt on a barren and bellicose day

Of angry and heady word-warfare. When Christmas has softened their souls,
And sweetened their tempers, who lately went frantic and fierce at the Polls,
Like Manna in Party's bare desert, will light their melodious lilt,
As sweet as the music, TIRESIAS, to which your loved city was built.

Tiresias.

Will they then hear him, the mad multitude,
To whom wise words, if cast against the wind
Of their wild wishes and vain hopes, are vain,
Here, as in Thebes?

Punch (cheerily).

At last they must hear Me!

Tiresias (admiringly). Happy your lot, not blind nor unbeliever!

Tennyson.

Thrice happy, to no faction thrall,

With Fairness and gay Fun,

Flouting the tyranny of All,

As well as that of One!

Punch.

Why, certainly, my Laureate. And the Nation's Do-well follows
My Think-well, as your Ancient Sage would say. Our new Apollos,
Gods of the Long Bow most of them, lack light as well as lightness;
But through the medium of Mirth PUNCH manifests his brightness.

Tennyson.

And now your Genial Power

Breaks forth anew,

Thaws Winter's cold, and fills

Eyes with glad dew;

Your Artists have their wills,

Your Poets too.

Punch.

Precisely, Sir. Your hour will come, but, after Row confusing,
The world wants something gay and bright and genial and amusing,
To soothe and smooth and sweeten it. Bring it along, my Toby—
There! I'll remove his muzzle! So,—no fear of hydrophoby!—
There!—that's the Party fabrifuge, demulcent, tonic pick-up.
Twill beat PASTEUR for rabies, still the wild spasmodic kick-up
Of Faction's tetanus! Take it! There is joy in every line.
Take, read to friend TIRESIAS, my

Volume Eighty-Nine!



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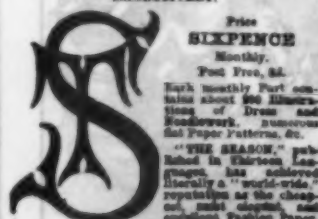
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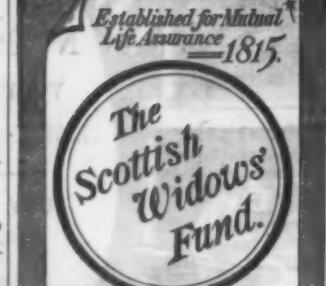
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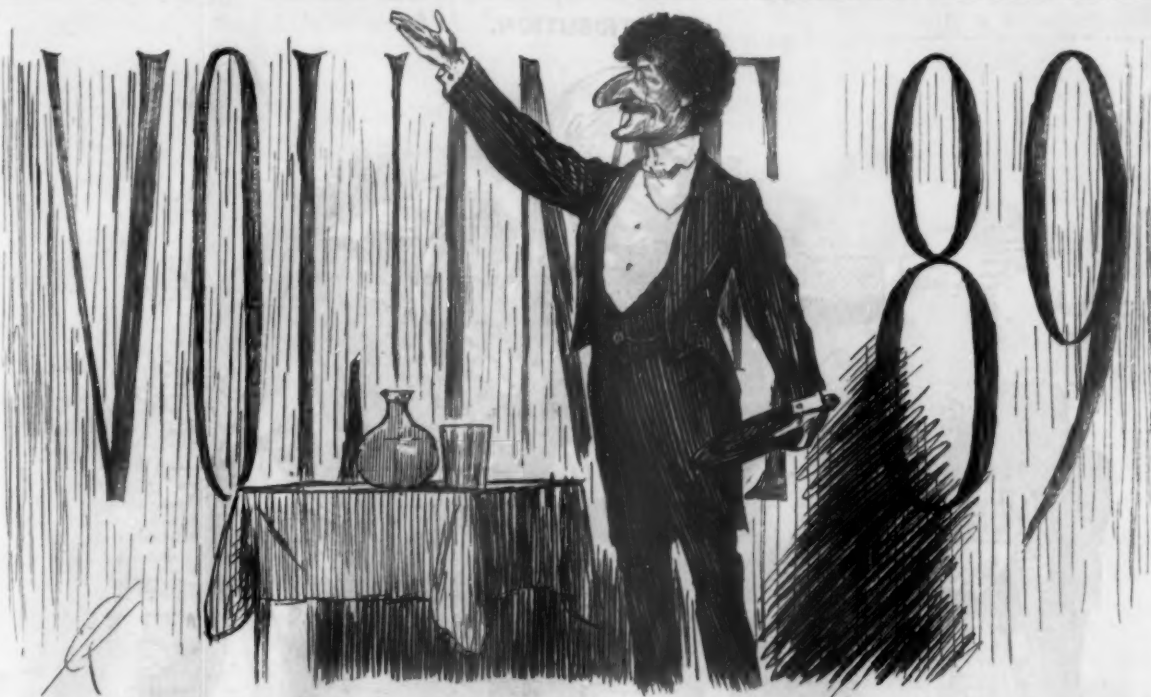
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(Some Later Particulars Communicated.)

If there has hitherto been in certain quarters some doubt expressed as to the exact meaning of the word "Revolutionary," when taken in connection with the carrying out of an apparently simple Programme of Nautical Manœuvres, there cannot be any longer the remotest question as to its perfect applicability to the recent doings in Bantry Bay. In fact, the experience of the last few days has, to use the words of the now astonished but still gallant Admiral in command, "so completely revolutionised and turned topsy-turvy all preconceived ideas of Naval Tactics, and their necessary adjuncts, as heretofore understood at Whitehall," that, while retaining, under pressure, the important post he at present fills, he cannot, in view of the forthcoming Demonstration promised shortly for Spithead, refrain from throwing out a few admonitory hints to his unsophisticated brother Commanders who may, possibly be called upon to figure more or less prominently before the Public on that interesting occasion. That these worthy Salts may the more easily and readily apprehend the precise nature of the unexpected difficulties they may be called upon to encounter, the thoughtful Admiral has, in sailor-like fashion, condensed his recent experience off the Irish Coast into the shape of some simple and practical Rules, the value of which, not only in mimic warfare, but more especially in actual operations in the presence of an enemy, must be seen at a glance by the merest outsider. A few of the more striking and important of them are subjoined. They are as follows:—

1. As a rule, never go into action, if you can possibly help it, with your ship bottom upwards.
2. If unsupplied by the Authorities with proper despatch vessels, in any pressing emergency fall back upon a torpedo boat, and if this crumples up at once, as it probably will with rough usage, like brown paper, requisition the nearest port for a coal-barge or two, and man them with any war correspondents who happen to be on board. Failing this, get into your own dingy after dark and take the message as well as you can yourself to the nearest marine post-office.
3. If in command of one of H.M.'s first-class four-masted Thunderers, on sighting an enemy, prepare for action by instantly hacking down the whole of her rigging, sails, spars, and tackle, and bodily stowing it away in the Senior Officers' Mess-room. Here let it be cut up into convenient lengths and conveyed to the furnaces. By a rapid recourse to this handy device, not only may the smashing in of the ship's upper-decks and decimation of her crew be pleasantly avoided, but an additional knot an hour be comfortably added to her usual pace; a gain, which, when she makes but seven and a half

under full pressure, though pursued by nine armed cruisers whose normal rate is never under eighteen, may be regarded as a distinct and consoling advantage, not only to her crew and officers, but even to her constructor and country.

4. A properly constituted modern Fleet should have its *corpus* or body of heavy ironclad fighting power, and be supported by a contingent of swift cruisers, supplemented again with scouts as feelers, followed by a silent swarm of torpedo craft. A British Admiral suddenly meeting this formidable array, should, if in command of three grotesque and thinly-armoured vessels of an extinct type, supplied with bursting muzzle-loading guns, instantly strike up "*Rule, Britannia!*" on the band of the Marines, if it happens to be on board, and give the order to "Scuttle and fill." If, however, at the time he should be powerfully supported, after the latest approved fashion, by a couple of lightly-armed Boulogne steamers and a converted Thames lighterman or two, it may then become almost obligatory on him to endeavour to draw up some sort of plan of action. If, notwithstanding this decent show of defiance, he is sent to the bottom before he has time to put anything on paper, he will, still not omitting the order to the band of the Marines to give "*Rule, Britannia!*" go down quietly, and like a man.

5. On taking up a position on a new Station, the first thing to be done is to ascertain the correctness of the Admiralty charts. This may be accomplished by sending one of the most valuable ships of the Fleet over an indicated rock. If a hole is instantly knocked in her bottom, and all the steam-pumps within fifteen miles are hard at work on her for three days and nights to keep her afloat, it may be taken for granted that the chart is fairly correct.

6. The daily explosions of gas in the coal-bunkers should, if possible, be timed to come off in the evening, as a considerable saving in the item of lighting could be effected by such an arrangement. Moreover, they would accustom the crew to most of the sensations of a successful night-attack by hostile torpedoes. When discipline rather than surprise is the object, the catastrophe might be preceded by the order, "Pipe all hands for a blow-up."

7. The captain of a turret-ship, on finding that though he may manage to give his turret one good turn, it may suddenly get jammed and absolutely decline to give him another, should instantly unship his screw, reverse the position of his engines, and spin his ironclad as well as he can round on its own axis. Thus not only revolving the matter in his own mind, but the whole of his crew in the face of the enemy, he may manage, by a well-sustained all-round fire, to square the immediate difficulty.

Such are the brief rules, and it cannot be doubted but that, by a careful adhesion to one or more of them, the Spithead display will, on the whole, be a brilliant and instructive affair.

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LIBERAL TIPS ON LEAVING.

'Sir Henry Edwards, M.P.

MR. EDWARDS, as we hear,
Did, at Weymouth, make a pier.
If he made a pier, then he
Ought himself a Peer to be.
A Pier-maker should by right,
Be much greater than a Knight.

THE Freedom of the City conferred on Prince ALBERT VICTOR of Wales includes permission to slap the LORD MAYOR on the back, and call him "old boy." The Prince will be entrusted with a latch-key, and every office is open to him. He may also order a basin of turtle at any hour of the day without having previously obtained permission from the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen. These are among the chief privileges.

Two Old Friends on the New Situation.

"Who's Under-Secretary o' State for Hinjia?" asked Mrs. GAMP.

"Drat the woman!" muttered BETSY PRIG, in not the best of tempers. "Didn't I tell you 'as it were Lord HARRIS?"

"Lord HARRIS!" sniffed Mrs. GAMP, with an air of supreme incredulity. "Which I don't believe there ain't no sich person!"

New Reading.

A JEM—unset—and yet of ray serene,
Intrigue's unfathomed "caves" leave
stranded, bare,

A LOWTHER is condemned to bluish unseen,
Whilst the sweets of Office Cross and
CHAPLIN share.

Gladstone's Baronets.

He pays a compliment to Art,
Making JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart.;
Also to painters and to pots,
Hail to Sir GROSVENOR GALLERY WAITS!
Sir FREDERICK P.R.A., Art's Knight,
Hails these two precedents with great delight.

THE MODERN BROCK-EN DISPLAY.—Fire-
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A "NEW Portrait of Lord RANDOLPH
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SIR DRUMMOND WOLFF was ordered off to
Egypt, and he obeyed like a Lamb.



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SHERIFFS' DAY IN THE CITY.

HAVING the honour of being a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Joiners, I received a very pressing Note from a Gentleman, with a perfectly unintelligible signature, but which looked something like KYRONE NIXEM, imploring me to be at a Common Hall on Wednesday last, at two o'clock, to support a certain Gentleman for what would be to me the somewhat uncomfortable office of Sheriff. Not only Sheriff of London, too, but Sheriff of London and Middlesex, so as to make sure, I suppose, of having a certain duty to perform, to which I will not further allude. My first difficulty was to find the Common Hall, little expecting that such a term of contempt could ever be applied to beautiful Guildhall, but so it was; and I entered its sacred precincts through a little wicket, over which the name of my Worshipful Company was inscribed. There I found the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR seated in solemn state, with all the City Magnates around him, all of whom carried beautiful bouquets, which they occasionally smelt at, as if the atmosphere of the Common Hall was rather too common for them.

The Election of the Sheriffs was passing off quietly enough, when a sombre Liveryman of most melancholy appearance asked permission to put a question to the Candidates, and put it accordingly, but as it was very long and quite inaudible, it did not excite much enthusiasm. There were some half-dozen names put up, but everybody voted for my unknown friend and for a very nice fresh-looking but somewhat juvenile Alderman, and that business was soon over.

Then stepped forth in most dainty fashion a Gentleman dressed in full Court suit, with about the most flowery waistcoat I think I ever saw. I was told by a kindly neighbour that the Gentleman in question was the Treasurer of all the countless millions of the great Corporation of the City of London, and always wore that magnificent waistcoat as symbolical of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. He was received with a most cordial greeting, and re-elected to his responsible, but doubtless very comfortable, office, unanimously. My friend told me that he saw him on the 8th of last November, when he thought the Corporation wanted just a little hint about their extravagance, walk up to the LORD MAYOR and hand him an enormous purse, but which was quite empty; that the LORD MAYOR took the hint in the most good-tempered way, and communicated the fact

to the Court of Common Council, who have since been just a little more economical.

Then followed a proceeding that I could not at all comprehend, namely, the election of some half-a-dozen Ale-conners. This proceeding seemed to provoke a large amount of curiosity as to the probable duties of these mysterious individuals, more especially as there was a contested election for the apparently coveted office. A learned Pundit in my vicinity informed us that an Ale-conner was one who inquired into the condition of the Ale sold in the City, and was derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *cunnian*, to inquire into, but a remarkably jovial-looking Liveryman expressed it as his opinion that it meant a man who knew a good glass of Ale when he tasted it. The question was naturally asked why, if the Liverymen of London, in Common Hall assembled, were so very particular about the quality of the Ale supplied to the thirsty Citizens of London, they were not equally particular about the Porter and Stout, and why no Porter-conners or Stout-conners were appointed, to which very natural question the learned Pundit replied that Porter and Stout were comparatively modern inventions, following rapidly upon the discovery of Spanish Licorice, while the antiquity of Ale and the importance attached to its quality were distinctly proved by the line from SHAKESPEARE, "Blessings on her heart, for she brewed Good Ale!" This doubtful point being thus satisfactorily cleared up, we all came away.

J. LITGUE.

Memorable.

ON June 24, when the House met at 5 P.M., Mr. WINN alone represented the new Ministry on the Treasury Bench. With the exception of a statement from Mr. GLADSTONE, and a notice from Mr. PARCELL, Mr. WINN had the business all to himself. He "moved" sixteen times, though always remaining in the same place; and he "withdrew," once, without retiring. This is so remarkable, that in Hansard and all Parliamentary annals or records we order that Wednesday, June 24, of this year, shall henceforth be known only as "WINNSDAY."

MR. PUNCH, for the eighty-ninth time, has refused a Peerage. He has, however, requested that a collar may be bestowed on TOM, and has been promised the reversion of a pair of garters.

LIGHTLY HANDELING.

(To the Crystal Palace with a friend to hear the Messiah.)

A GREAT crowd at Victoria going down to the Palace, but we did it very easily and comfortably on the High Level.

On such an occasion as this, that is the Handel Festival, and assisting,—not that I can assist them very much, but it's a phrase



Manna wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

we've adapted from the French,—at the performance of sacred music, I am feeling grave, serious, and inclined to regard my fellow travellers as engaged with me on a sort of pilgrimage. Bright gloves and brilliant toilettes would jar on me at so solemn a function.

In this tranquil and appropriate frame of mind I am on the point of entering the carriage, when a slap on the shoulder causes me to turn, and I come face to face with my friend BUNSON, in a light sporting dust-coat, a bright grey undercoat, white waistcoat, sporting tie, masher collar, striking trousers, resplendent boots, and one of the whitest hats I ever saw. He has a race-glass slung round him, a gardenia in his button-hole, and in his brilliantly-gloved hand a stick with a silver knob

to it of such a size as to suggest a combination of a Drum-Major's cane with a humble Cathedral Verger's wand. BUNSON is evidently going down to some races.

"Races!" he exclaims, when I, with due gravity, pretend a temporary interest in his mundane amusements. "Races, no! I'm going down with you to hear the Crystal Palace Rortorio." Indeed! But then why dress like this? "Splendid sight," he goes on. "Heaps of people—people you don't see anywhere else—and lots of pretty girls. You know," he adds, giving me a nudge in the ribs with his elbow, and smiling affably at a rigid old lady dressed in what is evidently her best Sunday gown, "you know there are lots of girls' schools taken to this sort of thing, and you do see some rattling pretty, fresh faces."

BUNSON is full of this style of conversation. He is overflowing with it. He has had, and is having, he informs me, a very gay season; he is out every night, and every day. He is never at home. He entertains at his Club,—by the way, he doesn't entertain me. He is the delight of thousands. He is bored to death by invitations. The Nobility and Gentry vie with each other to obtain BUNSON's society, and, in fact, as far as I can gather from his information, no social or fashionable gathering, during the season, is complete without BUNSON.

Now this is not the sort of companion I should choose with whom to go to hear the *Messiah*. He won't talk of Handel, of Oratorios, of Cathedrals, of sacred subjects, of the Revised Version, of the recent discovery of a primitive text, and so forth, but he tells me how many excellent dinners he has had. He smacks his lips over the Champagne he has consumed; he gives me, in a loud tone of voice, receipts for making certain tasty dishes,—and here, I am bound to say, he seems to awaken considerable interest in the other Handelian Pilgrims in our carriage, who are sitting silently regarding BUNSON, and drinking in words of culinary wisdom from BUNSON's lips. I feel sure that, if the journey were a long one, we should all gradually forget the object in view, and, under this strange BUNSON spell, would find ourselves discussing recipes for good dishes, and the virtues of '74, instead of the merits of the *Messiah*, *Judas Maccabæus*, and other of HANDEL's compositions.

We troop on to the platform and into the Palace. In view of the various refreshment-rooms and bars, it occurs to BUNSON that he hasn't lunched. He must, he says, have something before he can listen to music. "Besides," he adds, "I don't come so much for the music, as to see the crowd. It's a wonderful sight."

After ascertaining the exact position of his seat, which is next to mine, he disappears, to procure what he calls "a snack and a short drink."

He is right. The crowd of singers above the orchestra is a

wonderful sight. Mr. MANNS arrives, then Madame PATEY and Mr. MAAS. Their presence is acknowledged, by thousands of hands, and an enthusiastic middle-aged gentleman near me, with a very shiny bald head and resplendent new lavender kids, waves his hat and beats his umbrella on the floor. Then the National Anthem is sung. This creates a profound sensation. When it is finished, everyone looks at everybody else with a satisfied air, and we all applaud with an air of subdued self-congratulation, as if we had been singing it ourselves, and were much pleased with our performance.

The enthusiastic gentleman, who had been privately and personally conducting the Anthem, keeping, as it were, a check upon the chorus with his right forefinger, and ready to relieve Mr. MANNS at a moment's notice if necessary, having put his hat down on his chair in order to have both hands free for applause, now suddenly sits on it, and for the next few minutes, during the solo and chorus, he is occupied in straightening it out and sedulously brushing it. The incident has temporarily crushed his enthusiasm,—and his hat.

After this we settle down to business, and Mr. MANNS, having satisfied himself that everything is correct, starts the Overture.

Then up comes Mr. MAAS, and, at the first notes of the tenor solo, "Comfort ye my People," my mind goes back to hot Sunday afternoons in Eton College Chapel, when we used to ask some subordinate official what was to be the Anthem of the day, and were informed that it would be "Oly, oly, 'ANDEL 'Alleluiah Chorus." Mr. MAAS sings superbly, and is much applauded. Then follows a Chorus which, like most other Handelian Choruses, begins effectively, and soon becomes monotonous on account of the repetition of the words, which, in this instance, are "And all flesh."

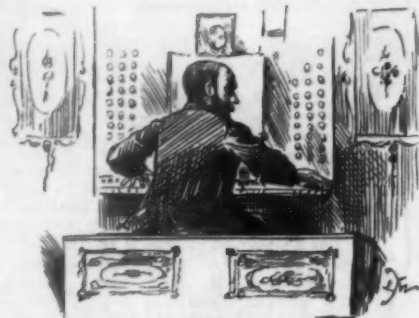
The rule of these Choruses seems to be, that first the people on the right shall make a statement, or an assertion, musically, and that this shall be immediately followed by the people on the left repeating it louder, with just a tinge of annoyance in their tone. And then the people in the middle try to mend matters by repeating the phrase, in order to bring the two parties together; in which good office, after some two dozen more repetitions, which become more and more self-asserting each time, on the one hand, and the retorts more and more forcible on the other, they ultimately succeed, and then all join together harmoniously, the Chorus ending in the most perfect unanimity.

How many times "All flesh" is repeated I don't know, but I am just beginning to wish that HANDEL had remembered that "All flesh is grass," and, accordingly, wants cutting, when Signor FOLI starts his bass part, and proceeds to give what seems to have been a humorous illustration in the Composer's mind of the grand words, "I will shake." Shake! Heavens, he shakes all over. It may be musically heretical to express such an opinion, but for a serious Composer like HANDEL to have hit upon no more appropriate setting of the Prophet's celestial message than, when he comes on the words "I will shake," to make his Bass singer simply produce an all-round-and-round shake, is, to my humble and un-Handelian thinking, a puerile treatment, utterly unworthy of the sublimity of the subject. And this, more or less, strikes me as true of all the fugues and shakes, repetitions, and florid passages, when connected with sacred words in this particular Oratorio.

Then the Chorus, "Purify the Sons of Levi," is much applauded. Subsequently they sing what seems to be an "Altercation Chorus," one side asserting "Unto us," and the other side warmly retorting with the same words, and the dispute, as usual, is only set right apparently, and brought to a satisfactory conclusion, by the intervention of the people in the middle, when once more all ends happily.

Madame ALBANI's beautiful voice is now heard with telling effect; but, for the matter of that, there could not be a more perfect quintette than was represented by Meses. PATEY, ALBANI, Messrs. MAAS, FOLI, and SANTLEY.

The enthusiastic man with the bald head has quite recovered himself—not with his hat—and been giving Mr. MANNS every possible assistance by privately and personally conducting different portions of the Oratorio. Just as we get to Number Nineteen, "Then shall the eyes of the blind," BUNSON returns from his "snack and short drink," and has some difficulty in finding his seat. What his snack has consisted of he doesn't inform me, but, like Leebia, he "has a



An Eyre on the Organ.

beaming eye," and there is altogether an air of such joviality about him as is a safe indication of the short drink having given complete satisfaction. He recognises me at a distance, and waves his hand. He comes jauntily towards his seat, and says, cheerily and loudly, "Well, old man, what's been going on?" The serious portion of the audience in my immediate vicinity express their distaste for this sort of interruption in a mild but decided "S-s-s-h!" So, motioning him to his place, I pretend to be completely absorbed in the performance. But BUNSON is restless: he has his lorgnettes out at once, and is examining the Choir.

"Some pretty girls there," he mutters, *sotto voce*, with the air of a slave-merchant who is going to pick out a few to take away with him. "Doosid pretty girls, some of 'em," he goes on, adding, as he gives me a wink, and then emphasises it with a sly nudge of his elbow, "shouldn't mind being in that Chorus myself, eh, old man?" I point out to him, in a whisper, that the sexes are separated.

"Yes," he says, knowingly, "but I should make a mistake, and get on the wrong side, eh?" This is not the proper tone of mind for anyone "assisting" at a Handel Festival.

During the Entr'acte we roam about the Palace and visit the Pompeian House and the Picture Galleries. BUNSON meets a friend, and I hear the word "smoke" pass between them, after which they both disappear, and BUNSON doesn't return to his seat till nearly the end of the Second Part, when he brings with him a rich odour of tobacco.

The Chorus comes out very strong in the Second Part, specially in "All we like Sheep," which phrase is repeated so often,—it seems like twenty-five times, but cannot be less than a dozen,—that BUNSON has had enough of it after the twelfth repeat, and not being possessed of a book, he asks me "What do they mean by going on saying that 'they all like sheep?'" He is right: it does sound absurd, and to anyone unacquainted with the context, which, by the way, they are a long time getting at, the effect is simply of a lot of people announcing the fact of a not very peculiar or extraordinary taste for mutton on their part, in the words "All we like sheep."

"Do you?" growls BUNSON, as if answering the Chorus. "Then I wish to goodness you'd get some, and have done with it."

The repetition has been too much for even the enthusiastic man with the bald head; he has given up privately conducting, and has fallen fast asleep. BUNSON follows his example, waking up for SANTLEY's solo, and then getting on his legs for the glorious Hallelujah Chorus, when the bald-headed enthusiast, now thoroughly roused, beats time wildly, wags his head, and, I fancy, has considerable difficulty in restraining himself from waving his injured hat, and joining in lustily.

BUNSON is so deeply impressed, that only once during the Chorus does he put his lorgnettes to his eyes, to look at the ladies in the chorus; but this is only a matter of habit, as his face is perfectly grave and his air as subdued as if he were in church, where for a moment he really thinks he is, for he promptly causes the race-glasses to disappear in their case, and stands quite overpowered by the sublimity of the work, and the remarkable power of its execution.

"Splendid!" I say to him, when it is finished, and we have applauded everybody, and Mr. MANNS in particular.

"Yes," returns BUNSON, meditatively; "but I'd rather hear it in a Cathedral."

I understand the sentiment, and, to a certain extent, agree with it. Yet there are some good people who think that an Oratorio should be kept for the Concert Hall, and a Clergyman actually found Scriptural authority for not playing Handel at all in the text, "Handle not." But he was a rigid Puritan punster.

On Wednesday, the selections, with a few notable exceptions, were not on the whole satisfactory, though admirably executed by soloists, chorus, and orchestra. "See the Conquering Hero Comes" was superbly rendered. The excitement was at its highest when AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS walked down and bowed his acknowledgments. Of course to-day's performance on the organ was the Best. Mr. MAAS sounded an alarm with telling effect.

One good thing I overheard. Mr. MANNS has a way of constantly holding his left hand to his ear. A simple-minded lady was much exercised by this, and at last she turned to her neighbour, and asked, "Is he deaf?" The idea of a deaf Conductor for a Handel Festival is delicious.

The Palace Palace Directors would do well to go in for more of this class of entertainment. It might become the Palace's *spécialité*. This is a suggestion. BUNSON thinks so too.

Mems. at the Military Tournament.

"Single-Stick Display"—A Bachelor's Party.

"Tilting at the Ring"—Belles at a Ball.

"Lemon-Cutting"—Skipping AUBERON HERBERT's letters to the Times.

"Heads and Posts"—Appointing the Tory Chief to Office.

"Fencing"—The correspondence between Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE about "Assurances."

THE LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read with shame and indignation in a weekly journal an outrageous attack on the august body of which I am a member. We are accused of bullying, and worrying, and fining, and imprisoning an infinite number of the poorest of the poor for not sending their children to school in obedience to the Act of Parliament and the Mundella Code. This Journal presumes, with characteristic audacity, to set itself above all Acts of Parliament and all Codes. It says we frequently deprive a poor family of five or six shillings a week by taking a boy away from work and compelling him to go to school.

Well—suppose we do—what is a paltry sum of five or six shillings a week compared with the inestimable advantages of such an education as, through the liberality of the ratepayers, we are enabled to offer to the humblest and the poorest? What are pounds, shillings, and pence, compared with the pursuit, as the late Lord LYTTON would say, of the Beautiful and the True? The boy who, instead of sinking to the level of a mechanic's drudge, can quote from the prophecy of DANTE or the Elegy of GRAY, is already on the road to fortune, perhaps to fame. But it is said that we have spent £300,000, or thereabouts, on compulsory education. If it were three millions instead of three hundred thousand, I say the money would have been well spent. Then it is said that we often prosecute some poor widow, not because she does not send her boy to school, but because he plays truant, thus punishing the innocent for the guilty. O wise critic! have not the innocent suffered for the guilty since the world began? and is not the point about which there may have been some doubt, now clearly settled by Act of Parliament?

The writer of the article even goes out of his way to eulogise PAGET, that most irrepressible of Beaks, for the obvious reason that he invariably decides against the School-Board. The long and the short of the matter is, that our honourable Board is held up, by unscrupulous persons, not only as a gigantic humbug, but as an insatiable vampire, which is steadily consuming, and threatens finally to swallow, the vitals of the ratepayers.

You, Mr. Punch, know how utterly false and groundless these charges are, and I appeal with confidence to your love of justice to say a word in our behalf. Your pen is a sledge-hammer. Wield it, I entreat you, in the cause of humanity and progress, and demolish at a single blow the puny scribblers, who, in the depth of their hopeless ignorance, have ventured to assail the greatest and most glorious work of the Nineteenth Century.

A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

THE PREMIER'S PRIMER; OR QUEEN'S ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

(Being Models for Future Statesmen, in their Official Correspondence.)

MR. G— presents his humble duty to your MAJESTY, and I wish to state as he has had the honour to receive a communication from Sir H. P—, written on Her Majesty's letter-paper, and inclosing a letter, and which Mr. G— herewith sends to your MAJESTY. Mr. G— would have liked, if he could he should that is, to have been able to have presented that Document to Her MAJESTY when your MAJESTY could be explained to how it was that those conditions was not as what Lord S— has originally suggested. He presents his humble duty, And am your MAJESTY's obedient Servant."

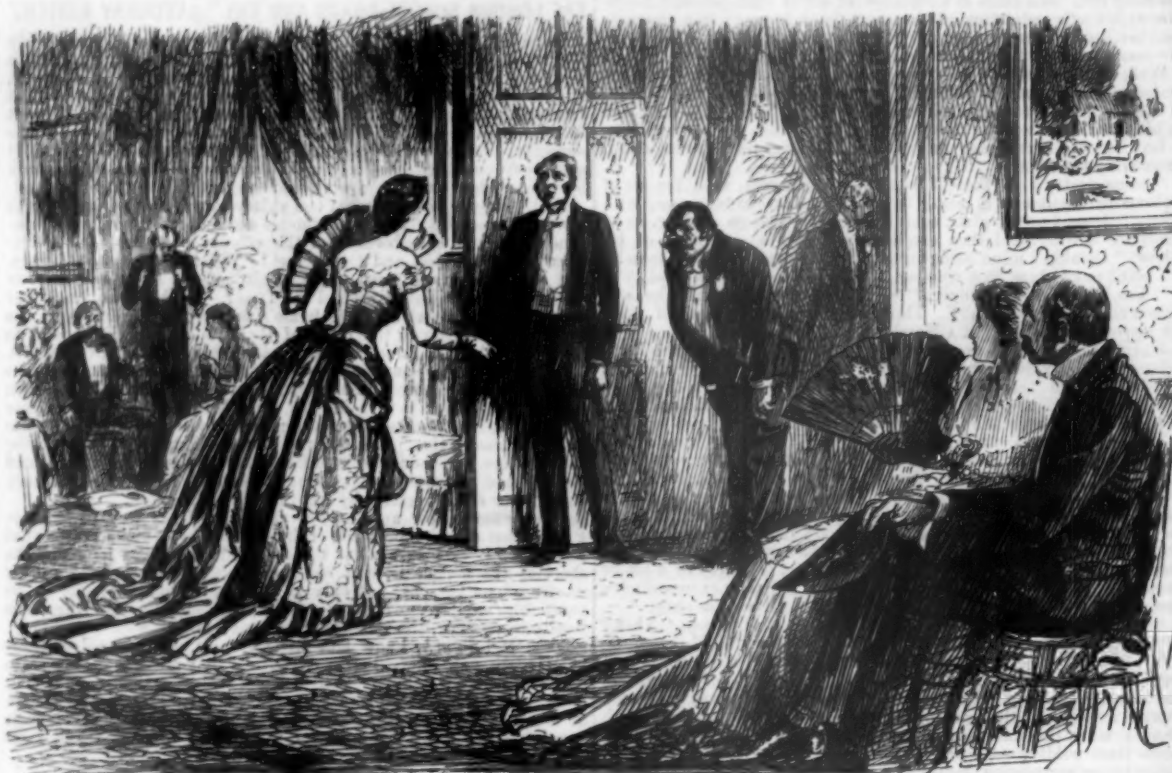
Lord S— with his humble duty and kind regards, and hoping this reaches HER MAJESTY as it leaves me at present. Lord S— begs to respectfully acknowledge the letters from Mr. G—, and begs to say that I really don't understand what the aforesaid Mr. G— have been supposed to be driving at. Lord S— should have not liked to have undertaken Her Majesty's Government if your MAJESTY could not have received assurances from Mr. G— which might have enabled HER MAJESTY to have made some definitive arrangement, and to have come to an understanding with both parties concerned. As it is, me and him has still certain differences which Lord S— would have liked to have been concluded in accordance with whatever was your MAJESTY's wishes. Lord S— present his respects, and with humble duty hopes it will be all right in the end, as it wasn't in the beginning.

Mr. G— sends his humble duty to HER MAJESTY, and should have wished that this correspondence would have been public. This comes hoping Your MAJESTY is well, which I am never better, he is Your MAJESTY's Truly, W. E. G—.

Lord S—, with his humblest duty and respectful thanks for past favours, quite indorses and concurs in what Mr. G— has wanted on this subject, and hopes this correspondence will be treated as public. Hoping that by continued attention to business, by punctuality and dispatch, to merit a continuance of Your MAJESTY's custom, I beg to subscribe myself

Her MAJESTY's respectful Servant,

S—.



THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Mrs. Moubray de Vers Smithers. "HERE'S THAT HORRID VICOMTE DE SAINTE-ALDEGONDE, AS HE CALLS HIMSELF, WHO STOLE LORD MASHAM'S SLEEVE STUDS AT MONTE CARLO, AND WAS SENT TO PRISON; HE WAS A GARÇON DE CAFÉ, OR SOMETHING, AND HIS REAL NAME IS CRAFTLOT. I WONDER SUCH PEOPLE ARE ADMITTED ANYWHERE!"

The Colonel. "BUT—PARDON ME—SURELY I MET HIM AT YOUR HOUSE LAST NIGHT!"

Mrs. Moubray de Vers Smithers. "OH, EVERYBODY ASSES HIM, YOU KNOW—SO OF COURSE I DO!"

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

SCENE—Bow of the Ship of State "Britannia" under overhaul for a fresh cruise. S-L-SB-RY (successor to the late firm of GLADSTONE & Co., Ship-carvers) with his handy lad R-ND-LPH.

R-nd-lph ("running his eye over her," contemptuously). Yah! call that a figure-head? I'd cut a better 'un with a clasp-knife out of a turnip.

S-l-sb-ry (gloomily). Ah! she do look a dough-faced doll, don't she, boy?

R-nd-lph. Nasty niminy-piminy namby-pamby thing! "BRITTANYER rule the waves," indeed! She don't look good enough to rule a class of young Charities, she don't. Might ha' done for the figger-head of Noah's Ark perhaps, with her olive branch and her lackadaisical lovey-dovey sort of a smile. Why, she ain't got ne'er a trident Guv'nor,—see?

S-l-sb-ry. No! Late Firm didn't believe in the good old sea-dog type o' BRITTANYER, with the down-ye-go frown, and the three-pronged fork. Went in for "new ideals," they did. And a nice mess they made of it.

R-nd-lph. Rather! New ideals be jiggered, I say. Give me the old "Bull-Dogs," "BRITTANYERS," and "Bully Ruffians!" Some pleasure in carving them, eh, Guv'nor?

S-l-sb-ry. Right, boy! Wonder what old BENBOW 'ud 'a said to this meek-mouthed miss of a molly-coddling BRITTANYER to face the foe with.

R-nd-lph. Ah, that GLADSTONE & Co.! Reglar disgrace to our trade, they was. Ought never to ha' gone into it. Only fit to make sham lions in butter, or mould shepherdesses out o' sweetstuff for the confectioners.

S-l-sb-ry (aside). Young 'un's got a rare tongue on him! Dunno whether I ought to encourage him quite so much. He'll be a

gitting the weather-gauge of me if I don't watch it, one o' these days. Orkud nipper to snub though, somehow.

R-nd-lph (aside). Guv'nor looks a bit crusty. Don't quite like my patter, I suspex. Lor he ain't arf a one, else he'd have smashed up G. & Co. long since, afore this nose-o'-wax "BRITTANYER" was near finished. But time's short, and he's in a bit of a 'ole. Only wish the business was mine. Praps it may be soon. Then I'll show 'em.

S-l-sb-ry (aloud). Well, we must git to work, and—ahem!—do somethink for our money, I suppose.

R-nd-lph. Wot's BRITTANYER want with that bit o' twig, eh? Even a birch 'ud be better than that. Can't whip anythink or anybody, from a young Charity to Creation, with a holive-branch.

S-l-sb-ry. Oh, GLADSTONE was nuts on the holive-branch, you know. Give old Mars himself a bit of it, and try to pass him off the God o' Peace, he would.

R-nd-lph. Wot rot! Pore old BRITTANYER! Twiddling the twig instead of keepin' a tight 'old o' the trident. Might as well have give her the White Feather at once. That's wot it reely came to when all was told, Guv'nor.

S-l-sb-ry. Y-e-e-s! 'Owsomever, I don't see what pertikler we can do with this job at present. A'most wish, after all, he'd stopped in and finished it off himself. Won't do us any credit, anyhow.

R-nd-lph. But I say, Guv'nor, arter running down his work, as we've bin a doin' for years, and selling him up at last, don't you know!

S-l-sb-ry. Why, what can we do? Ship must go into commission, though only for a short cruise, at once. No time to remodel the Figger Head. And—

R-nd-lph (eagerly). But can't you just touch her up a bit, and alter the expression, make her look a little bit more fiercer-like, don't yer know?

S-l-sb-ry (dubiously). Humph! We'll see. [Left considering.]



“FRESH PAINT!”

THE SHIP'S CARPENTER. “H'M!—THERE'S NO TIME TO RE-MODEL HER!”

THE “HANDY BOY.” “NO, GUV'NOR!—BUT WE MIGHT TOUCH HER UP A BIT, AND MAKE HER LOOK MORE FIERCERER-LIKE!!”



THE "FRESH FISH" MAN
A FISH MERCHANT IN A FISH MARKET
A FISH MERCHANT IN A FISH MARKET
A FISH MERCHANT IN A FISH MARKET

A SOAP-AND-WATERLESS JULY.

(A Wee-daring Novelle.)

From the Prince Zoedoni, Caviare Hotel, London, to the Duchesa della Bianessa, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Italy.

DUCKISSIMA REBECKAH,

I GOT your letter, which was delightful, because it was yours, but which made me feel like a schoolboy who had got a *vacana toppo mi bacca*. Yes, it is quite true. We are going to be married. I met her in one of the river tea-gardens. It was at Putney. I had never seen a woman like her before. She is so white, so beautifully clean. I never saw anything so clean except the virgin snow on the Anti-maccassa. She is so different to you. Felicitate me! Write to me at my future Eden. It is called Welsharp, near Endon, Arryshire. It is the choice of my beautiful Soap-dish.

From the Lady Sarah Snookes, Buckingham Palace Road, London, to Lady Chelsebus, British Embassies, Vienna and Constantinople.

The season has been horribly dull—only one marriage worth talking about. The second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Battersea Park, the Lady Jinnivere, is going to be united to Prince Zoedoni, the Roman Toff, whose hats—three of them worn one upon the other in full dress—are simply lovely. The Earl did not care about it as the Lady Jinnivere had had another young man keeping company with her—her cousin in the Blues, Lord Hampton Court. But the Prince carried all before him—his performances on his national musical instrument, the mouth harp, were irresistible.

From the Lady Clara Beer de Beer, London, to Miss de Rosherville, Thames Steamboat Citizen B, off Gravesend.

The wedding was first-rate. Real Saumur champagne, ginger-pop, cold beef, and what I may call all the delicacies of the season. The Chief Rabbi, who had at first refused his consent, had given it, and behaved quite too charmingly. The Prince kept all his hats on at one of them. They are going to Welsharp, near Endon, for a month to be quiet. I fancy Naso will soon be bored. She ought to have taken him to some lively place, such as Southend or Boolong.

From the Prince Zoedoni, Welsharp, near Endon, to the Duchesa della Bianessa, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Tanetta.

DUCKISSIMA MIA,

I never saw so much water before! This place is a perfect paradiso, but I seem always to be washing my face. This is a *nusanza*. As for the kitchen, it is perfectly awful—no fried fish, no *tripo*, no *inioni*! But still I am very happy. *Ma Sopanventura* is an angel!

From the Duchesa della Bianessa, Marghati, to the Prince Zoedoni, Welsharp, England.

CARO MIO CIIAFFONI,

Your wife certainly bores you. She is evidently a *nusanza*. We know what our men want—a *slappa sido di nodello*. I have half a mind to write to her to tell her to give you a *ponciello sulla nobba*! Poor fellow. *Povero diavolo*, how miserable you must be! I know how you hate water!

From the Princess Zoedoni, to Lady Blaunche Ditchling, of the European Embassies.

DEAREST BLAUNCHIE,

Of course, I am awfully happy, and can't be too proud of being married to an Italian nobleman of Hebrew descent! It is such a rise in the world for the daughter of an English Earl. Still I do not like all his foreign habits. You see he will drink beer (he calls it *mezzo e mezzo*) with the servants in the village ale-house, and never dresses for dinner. He always wears the same flannel-shirt. But he looks so different from our young men—such long hair and so picturesque! But I am afraid he is bored! Isn't that dreadful? However, he seemed quite pleased the other day when I got him some garlic! Dear fellow! He yawned afterwards, and he sleeps a great deal. Yes. I am afraid he is bored.

From Lady Blaunche Eastboots, of the European Embassies, to Princess Zoedoni.

You little silly! You would marry a noble rum 'un. If he won't make himself an advertisement for What's-his-name's soap, well you can't wash your hands of him now. Bored is he? Then be proud of him. He is clever. Only clever men are bored. Well-educated ones are school-bored. You ask my advice? Yes. Well, it is this, do as you like and let him do as he likes. Then you'll both do as you both like, and you'll both be happy. You little goose.

From the Prince Zoedoni, to the Count Maccaroni, Hatton Garden, London.

CARO BORBO,

Pray send me all the penny-dreadfuls, London Journals, and "Pink 'uns" you can find. Also half a dozen cutty pipes, a pound of shag, and a hundred penny Pickwicks. Such a place, caro mio!

But my wife is just a little too particular. She expects me to brush my hair more than once a day! What a *nusanza*! *é boro, boro*! The fact is, we Italian *Ciappis* are not accustomed to this sort of thing!

From the Lady Sarah Snookes, Marghati, near Ramaghati, Italy, to Lady Chelsebus, British Embassies, Vienna and Constantinople.

Yes, they are both here. The Prince is constantly with the Duchesa della Bianessa. Their dancing the other evening in the polka-mazurka at the *Aula Marina* was the talk of the place. Lord Hampton Court saw them, and carried the tale to the poor little Princess. I met her and her rejected admirer going down to the bathing-machines. They, of course, knew that near the sea they would be safe from observation of the Prince. He would never come there! I see many complications ahead. Well, they will all be the fault of A Soap-and-Waterless July!

THE GIFT OF REPARTEE.

THERE are qualities, esteemed by some, to which I lay no claim, But look down on them with quiet scorn, as commonplace and tame, Such as industry, sobriety, and honesty, forsooth, Punctuality, and accurate adherence to the truth. I've been told by captious persons that my "form" is deuced bad, That my language is irreverent—in fact, that I'm a Cad! But, to balance my shortcomings, e'en my enemies agree That kind Nature has endowed me with the Gift of Repartee.

Every day—occasion serving—I contrive to make a hit With some dazzling inspiration of my keen and ready wit. My impromptus are as luminous as lightning, and as hot, Sometimes playful, sometimes withering, but always on the spot. Yet the smartest things I utter have occasionally led To results which made me feel that they had best been left unsaid; For Society abounds in stupid Philistines, you see, Quite incapable of relishing the charms of Repartee!

I've a muscular acquaintance who is always full of chaff, And against me, 'tother evening, he contrived to raise a laugh With a somewhat rough and vulgar kind of joke—but let that pass!— I rejoined, with sparkling humour, "Jones, my boy, you are an ass!" Whereupon he struck me suddenly, and just between the eyes, With a force that caused me no small pain and very great surprise. It was then, I may admit, the notion first occurred to me That it might have been as well had I foregone that Repartee.

Once my venerable Aunt to reprehend me felt inclined;— She's a Pædo-Anabaptist, of a gloomy turn of mind;— After twenty minutes' preaching, I had had about enough, So I wittily exclaimed, "Beloved Aunt, you're a muff!" The old woman—at her dulness you will be amazed, I trow— Proved unable to appreciate that admirable mot. She left every ounce of property she owned away from me, And I lost a handsome fortune by that brilliant Repartee!

I was being cross-examined in a Court of Law, one day, When the Judge exclaimed, "Speak louder, Sir! I can't hear what you say!"

I perceived my chance, and of it straight resolved to make the most, So I shouted, "Why, old Cocky-wax, you're deader than a post!" His Lordship did not see the joke, but took me up quite short, And, in point of fact, committed me for gross contempt of Court. Off to gaol I went, and years elapsed before I was set free, All because that deaf old duffer had no taste for Repartee!

I was once in love, and deeply too, with One surpassing fair, Of romantic disposition, languid eyes, and tawny hair. She was plump and she was pious, this inimitable One, And she vowed she loved me dearly—but she wasn't fond of fun! I remember, when she kissed me of her own accord one day, I exclaimed, "I'll tell your Mother!" in my scintillating way. Well, she slapped my face and sent me to the right-about, for she, Strange to say, was quite disgusted by that graceful Repartee.

This inestimable gift of mine, I candidly confess, If appraised by its effects, can scarcely rank as a success. It has cost me more than competence, and liberty besides, Not to mention countless hosts of friends and half a dozen brides. I've been kicked with noisome frequency, and punched till I was sore, Trampled on with high-heeled boots until I wallowed in my gore. Yet, despite the thousand sorrows *badinage* has wrought to me, There is nothing I'm so proud of as my Gift of Repartee!

"BARREL" ORGANS.—The Tizer and Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.



NEW MEN AND OLD ATTITUDES.

PRINCIPALS OF THE NEW CONSERVATIVE COMEDY COMPANY TRYING TO LOOK AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE LIKE THE OLD PUBLIC FAVOURITES.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Tuesday Night, June 23.—Happening to drop into one of the Paddington Omnibuses this afternoon, thought I saw familiar figure in the corner. Tall, big-shouldered man, with dark beard, slight stoop, and small hand-bag. Can it be? Yes, it is—the Markiss!

"Going down to Ascot?"

"No," he said, "going to Windsor; accepted office, you know. Oh no, that was all my fun declaring I wouldn't go in. Wanted to scare a few friends, and flatter myself I succeeded. You should have seen some of them—I mention no names—when they heard that there was a hitch. Thought, too, I'd frighten GLADSTONE and his lot. But they seem to have changed their opinion. Were terribly alarmed, at first, that we would not come in; but now don't seem disinclined to go back. I've had a rare time this last week, TOBY, I can tell you. But no use spoiling a joke by keeping it up too long. So now I'm off to Windsor. Have left DENMAN in charge of affairs in Lords."

So it turned out. DENMAN, in absence of Markiss, ran the machine, and nearly broke it up. Wanted to throw out Seats Bill. But was so terrified by the scowls and frowns of CHAMBERLAIN and others on Front Bench that he dropped his motion like hot potato. Not to be moved, however, on next business. Has attached himself to cause of Women; is determined she shall have right done to her.

"You bring this Bill on in the Commons," he said to Miss BECKER, "and what happens? Nothing! I take it up in Lords, and you'll see it'll go through just as if it were the Seats Bill. Let Lovely Woman keep her eye on me and I'll pull her through."

Made magnificent and convincing speech in moving Second Reading of the Bill. When he sat down dead silence prevailed. House evidently taken by storm. Not a nobleman to get up and offer reply, however weak. DENMAN folded his arms and surveyed the scene with smile of triumph. Hope Lovely Woman was keeping her eye upon him, for he was certainly pulling her through. Question put from Woolsack "that Bill be read a Second Time."

"Non-Contents have it," said LORD CHANCELLOR.

DENMAN looked at him with pitying glance. Going out of office: naturally in spiteful temper, but, happily, harmless.

"Contents have it," he insisted. They strove in vain against his determination. House divided, and, somehow or other, people got into wrong lobbies, only eight voting with DENMAN, and thirty-six against. "I believe," said WOODALL, savagely, "that the other side have got hold of DENMAN, and, not able to defeat us otherwise, induced him to take up our cause."

House of Commons.—State of lively expectation in Commons, but nothing particular in fulfilment. GLADSTONE confirmed statement privately made to me by Markiss an hour earlier. Conservatives will take office. Writes to be moved to-morrow, and in the meantime House adjourns.

Commons, Wednesday.—Umpires called "Over!" and field changed sides. "You don't move, of course, Toby," said GLADSTONE. "You're above all Parties. We poor politicians, condemned to stand on two legs, are awayed hither and thither by the storms of politics. You, broad-based upon four legs, remain unmoved amid the convulsions of our little world. Ah! happy dog!"

Much touched by this confidence. To ordinary people he seems in highest spirits; plucked up wonderfully since he went out of Office. But beneath the mask is a bleeding heart. Very nicely put, that about the four legs. But a man can't have everything.

GLADSTONE read long correspondence between the Markiss and himself. Method of correspondence rather peculiar. Markiss wants to say something to GLADSTONE, so writes letter to the QUEEN at Windsor. QUEEN sends it to GLADSTONE. GLADSTONE replies in letter to the QUEEN, who forwards it to Markiss, and so on.

"Using HER MAJESTY for a pillar letter-box," says SHAW-LEFEBVRE, who regards incoming of Markiss as a personal question arising just as he was settling down comfortably at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "Cheaper and quicker to use a penny stamp, and send letter direct between Downing Street and Arlington Street."

"Not a very safe way either," says CHAMBERLAIN. "Evidently one letter miscarried. On 20th Markiss repeats declaration, 'Can't take office without specific pledges.' 21st, W. E. G. repeats refusal to give them. On 22nd Markiss takes office. Must have been something to round off his flat refusal of 20th."

Business done.—ROWLAND WINN moves writs for new Elections.

Thursday.—More new appointments and more writs. House hears with delight that ASHMEAD-BARTLETT is "one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Executing the Office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom."

"And so you've made ASHMEAD-BARTLETT a sort of Lord High Admiral," I said to the Markiss, who was hanging about the door of the House of Lords waiting till half past four to make his entry as PREMIER. "This is pretty quick advance for a man who yesterday was rated A.B."

"Yes," said the Markiss, with a sigh. "It's been a terrible business all through. But BEACH declined to take charge of Commons unless I gave him a specific pledge to put a stopper on ASHMEAD. 'It's a choice between him always asking questions, or occasionally answering them,' BEACH said. 'For peace's sake, put him on the Treasury Bench.' Had to yield. But it's a bad precedent, and will make the House of Commons unbearable. You'll be having now half a dozen imitation ASHMEAD-BARTLETTs, all practising 'An Easy Way to the Treasury Bench.'"

Full House in Lords. Markiss introduces himself as Premier, and has kindly reception. Alludes to Correspondence with GLADSTONE, but makes no reference to missing letter. HARDINGE GIFFARD, curiously observed by REDESDALE, partially seats himself on Woolsack. "Giving," says SHERBROOKE, his poetic mind fired by the spectacle, "the last touch of grace and dignity to this gilded chamber."

Business done.—Parliament adjourns till July 6th.

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

PEST in close, unwholesome places,
Where the sun can scarcely shine,
Little children, with pale faces,
In their abject squalor pine.
'Tis a spot that's fever-haunted,
Where they draw a poisoned breath;
But the Poor work on undaunted,
In that atmosphere of death.

Though the children that they cherish
Swiftly fade away and die;
Though the little babies perish,
And in nameless grave-plots lie;
Still the workers plod on grimly,
Where the thick black smoke is curl'd;
Sometimes maybe feeling dimly
There's somewhere a brighter world.

Those poor children, sad the story,
Never saw a stately tree,
Ne'er beheld the sunset glory,
O'er the flower bespangled lea.
Never saw the starry daisies,
And the streams that wimple down;
Far the meadows' fragrant mazes
From the close courts of the Town!

They have never seen the ocean
Break in thunder on the strand;
All the wild waves' mad commotion,
When the surge o'erleaps the land;
Never known the twilight tender,
When the storm-wind has passed by;
Or the pale moon's silver splendour,
When the sea reflects the sky.

Take them one day, then, from sorrow,
From the haunts of sin and crime,
That from gladness they may borrow
Comfort for the aftertime.
Let them see the country smiling,
Shining stream and flower-clad plain;
All their wee sad hearts beguiling
From a life so full of pain.

One small luxury untasted,
One delight in all the hours,
And the pittance won't be wasted,
Since the children see the flowers.
Sir, your button-hole has posies.
Madam, your fan too. Suppose,
You for once give up your roses,
That the Children see one rose.

CYCLOMANIA.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER my spill off the "Shoreditch Zephyr," my "Costume" is a thing of shreds and patches, and the Machine a thing of cogs and smashes; still I feel remarkably cool and collected.

Suddenly remember a story of a man who met with a railway accident, and thought nothing of it at the time, but went raving mad exactly six hours afterwards.

A Rustic appears. He is the man who was shouting to me at the top of the hill. He tells me there's a board there "a-warning of wheelers not to ride down." Well, why didn't he shout louder? I ask him. He says he "hollered" as loud as he could, and tries to harrow me with a tale of a man who was thrown off a tricycle on this very hill last week, and "took to the ospital."

Am rather pleased to hear of this. Don't feel at all harrowed. It shows what tremendous peril I really have been in without knowing it. I wheel the machine to the Station.

Hang "Dragonfly Form"! Shall do rest of journey by train.

At Station.—A difficulty arises. Station-Master objects to my machine going in Guard's Van. Says that the Guard "isn't bound to take a lot of broken iron and bits of india-rubber in his van."

"But I've got a tricycle ticket," I point out, indignantly.



"O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on Pleasure she was bent,
She had a Frugal Mind."

SHE. "AND DON'T FORGET TO ORDER SIX DOZEN OF THE VERY DRIEST CHAMPAGNE YOU CAN GET, FOR OUR DANCE ON TUESDAY NEXT."

HE. "BUT THE LADIES, AS A RULE, DON'T LIKE VERY DRY CHAMPAGNE."

SHE. "NO, LOVE, THEY DON'T. NO MORE DO THE WAITERS!"

"D'you call this thing a tricycle?" Station-Master asks, with withering sarcasm.

I wish SPROGGER were here now to listen to the "Shoreditch Zephyr" being abused. Station-Master retires, and leaves the matter in Porter's hands. I leave a little matter (of a shilling) in Porter's hands. Porter thinks a truck would be the best thing for the machine.

As a result have to hire special truck—cost, twelve shillings. The "Shoreditch Zephyr" is fast becoming a very expensive and unmanageable form of nightmare.

I have to visit Station-Master's office, and sign a paper about the "tricycle being my own risk." So it is, so it has been.

Query—What are SPROGGER and HARKAWAY doing now?

At Brighton Station.—Heavens! Miss FANNY and her sister have been travelling down in the same train with me. They've caught sight of me! And my coat is torn, my face grimy, and my hands a mass of dust and oil.

And pretty FANNY HARKAWAY says, as if nothing had happened, "Well, and how have you enjoyed your ride?"

I assure her that "nothing could have been pleasanter." I keep the stirring tale of my accident for a more opportune moment. Then I hurry off to see about my machine, and promise to rejoin CLARA and FANNY at the Hotel.

As it is now quite a quarter to seven, and they were due at six, having changed my attire, I am persuading FANNY and CLARA that it's no good to wait any longer, when we hear a sound in the distance. Yes—there's no mistaking it—it is somebody "tootling" on a trumpet; in fact, there are two trumpets, and they seem to be tootling different tunes.

In another minute SPROGGER and HARKAWAY are seen dashing along on their machines. They are dusty, hot, tired, fearfully thirsty, but apparently in excellent spirits.

"Never had such a splendid spin," they both shout, as soon as they catch sight of us.

SPROGGER addresses me as "old stick-in-the-mud!" I believe he's been drinking. Ask him, significantly, if he has dined anywhere.

"Wheelmen don't dine!" says SPROGGER, scornfully; "took a lot of fuel on

board at Horsham." HARKAWAY adds something about "stunning champagne at Horsham."

I try to tell them about my accident. SPROGGER says no time to listen now—must hurry on to Brighton. So they mount again, and are off with another wild burst of tootling. Surely FANNY and CLARA will think this "bad Dragonfly form." No; they don't. Never mind. I shall have a chance of harrowing them all this evening with account of my terrible accident.

In the evening, after dinner, try to interest FANNY HARKAWAY in a conversation on politics. She is polite, but inattentive. Prefers the shabby talk on tricycling which SPROGGER and HARKAWAY are keeping up, and which is something as follows:—

Sprogger. "What a glorious bit that was down-hill after Cuck-field!"

Harkaway. "Splendid! Mile in two and three-quarters. Beats LOWDE's record time by a second."

Sprogger. "LOWDE's got a nasty spill at Lillie Bridge."

Harkaway. "Riding for the N. C. U.?"

Sprogger. "No; riding for the A. A. A."

Wonder HARKAWAY, as a barrister, isn't ashamed of himself. Wonder what HARKAWAY's clients (if he has any) would think of him if they could see and hear him now.

Why not tell 'em about my spill now? I will. I tell it, but, somehow, it seems ineffective. In fact, having told it, I don't think much of it myself. Instead of harrowing them up, I've made light of it as a mere nothing. Quite surprised at my own view of it.

Naturally SPROGGER thinks lightly of my danger, but wants to know what has become of the "Zephyr." He seems quite offended when I tell him it's smashed, as if he had a kind of interest in it, simply because he recommended me to buy it.

"Didn't you fall underneath?" he asks, severely.

I tell him that, as far as I recall the circumstances, I flew over the handle. HARKAWAY laughs unfeelingly, and calls it "going Circuit;" but SPROGGER is still grumpy, and says,—

"Then if the 'Zephyr' fell on you, as you assert, that ought to have broken her fall."

This is what Tricycling brings a man to! SPROGGER regards me simply in the light of a useful Buffer, to "break the fall" of a Machine when it topples over!

FANNY HARKAWAY proposes a "nice little moonlight spin" with her on her "Tandem Sociable," which she and CLARA ride between them.

I've never ridden a "Tandem" in my life! FANNY HARKAWAY sees my hesitation, and suggests that "perhaps I'm a little shaken after my fall."

Fall! Fancy calling an accident like mine a fall! No—not so much after as at the time. But it's my own fault for not harrowing their feelings, and telling my own story badly. No, I'll show FANNY HARKAWAY what a hero I am, and will ride the "Tandem" with her. I tell her so. She says, "All right," and, when we've got the Machine ready, she gracefully mounts on a seat in front! Query—How on earth am I to climb up into the seat behind, which is about a yard higher?

Scramble up by a tremendous effort! Miss HARKAWAY says, "Are you ready?" as if she was starting us for a race. No, I certainly am not ready. What a fool I am to be riding a Tricycle again after such an accident as mine!

I have to steer, too! We start off, and at once run against a lamp-post. FANNY HARKAWAY indignant. Asks me why I didn't put on the break? I tell her I don't know where the break is on this inf—on this sort of machine. She points it out, and asks me to be more careful. Under any other conditions, a moonlight ride alone with FANNY HARKAWAY would be romantic, but it isn't romantic now.

We are going along a little better. Why am I so nervous? Am afraid of every cart that passes, and nearly go into ditch to get out of their way. What frightful shadows the moon does cast? Horrible to have a lady riding in front, especially a lady you care for, whose safety depends on your skill in steering. Can't work the pedals properly. Another minute, and I'm sure I shall fall off.

Miss HARKAWAY asks me to stop. I do so willingly. She dismounts, and then remarks, "Aren't your hands trembling?"

I don't know. I smile feebly, and say,

"No, I don't think so." (Query—Am I really "very much shaken" after my fall?)

"Because"—says pretty FANNY HARKAWAY—"I really think I would rather ride alone until you've mastered the 'Tandem' a little more."

This is cruel of Miss HARKAWAY. I tell her that I've been nearly killed in my terrible accident this morning (I think "terrible accident" sounds well, and will impress her) and I am not fit for any further exertions.

She agrees with me, and I despondently wheel the creature back to the hotel. So ends my first (and last) day's "spin to Brighton."

"HOME, SWEET HOME."—Yes, by all means—only it must be sweet.

WARFARE AT ISLINGTON.

(A Visit to the Military Tournament.)

"DREAMING of Angels"—at Islington—we decided that the Military Tournament was a thing to be seen. It was well worth seeing.



"A Dann come to judgment!" *Shakespearean Colloquial Version.*

A great success, and decidedly so. If we could always go to war to such light-hearted tunes as the Band was constantly playing, war would be only a pleasant kind of outing. But that's not the tune that JOHN BULL has to go to war to; and those are not the notes he has to "pull out." But this was not the frame of mind in which anyone visits the Agricultural Hall.

The "Cavalry Displays" were most interesting; the "Musical Ride" as good as ever; and the Boy Bugler on his bare-backed steed was one of the great sensations of the week's show. But the performances are, one and all, too long; the enormous and tightly-packed audience, on Thursday for example, became very weary about five o'clock, and numbers cleared out, partly owing to the programme not being arranged so as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity, and partly to their unwillingness to sit out the interminable lance-and-sword contests, a couple of which would suffice as far as the Public is concerned.

On this occasion the Lemon-cutting, Tent-pegging, and several other exhibitions of skill, were judiciously omitted, Captain DANN seeing it was just on half-past five, when the Entertainments had to be wound up by what we, who had carefully studied the Programme, were all looking forward to seeing, i.e. the "combined display of Artillery, Engineers, and Infantry," in scaling an obstacle, covering the construction of a bridge by playing the guns on the enemy, then the crossing of the Artillery over the newly-built bridge, and the storming of the Fortress, from which were driven the Military Band, which, under the direction of Mr. DAN GODFREY, might have made a gallant music-stand, and blown out their assailants' brains with their Trombones, Opicleides, Bassoons, and other air-guns or wind instruments. The scaling was done with marvellous rapidity by the Infantry, who were up and over the wall as if half a dozen mad bulls were after them.

The Quadrille might be cut out with advantage, as it is too suggestive of the professional Circus, and, subsequently, the absence of the Clown is calculated to create a feeling of disappointment. And then what is the use of cavalry able to dance quadrilles on horseback, if the enemy won't join them?

Each Show—and there were two to-day—ought not to last for more than two hours and a half—from 2:30 to 5, and 7:30 to 10, which would be quite enough for all reasonable people. They must have taken over eight thousand pounds on the week, and certainly it is one of the most popular entertainments of the Season.

As for Captain DANN, who is shouting all day, even if he belonged to infantry he must be a hoarse soldier by the end of the week; but as he is one of the Judges, how on the two last days he can have a voice in the matter at all is wonderful. He ought to be rewarded for lung service.

We had expected an oration from the temporary Secretary of War, at Islington, who bears the classic name of TULLY, but Captain MARCUS TULLIUS was too busy for talking. There was plenty of material for KIKERO among the horses if they hadn't been so well trained and thoroughly in hand. Mr. Punch congratulates the Committee on the results of this year's Military Tournament.

Be-Knighted Beings.

First Ill-informed Person. Why does GLADSTONE make WATTS a Baronet?

Second Ditto. Don't know. P'raps 'cos he wrote the hymns.

First Ditto. No—more likely 'cos he painted the "Hera."

Second Ditto. Oh, those long, sickly creatures—eh? Ah, they should have re-titled him as Sir GEORGE GAUNT, of Gaunt House.

[Exeunt severally.]

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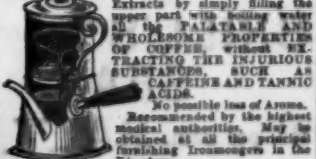
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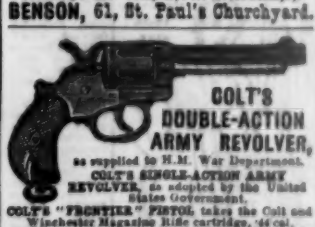
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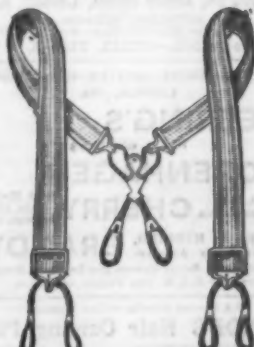
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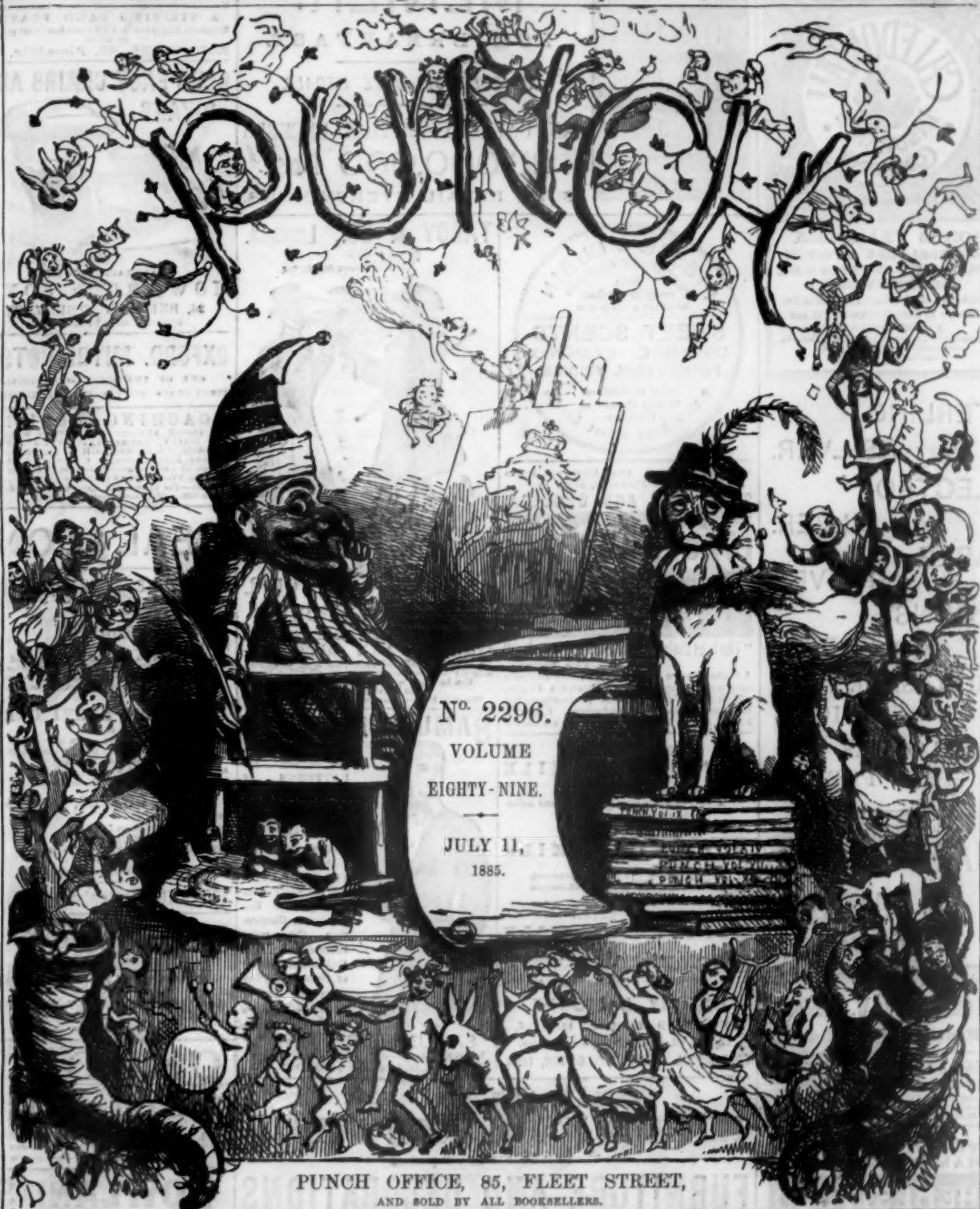
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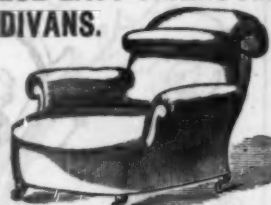


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I DO MY BEST FOR A FRIEND IN CHAMBERS.



I AM aware that although an extensive practice at the Bar has many advantages, still it is accompanied by several drawbacks. A **mongst** which must be enumerated that of being considered an authority equal at the very least to the

LORD CHANCELLOR upon a collection of miscellaneous subjects by one's friends. I should perhaps limit the friends to those who are laymen, as those who belong to the profession are less anxious to obtain one's opinion, no doubt from feelings of jealousy, or even envy. Amongst my law-loving acquaintances, FOGWELL used to be the most urgent in his appeals to my judgment. One day he called upon me at my Chambers as usual "bothered out of his life." I was not always pleased at his visits, as he had a way with him of smoking cigarettes and asking awkward questions about the number and nature of my Briefs. At first I hoped that he might be accepted by my fellow tenants in common as a Solicitor anxious for my advice, but he soon dispelled that illusion by asking anyone who happened to come in the same question of law he had put to me, and then if the reply was different to the answer I had given (which was generally the case), used to turn round upon me with the ungrateful exclamation, "There! I thought you must be wrong!"

"Yes," he said, after a preliminary apology for knocking down my wig-box and disclosing its contents—some cheap toys for the boys at home—"I am almost dead. The matter of the sale of the land has got into Chambers, and I know that COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON, will make a mess of it."

"Messrs. COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON are most respectable and able practitioners," I replied, in a tone which was intended to impress him with the idea that I had known them intimately for years, and was their favourite and most trusted Counsel.

"Of course, I know that," he answered, testily; "but, as you are aware, in Chancery most matters, when in Chambers, are entrusted to a Clerk, and COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON can't be everywhere at once. What I am afraid of is, that they will hand over the matter to one of their Clerks, who doesn't know the facts of the case."

"What are the facts of the case?" I asked. I always like to keep my hand in, and to tell the truth, I do not receive a visit from a Solicitor, at times, for hours together.

"Well, it is something like this," he returned, "I don't quite know myself exactly how it goes, but you as a Barrister will be able to pick it up at a glance."

I bowed at this compliment to my professional ability.

"I am a tenant for life of a portion of the property, when it can be realised," he began, and I again nodded, to intimate that so far all seemed to me plain sailing, "and the real Plaintiff is one of the Defendants, as the nominal Plaintiff is in reality a Defendant, because you see he has a divided interest in the freehold as a joint trustee for some of the remaindermen who have mortgaged their share under a pre-nuptial settlement, which, however, will be divided under a hodge-podge clause in the will of the testator. That's simple enough."

Again I nodded, but this time rather more perfunctorily.

"I thought you would think so," he replied, seemingly much relieved; "but the difficulty is, so far as I can make it out, that the copyholds are, by the particular custom of the manor, not barred in dower, and, consequently, are on a different footing to the property held in Kent under a Borough English tenure. Well, somehow on account of this there has been a clashing of interests, and the result is that we have had eight separate sets of Solicitors hard at work at it for the last five years. I suppose it couldn't be helped—could it?" And he looked at me inquiringly.

"My dear friend," I replied, "if you are represented (as you say you are) by Messrs. COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON, you could not possibly be in better hands."

"Yes, I know," he replied, mournfully, "but there is a summons in Chambers before the Chief Clerk to-morrow about a right of way, or the purchase of a wheelbarrow, or the insurance of a haystack, or something or other connected either with the freeholds or the copyholds, and I do wish you would look in and watch it."

Rather against my will, as I thought I possibly might be recognised as a Member of the Bar (the contingency, I admit, was a little remote, as I have more to do with Common Law than Chancery), I consented, and the next morning wended my way to the chambers of the Chief Clerk of Mr. Justice CHITSON. After passing two lounging custodians dressed in a garb something between the joint uniforms of a Commissionnaire, a private in the Army Medical Department, a Custom-House searcher, and a "chucker-out" of an East End Music-Hall, I ascended several flights of stone steps, passed along about a quarter of a mile of dimly-lighted corridors, and entered a large room which was divided into two parts by a line of demarcation marked out by a barricade of screens, folding-up washhand-stands, and office-desks. In front of the barricade was a crowd of solicitors' clerks, varying in age from fifteen to fifty, and behind it was a stolid but albeit amiable-looking gentleman of the highest respectability. This latter I ascertained was the Chief Clerk. With his long Austrian moustache, had I met him at a county ball I should have put him down at once as the Captain Commandant of a local troop of Yeomanry Cavalry.

"Are you all here?" he asked, making notes in a MS. book with white paper covers. Upon this, about a dozen gentlemen, in various costumes, ranging from the billycock-hat and tweed-suit of ditto of the country to the regulation chimney-pot and unexceptional broadcloth of Rotten Row, replied in the affirmative. "No change of Solicitors or appearances in person this time?" he continued, as if anxious to avoid mistakes. Again the combined answer was in the affirmative.

"Well," he said, leaning back in his arm-chair, "what is it?"

Immediately an extremely intelligent youth of very tender years (I do not think he could have been much older than fifteen) began one of the most impassioned harangues to which it has ever been my pleasure to listen. I was fairly astonished at the flow of eloquence, the erudition, the powerful investive of this forensic infant. His words came with a rush resembling a verbal Niagara, and it caused me real pain to observe that the other representatives of parties interested instead of listening, as I did, with respectful awe, merely smiled scornfully or nodded in derision. I felt so indignant that I took up my place beside him, and whenever he paused for breath, as he did every five or ten minutes, I bowed my approval. At first he seemed inclined to treat my silent gesture of approbation as a covert insult, but soon seeing how earnest was my commendation, he accepted me as an ally, and constituted me the Chief Clerk's assessor, addressing his remarks equally to both of us. I was flattered at this deference, and renewed my noiseless applause with increased fervour.

"That may be!" at last said the Chief Clerk (who, I fancy, I regret to say, if appearances were to be credited, may have been dozing) when he could get in a word edgewise; "but that does not account satisfactorily for the fact that when I ordered affidavits in support to be filed within three days, exactly two months and a fortnight has been consumed in thinking about it."

Again Niagara began to flow, amidst a renewed accompaniment of partly suppressed derision. Once more I afforded the eloquent and persecuted youth my hearty but silent approbation. He proved, up to the hilt, that it was totally impossible to have filed the affidavits at an earlier date, and that, as to the future, they could not, under any circumstances whatever, be obtained for at least another seven weeks.

"Very well," said the Chief Clerk, at last, "I will look over the matter this time; but mind, you must have them all sworn and filed by the first thing to-morrow morning."

"Thank you, Sir," replied the now triumphant infant, smiling joyfully. There were a few mild and ineffectual protests from the others, and the matter ended.

I must confess I was a little astonished at this abrupt termination to the proceedings, the more especially as I felt convinced from the arguments that had been used by my learned boy and brother that the affidavits could not possibly be obtained in the absurdly short time specified. I mentioned my doubts to a gentleman of solemn appearance, who had taken no active part in the discussion.

"Sir," he replied, "I have yet to learn what you have to do with this affair; but if you are not connected with the firm represented by Mr. SCURRY, I think it my duty, in the interests of my Client, to protest against your unprovoked interference."

"Sir," I answered, angrily, "I am here merely as a friend of Mr. FOGWELL, and am very much surprised at so uncalled-for an observation."

"And I am surprised, Sir, excessively surprised, Sir, that you, claiming friendship with Mr. FOGWELL, should have given your entirely superfluous countenance to one of his opponents."

"Opponents!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean, Sir, that I am the representative of Messrs. COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON—very much at your service!" and he left the room.

I do not know what the representative of Messrs. COKE, STEPHENS AND BACON subsequently told FOGWELL about me, but it is certainly a fact that from that day to this the oldest of my friends has deliberately cut me!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.



Q. E. D.

Professor McPhairson, "No, Mrs. Brown, it's not that we Scotch are dull; but you English see a joke in anything! Why, the other day I was in a room with four Englishmen, one of whom told a story, and, would you believe it, I was the only man that didn't laugh!"

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Dr. WATTS, in his peculiar line, stands unrivalled amongst English Poets. His poetry, besides its moral excellence, is distinguished by a simplicity more sublime even than that of the glorious Three-per-Cents.

The great Dr. WATTS has been hitherto reputed, with due allowance for his era, as, in his life and conversation, a purely angelic and seraphic doctor. Hem! Was he?

Born at Southampton, of Dissenting parents, WATTS accordingly received the Biblical name of ISAAC. As SHAKESPEARE has been styled the "divine WILLIAMS," so WATTS, the rather as having been a distinguished Dissenting Divine, might be styled the "divine ISAACS." His name, ISAAC, was by his youthful associates subsequently reduced to IKEX; a diminutive suitable to his physical dimensions.

He was not only very short, but also remarkably thin and meagre, as a statue erected to him a few years ago in an open space at Southampton represents him, attired in his habit as he lectured: a flowing curly wig, a gown, bands, and knee-breeches—an admirable work of comic art.

In childhood sent to a preparatory school (kept by the Rev. Mr. ICHABOD INCREASE) he displayed a marvellous aptitude at the acquisition of knowledge. But, like most very clever boys, he was undeniably what our forefathers used to call a "pickle." One hot day, when his master had fallen asleep in his chair, young WATTS, having procured a piece of white foolscap, of which he caused one end to curl by a manipulation with a paper-knife, pinned the other end to the top of his preceptor's collar, behind. With a view to curry favour with the pedagogue, one of ISAAC's schoolfellows "split" upon him, and WATTS, who though slight of frame was spirited, after school-hours punched his head.

PARROT CRIES.

Oh, Cry of Tory, Cry of Rad,
I hear you ere your time;
The Tory shout is faint and sad,
And suits an artless rhyme.
"Old England's honour long is dead,
Her wealth is like to die:
The gilt is off the gingerbread,
The bloom is off the rye!"

To Radicals TREVELYAN gave
An eligible shout;
Their funny banners wild they wave,
And shriek and strut about;
And still they clamour, midst applause
From stump and brake and van,
"We're fighting for the same old Cause,
And for the same old Man!"

Ye Tories, say what should be done;
What would you like to do?
What man, machine, or Maxim gun,
Can pull Old England through?
They only shake the solemn head,
And parrotlike reply,
"The gilt is off the gingerbread,
The bloom is off the rye!"

Ye Rads, what is the Cause you fight,
You leave us all to guess?
And was the Man you brag of quite
So splendid a success?
They hurry on without a pause,
And shriek, as they began,
"We're fighting for the same old Cause,
And for the same old Man!"

The sea is strewn with waifs and wrecks,
And wicked grows the wind;
Perhaps these matters should not vex
The philosophic mind.
But England yet one loves; one sighs
For peace, and would be glad
If aught would still the parrot cries
Of Tory and of Rad!

He was so quick at learning all his lessons that he had plenty of time to read for amusement, and he devoted most of his leisure to the biography of Buccaneers and Highwaymen. Though fond as any of his playmates of youthful pastimes, being scarcely strong enough to compete with them at the athletic sports of cricket and football, he addicted himself principally to marbles. He was also greatly given to "pitch and toss."

Young WATTS was passionately fond of birds'-nesting, in the pursuit of which he used often to repair during the holidays to Shirley Common, in his time a wilderness. A reminiscence of this early recreation may be detected in the touching line,—

"Birds in their little nests agree."

When he became a somewhat bigger boy, he betook himself to angling, and for that purpose would frequently repair to Wood Mill, at the mouth of the Itchen, where he once hooked a salmon so large that it pulled him into the water, and he was with great difficulty rescued from drowning by some rustics, haymaking in an adjacent meadow.

He took a peculiar delight in dog-fighting and cock-fighting, though he considered that the former beat the latter. He justified this predilection by alleging the pugnacious instinct of those animals, an argument he afterwards reproduced in the verses commencing with—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,"

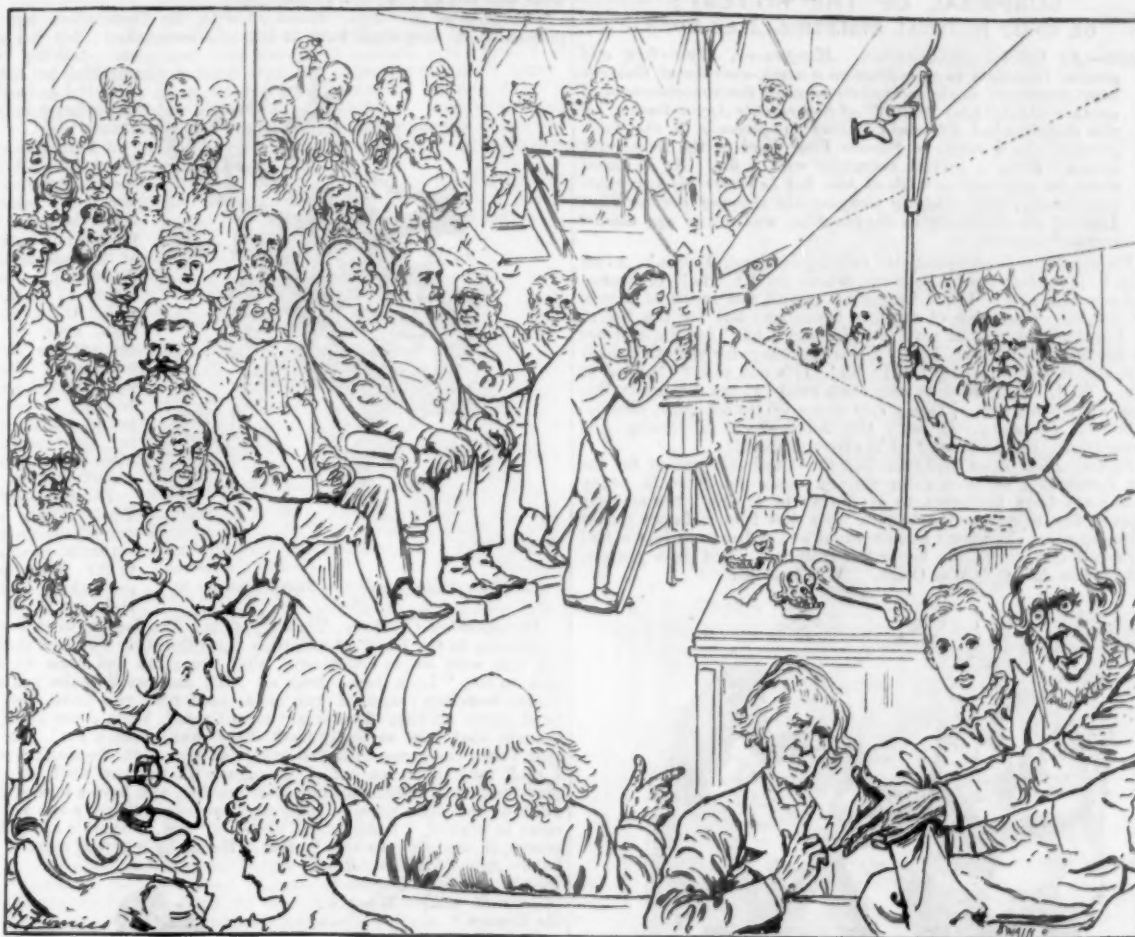
for which permission he assigned a reason logically unanswerable, as also for conceding the same liberty to bears and lions:—

"For 'tis their nature to."

Which, whatever modern critics may say, was obviously the original reading. The child was the father of the man, and after Aberdeen and Glasgow had created him a Doctor of Divinity, WATTS would often, during his extended residence at Abney Park, discourse eloquently upon his sporting experiences, as he reclined in his arm-chair behind a long pipe, with a tumbler of rum-and-water before him, hot, strong, and sweet.

This was "The Real WATTS." Those who are now aware of it, know What's WATTS.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. NO. 14.



A MERRY MEETING AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE STREET.

A RECTIFICATION.

In our account of the Military Tournament last week we said that the Band was conducted by Mr. DAN GODFREY. This was wrong. DAN should have been CHARLES. CHARLES writes to us to say that, in effect, "he's Dan'd if he'll be mistaken for his brother, who conducts the Grenadier Guards' Band, while he (CHARLES) conducts the Band of the Royal Horse Guards, which played the whole week at the Tournament Show, Islington." The other Mr. GODFREY, the Dramatist, might write a piece, in one fraternal Act, on purpose for Mr. DAN to appear in, and call it the *Danny Chef*. Of course there would be a part in it for CHARLES, his friend. Here's to the health of the two gallant Conductors, and may the time be far distant—though it is common time for all—when they will say,—

"Music's the food of love! Give o'er, give o'er,
For we will *bâton* on that food no more."

Mummers Maligned.

(By a Looker-on at Lord's.)

"Actor *quâ* Actor is a Gentleman,"
Protest Stage-worshippers. Protesting prayers
Should meet the M.C.C.'s invidious plan
Of advertising "Gentlemen v. Players!"

NAVAL SHAM FIGHT.—There was one important vessel conspicuous by its absence from the movements of the Evolutionary Squadron, and that was the real Tug of War.

S-S-S-H!

At Exhibition Road, South Kensington, they have been holding what is called a "Deaf and Dumb Conference." This sounds rather paradoxical, and very pleasant. If silence is golden, a Deaf and Dumb Conference should be a very Tom Tiddler's Ground. As expressive of a mute muster, the old phrase "A Quakers' Meeting" make now take a back seat. If Parliament could, for a season at least, be turned into a veritable Deaf and Dumb Conference, a "holy calm" would indeed reign at St. Stephen's, sittings might be shortened, "business done" indefinitely increased, *clôture* abandoned as unnecessary, and Obstruction forgotten as a nightmare of the past. There is still hope for humanity, if it can only lose the use of its tongue and its ears.

All For Lawn.

(By a Poetical Tennis Enthusiast.)

DRY weather! If July brings deluges drowning,
St. Swithin shall earn my best benison;
For when from long drought the green turf is all BROWNING,
It is not so nice to play TENNIS-ON.

OLD TIMES REVIVED.—Bath is again becoming quite a fashionable resort. At the end of the London Season, wearied Doctors who used to send their patients to foreign water-cures are now saying, "Oh, go to Bath!" In the course of time Jericho will have its turn.

SURPRISAL OF THE FITTEST;

OR, COMIC POLITICAL EVOLUTION—*A LA MODE.*

SCENE—An Official Antechamber. Hangers-on, Supporters, and general Outsiders in attendance on a newly-constituted Government discovered in the best spirits awaiting the announcement of another and still later "batch" of Subordinate Appointments. A few distinguished Placemen looking on gloomily in the foreground. In a recess a Former First Lord of the Admiralty asleep. Enter a Private Secretary with a list. As he comes down, an ugly rush is made at him, but he clears his way good-humouredly, and suddenly slapping the sleeping Former First Lord of the Admiralty on the shoulder, wakes him up, amidst roars of laughter.

Former First Lord (rising, and rubbing his eyes). Hollos! Avast there! (Looking round.) Dear me, where am I? Ha!—of course. But how odd, now! I was imagining myself the screw of a new fish-torpedo—something of my own invention; but for the life of me I couldn't manage to revolve a bit, and I had placed a contract for five hundred of 'em. Lucky I was dreaming, for you can't think how real it was. (Seeing List.) Ha! It's out, is it? Settled at last! Well, I shall have to keep them awake at the Admiralty this time, and no mistake. (Does a step or two of the hornpipe, sleepily.

Private Secretary. It isn't the Admiralty. (Watching him pleasantly.) Have a guess? I'll give you three.

Former First Lord (aghast). Not the Admiralty—when for the last fortnight I've been going up and down the river in penny steamboats from Battersea to Woolwich in a blue serge suit six times a day merely trying to pick up a new idea. Have a guess? (Turning pale.) You don't mean to say it's—the Duchy of Lancaster?

Private Secretary. No; better fun than that. But there you are. (Shows him List.) "War Office." Will that do?



Latest edition of "The Private Secretary"—as played at the Board of Trade.

Former First Lord. Do? Yes, it will "do" well enough. But I shall have to get the whole thing up afresh. Why, I don't know a Shrapnell from a Boxer Cartridge; and I've just been reading up such a capital little work on Sheet Anchors; but that won't be the slightest use to the Duke? (Seizing on a former Under-Secretary of State for War.) Ha! You're the man to help me. You'll be in it, of course, and can soon put me up to the whole thing.

Former Under-Secretary. I should be quite delighted,—not, between ourselves, that I know much about it—but the fact is, I'm unfortunately going somewhere else. Ha! ha! I can't help laughing, though. Would you believe it, they've set me down for the Colonies!

Former First Lord. The Colonies! Well, that is an astonisher! Why that's what your brother had. Hum—I suppose they want to keep 'em in the family. (A Voice: "And a good thing too.")

Former Under-Secretary (jocosely). That's it. You see (sings) "we were boys together." Ha! ha! But I dare say I shall stir up some of DEER's neatest work for him. Ha! ha! Wait till this genial little brother gets a good School Atlas, and then you'll see! That reminds me I must pick up a showy map or two, if only to hang up in the Office.

The Member for Eye (hurrying forward). I can let you have a capital one of India, very cheap; and it has got a lot of places down that you won't find in any other. I can vouch for that, for I stuck them in myself. But, worse luck, they're all no use, for the Chief has bundled me out of Afghanistan into Whitehall. Look at me—I can't believe it yet—(he turns himself round)—I'm a Civil Lord of the Admiralty!

(General laughter.)

Former Under-Secretary. The dickens you are! But, I say—what will you do now, at question time?

The Member for Eye. Spend it with the Contractors, and I promise them they shall have it hot. (Mournfully.) But it's no use talking of anything hot now.

Ah! if I had only had a finger in the Indian pie!

A Distinguished Cricketer. Wish I could swop with you. I believe there is room to pitch a fair wicket at the back of the Admiralty; but where I am,—well, CHURCHILL says, even if I can get the Messengers to stand up to it, the only bowling I shall get at all, will be in the passage after four with the office inkstands.

The Member for Eye. What, are you off the stump,—that is, going on to it? Why they are making downright fun of us!

Lord Fife sitting merely as a Scotch Earl out for a Blow.

Distinguished Cricketer. That's just it. The fact is, when I was explaining to the Chief at a Garden Party the other day, and showing him with empty coffee-cups what the pitch had come to, he said to me, "Look here, drop all that, and we'll make you an Under-Secretary; and, if you're at your post, you know, you'll be at Lords' all day. That ought to suit you." Well, d'you know, I thought that joke so really fresh that,—well, here I am! But I shan't drop the game, I can tell you. As soon as the Session is over, I shall take an Eleven out of the office with me, and we'll go and play the three Presidencies one after another, and have a look at the place at the same time. Technical knowledge. That's the way I mean to work it, "business and pleasure," and, if there's any gate-money, it can go into the Budget. Here, shy me your map. I'll have it. (Catches it.)

How's that, Umpire? (Opens it out.) What's the damage?

The Member for Eye. As I shall now be frequently saying in the House, I am not prepared to answer that question without previous notice. But meantime—(turning to a Double-Barrelled Duke)—let us go to the fountain-head of commercial instinct and ask our new and noble President of the Board of Trade to name a fair price.

Double-Barrelled Duke. What? Ask me? Why, what are you thinking of? What do I know about trade? What has that got to do with it? Why, you'll be asking me next, why I've got an Assistant Secretary. (Roars of laughter.) Ha, you may laugh, but I have, though. And as surprise seems the order of the day, I think I haven't scored badly. Got him down?

Private Secretary (referring to List). Quite so. I have his name here.

[Displays it amid roars and roars of laughter, which are renewed again and again as a Youthful Earl steps forward, and in the best footlight style continues to bow his acknowledgments.

Youthful Earl (smiling). You seem, all of you, quite surprised to see me here; don't you? (A Voice: "Three Cheers for the Board



Lord Fife sitting merely as a Scotch Earl out for a Blow.



His New Dignity. Lord Fife sitting as an Earl of the United Kingdom.

of Trade Masher!" Thanks, very much. Quite like a first night, don't you know. (*Loud applause.*) Delighted to meet HARRIS here, —I mean Lord HARRIS,—not AUGUSTUS of Drury Lane. (*Applause.*) Anyhow, it's my first appearance,—I was going to say on the boards —of trade—(*laughter*)—and though at present, you know, I don't think I know much more than the Duke does himself about the business, yet I know what "good business" means, and "bad business"—(*laughter*)—and that's something. And as to bringing in Bills, don't you know,—why, I've got a regular pile at home of all sorts; and, talking of theatres, I do hope somebody's going to re-open the Gaiety. Perhaps Miss—

[*Renewed roars of laughter, amid which, as the Private Secretary reveals their unsuspected appointments to a few more pleased and surprised individuals, the Scene closes.*]

PUNCH'S OCCASIONAL FABLES.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE DRUM.

A NIGHTINGALE sat piping on a spray,

At the soft closing of a day in summer,
When loud belabouring there passed that way
An idle Drummer.

His rattling rub-a-dub the fluting drowned.

"Pooh!" cried the Drum, "you tootlers are not in it.
I whelm you with the volume of my sound
In half a minute.

"I'm grand, sonorous, eyelie! I—" But here
The Drummer halted at the "Rose and Thistle,"
And shouted for a tankard of small beer,
To wet his whistle.

The Drum was mum, the bird piped softly on.

"O Drum, when thumped you deem the welkin's greeting you,
But all your borrowed blatancy is gone
When one stops beating you!"

MORAL.

In spite of loud acclaim and long self-praise,
Tested by Time's unerring equipoise,
A little rill of melody outstays
Niagaras of noise!

"STEADY, SIR, STEADY!"

MR. PUNCH originates but never imitates. Were he inclined to do so, he might authorise his Prime Minister to follow the lead of the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, last Saturday, warned the public against perusing its next four numbers on account of the "infernal narrative" which they would contain. Did Mr. Punch wish to extend his world-wide circulation, he would be inclined to advertise thus:—

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

A FRANK WARNING.

We have determined to publish the most diabolically sensational story that was ever written or read. Compared with it the frikiest and riskiest of French novels is a dry study, and the most thrilling of English romances an ordinary record of everyday life. The illustrations will be scariying! Therefore we say quite plainly to all who love a genuine story of passionate love, hideous revolting crimes, and the most cruel revenge, that they will do well not to look into Mr. Punch's next two numbers, in which the fearful narrative of unparalleled atrocities, of the most abominable facts, with real names of persons and places, will be completed.

But no,—world-wide circulation is sufficient for Mr. Punch, and though of course he could such a tale unfold, yet, he never will,—wishing to remain, not a respecter of persons, nor a respecter of Mr. Podsnap's "young person,"—but simply a respecter of himself. By the time this appears, the *Pall Mall Gazette* will have made our flesh creep, and of course the rush for the paper will have been enormous. Perhaps the end, which the P. M. G. keeps steadily in view, may justify the means.

"ONE IN THE EYE."—MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, whose asperity even victory does not seem to soften, celebrated his success at Eye by calling Mr. GLADSTONE a "curse." The defeated Liberals console themselves with the belief that at the General Election this particular "curse" (though by no means a chicken) will again "come home" to rule the Parliamentary "roost."

A FUNNY MAN.



MY friend, M'COLOQUINT of Perth,
Whose leading Christian name
is HICKS,

Although the kindest soul on earth,
Is over-fond of playing tricks.
At school he frequently got licked
For filling ink-pots up with
bran;

And has, since then, been some-
times kicked—
You see, he's such a Funny
Man!

One day his aged Maiden Aunt
(From whom he expectations
had)
He made the victim of a "plant,"
Which very nearly drove her
mad.

Whilst she was in a placid doze,
Her cheeks he painted black-
and-tan,
And gilt her venerable nose.

Now, is he not a Funny Man?

As he can swim like any whale,
It is his favourite diversion
To take his friends out for a sail
And treat them to a cold im-
mersion.

To save them, as they splash
around,

Is part of his facetious plan;
Of course they now and then get
drowned.

What then? He's such a
Funny Man!

I've sometimes found it hard to
bear

And harder still to blandly grin
When—asked by him to take a
chair—

I've sat down on a lengthypin.
This jest he specially affects

And vows that no one surely can
Dispute its comical effects.—

He's such a truly Funny Man!

A Bishop wrote to him to say
He'd call on him next day at
noon

About a Mission, on its way
To christen blacks at the Gaboon.
HICKS hid himself behind the door
And, with a massive warming-
pan,

Laid out the Bishop on the floor.—
He is, indeed, a Funny Man!

There's naught M'COLOQUINT
enjoys

More heartily than Boxing
Night;—

Its red-hot pokers, thieving boys,
And buttered slides are his
delight.

You'd scarce believe how many
jokes

He'll practise with a water-can,
A squirt, or anything that soaks.—
He is a deuced Funny Man!

He's never happier than when
Inventing some astute device
To terrify his fellow men;—

Such as explosive cards and
dice,

A detonating 'bacca-box,
Or elegant electric fan,
Inflicting truly painful shocks.—

He's such a very Funny Man!

And thus with harmless, kindly
jest

He brightens life for many a
one,

Who, but for him, would be op-
pressed

With care, and quite forlorn of
fun.

He wrote his epitaph one day
In waggish mood; it thus
began—

"Hic jacet—HICKS, I meant to
say—

Dead, as alive, a Funny Man!"

NEXT (RADICAL) MOVE ON THE IRISH CHESS-BOARD.—The Castle.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Parker. "BY THE WAY, SIR BINKS, WE'VE JUST SEEN YOUR FRIEND, MRS. POPHAM, AND HER TWO PRETTY DAUGHTERS!"

Young Sir Binks. "HAVE YOU REALLY? I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM EVERYWHERE. SUCH A CROWD, YOU KNOW! ONE'S ALWAYS MEETING THE WRONG PEOPLE!"

THE NEW CAPTAIN.

Steersman loquax:—

GOING about? That's jolly fine
To patter of—when not aboard,
But hands upon the helm, like mine,
Risky manoeuvres can't afford.
A Steersman's choice ain't very wide,
Must have an eye to wind and tide.

Oh yes, we alated t'other crew;
Why, when a Cap'n's out o' work
What better has he got to do?
WILL was a fumbler and a shirk.
We told you so, my mates and me,
And now—well, we're on board, you see!

Oh, we're all right, we'll keep her straight,
But as to altering of her course,
That's sudden. You will have to wait.
Eh? What? Feel something like remorse
At chevvyng the old Cap'n so?
Lor', that's sea-fashion, don't you know?

Why, even he, for all his gab
Couldn't get clear o' BEN's old tack.
It ain't like driving of a cab
Or handling of an old Park hack.
A chap who's got to steer your yacht
In these here seas must know what's what.

Gab's gab, but steering's steering. Yes,
I still maintain WILL was a swab,
And landed you in many a mess.
I hope we'll make a smarter job,
Eh, RANDOLPH? He ain't got no doubt,
But even he won't "go about."

That is, not yet. We will with joy,
When tide shall slack, and wind shall veer.
Lor' bless yer, a loblolly boy
Can tell old hands how not to steer,
But when it comes to stowing patter,
And steering, that's another matter!
Look at the sky, still thick and black!
The wind, too, still at nor'-nor'-east!
When we can make another tack
I've no objection, not the least.
But whilst that wind holds with such force,
Must keep on pretty much this course.

A CLERICAL QUERY.—At the Canterbury Diocesan Conference Lord CHAMBERLAIN, speaking of Cathedrals, recommended "that the cathedral bodies should send out preachers to isolated Clergymen; a course," he said, "which would have an awakening effect in the diocese." One isolated Clergyman, letting another preach to him, cannot be very wide awake to begin with; but he would be thoroughly roused before the preacher got to the second head, when probably the sufferer would punch the first head he got hold of. Sermons, however, specially on a hot Sunday afternoon, are not calculated to have an "awakening effect" on the lay hearers. Our experience, we admit, is limited.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., R. A., keeps the dignity because he can support it. Mr. WATTS found it insupportable, and it was "declined with thanks." But J. E. MILLAIS is a Millais-onaire.

THE PASTORAL PLAYERS.

THE last of Society's crazes,
When gardens in Summer are gay,
Is dancing about 'mid the daisies
And acting a pastoral play.
Though costumes archaic by GODWIN
All feminine charms must eclipse;
The characters old and so odd win
Applause e'en from Royalty's lips.

The scene to the playgoer strange is,
You enter no elegant halls,
No longer your eagle eye ranges
O'er boxes, and circle, and stalls.
But here is a beautiful garden,
Before us green turf is unrolled,
As fair as the Forest of Arden,
Where *Rosalind* wandered of old.

A magical scene!—and so still is
The wood, that no wonder we view
Wild *Cloe* and fair *Amaryllis*,
And shepherds all eager to woo.
And here's Lady ARCHIBALD acting
One *Perigot*, certes with skill,
While other parts not too exacting
Fair ladies efficiently fill.

If "Pastoral Players" go touring,
They'll act upon each village green,
Applause of each rustic securing
For pictures they've ne'er before seen.
They'll play through the bright Summer
weather,
No shepherd shall single remain;
And since they are birds of one feather
Each shepherdess conquers her swain!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 11, 1885.



THE NEW CAPTAIN.

MR. BULL (Skipper). "ARE YOU 'GOING ABOUT'?"
CAPTAIN. "GOING ABOUT! NO, SIR—MUST KEEP ON THE SAME TRACK.—AS LONG AS THE WIND HOLDS!!"



OUR ADVERTISERS.

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ELECTRO-VOLCANIC BOOTS are a universal stimulator.

ELECTRO-VOLCANIC BOOTS.

W. RIBSTON, formerly of 191A, Colerborough Road, West Bingham, writes:—

"For seven-and-twenty years I lay prostrate on a sofa in my back parlour, groaning and unable to bear even the auction columns of the *Times* Supplement read to me for more than six hours at a stretch, till I luckily was induced to purchase a pair of your marvellous boots. The result has been magical. I now can never see a five-barred gate or an area-railing without attempting to jump over it, and, owing to my dancing a perpetual double shuffle from morning to night wherever I go, I have five times been expelled from the reading-room of my own Club, on three occasions with force, and am now, in consequence, finishing a nine months' sentence in one of Her Majesty's best gaols. I cannot sufficiently thank you. You are at liberty to make what use you can of this letter."

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON. No uproar is complete without it.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON is, invaluable in a Family Dispute.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON multiplies a hundredfold the power of the Human Voice.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON Breaks the Drum of both Ears.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON assimilates the feeblest utterance to the report of a Hand-grenade.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON renders a Coastermonger the terror of the Neighbourhood.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON will cause a whispered Nothing to Deafen a whole Dinner-table.

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON turns a Funny Man into a demon.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN writes:—"I had long suffered from an excessive weakness of the Larynx, and, though in the habit of Preaching to a large Congregation, I had felt so convinced that not a syllable I uttered could be heard by any one present, that I purchased one of your priceless Instruments. Since I have used it, I have been told that every word of each Sermon I have delivered has been distinctly audible, and, notwithstanding the fact that I have, as yet, only given three, I have already quite emptied my Church."

A COUNTER-TENOR writes:—"Having, through a certain want of sweetness and power in my two upper octaves, been hooted from the platform of every provincial concert I have attended now for some years past, I was advised to try your *Dynamitaphonikon*. The result has been truly marvellous. My voice has returned with all its former flexibility, and I now have succeeded in obtaining an engagement as a permanent fog-signal in a revolving light on the South-East Coast."

A MEMBER OF THE IRISH PARTY writes:—"Your instrument is superb, and has given much satisfaction. Send us another dozen."

THE DYNAMITAPHONIKON.

For tariff of prices and full particulars apply to the Central Depot, Bawls Pond, E.

STUBBS' MAGNETIC CHAIN ARMOUR.

HAY FEVER.

INSTANT RELIEF may be afforded to those afflicted with this distressing malady by having recourse to a complete suit of

STUBBS' MAGNETIC CHAIN ARMOUR.

STUBBS' MAGNETIC CHAIN ARMOUR can be worn either outside or inside the ordinary clothes.

TESTIMONIAL. Y. M. writes:—"Since I have put on your Suit of Magnetic Chain Armour, I have not been able, for a single moment, even to think of Hay Fever. It has disappeared quite wonderfully. The stifling sensation seems quite a secondary matter now that I have managed to fasten the Helmet, while as to sneezing, I haven't room to do it."

THE CRADLE BATTERY.

THE CRADLE BATTERY energises the Baby.

THE CRADLE BATTERY compels the Baby to rock himself.

THE CRADLE BATTERY entirely does away with Soothing Syrup.

THE CRADLE BATTERY renders Teething perfectly unnecessary.

THE CRADLE BATTERY is a Scientific, but Safe and Simple application of the most recently-developed potencies of Electro-magnetic energy to the Natural Vitalising and Stimulation of the Physical and Mental Capabilities of the Infant Frame.

THE CRADLE BATTERY. Writing to the *North Utica Medical Defaulter*, Dr. W. R. FLYNN, D.M.Q.S., says:—"In cases of Backward Growth, I have found this little ingenious Instrument advertised as invaluable. Weighing only Seventeen Pounds it is, I should say, easily attached to any ordinary *berceausette*, and, I believe, in all cases where it has been used it has produced the most interesting and even astonishing results."

THE CRADLE BATTERY stupifies the Baby in the Day-time.

THE CRADLE BATTERY wakes the Baby up in the middle of the Night.

THE CRADLE BATTERY sends the Baby's father into lodgings.

THE CRADLE BATTERY enables the Baby rapidly to breakfast on Mutton Chops.

THE CRADLE BATTERY hurries on the Baby's Hair at a rush.

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THE CRADLE BATTERY surrounds the Baby with Dynamic Forces.

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THE CRADLE BATTERY damages the Baby's prospects with the Baby's Godfather.

THE CRADLE BATTERY tells the Baby's Grandmamma.

THE CRADLE BATTERY affords constant Recreation to the Baby's Brother.

THE CRADLE BATTERY stimulates all the Baby's faculties.

THE CRADLE BATTERY makes the Baby anxious to get out of the Cradle.

THE CRADLE BATTERY when not required for the Cradle, may be used effectively against Burglars.

THE CRADLE BATTERY can be utilised for blasting purposes.

THE CRADLE BATTERY may be regarded as an effective Torpedo.

THE CRADLE BATTERY is a powerful illuminant.

THE CRADLE BATTERY gives the light of 136 candles.

THE CRADLE BATTERY will kill a cab-horse.

THE CRADLE BATTERY.

For further particulars apply to the Company's Works, Rockover, Herts.

THE WOLFF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

(Uncle Remus's Latest.)

[The London Correspondent of the *Matin* telegraphs to that paper the report of a short conversation he had with Sir HENRY DRUMMOND-WOLFF. In this the English Commissioner declared that he had not as yet had a final interview with Lord SALISBURY on the subject of his coming journey. Sir H. D. WOLFF added that neither he nor the Government had any preconceived ideas on the subject. His mission would, above all, be to keep on the best terms with the representatives of the other European Powers in Cairo, and to endeavour to find with them a solution of the present conflict. The problem, according to Sir H. D. WOLFF, is not so difficult if goodwill be shown all round. Asked whether the statement that France had asked for a proximate date for the evacuation of Egypt, with a pledge given by herself not to occupy Egypt or to allow any other Power to do so, Sir H. D. WOLFF replied that he was ignorant of any such demand or pledge, but that he was convinced that Lord SALISBURY would treat the question with justice and moderation, and with due regard to the susceptibilities of other Powers.—*Standard*.]



"De animils en de beasteses," said Uncle REMUS, "dey kep' on gettin' mo' en mo' sorter unfamilions wid wunner nudder, twel bimeby ole Brer Bull he kinder hed his hans' full er tryin' too kip der peace sump'n like patched up among um."

"Was Brer Bull the only one who wanted to keep the peace?" asked the little boy.

"It looked monstus like it, honey," replied the old man. "Dey all make mighty purtence er brudderly love and er bunchin togedder in de same shaanty, but aller wile all de beasteses 'gun ter cheat, er try to cheat, en hit kip on spreadin'. Hit mighty ketohin, en when der cheatry slip in der ha'ah feelins' dey sorter slip out, and der beasteses feel like dey up an' throw rocks at wunner nudder. Brer



'BUT LORD! THEIR CONFIDENCE!'—*Pepys's Diary.*

Fair Stranger (airily). "ANYTHING SPECIAL IN THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR! WHAT ARE THE BEST THINGS ON THE LINE?"
"Our Artist" (vaguely). "MINE ARE HUNG. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS!"

Rabbit he Brer Bull's right han', an' dey call him Gran' Ole Man Rabbit, 'oose he mighty ole en he mighty palaversome, en he persuade de beastesses ter make frens en live naberly. But bress yer, honey, dey wa'n't cut out fer dat kinder bizness, dey make udder kalkalashuns, en dey laff et Gran' Ole Man Rabbit soon's he wuzn't lookin'.

"I tole yer Brer Rabbit wuz a monstus soon beas'; leastways, dat's wat I laid out fer ter tell yer. And in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang w'en enny racket wuz on han', en dar dey stayed. But some er de beastesses dey sez Brer Rabbit wuz er gettin' too ole, and too gran'; dey sez dey didn't see whar'bouts he wuz gwineter fetch up at, en dey spoke speeches, en hollered, en eusst, en flung der langwidge 'roun des like w'en yo' daddy wuz gwineter run fer de legislater, en got lef'. Dey say he like Brer Possum, en love peace oose he fraid er fightin'. En dey say all de forrin beastesses, Brer B'ar, en Brer Bull-Frog, en Brer Tarrypin, de out'nes man er de whole gang, en de strongest, en even Brer Turkey-Buzzard ez wuz pow'ful weak, but sorter giv'n ter play it sharp on Brer Rabbit, all of em so kyar'd on matters ez ter get der best ev ole Brer Bull."

"And did they?" asked the child.

"Dey ain't no smart man 'cep' w'at dey's a smarter," said the old man, oracularly. "Brer Rabbit's chilluns dey minded der Daddy. Wen Gran' Ole Man Rabbit say 'Scoot,' dey scooted, en w'en he say 'Scat,' dey scatted. Dey did dat! Brer Rabbit's enemies—dey wuz menny un 'em—did'n des like dis nohow; dey sez Brer Rabbit en his chilluns wuz de cuss er de Country. Folks w'at's allers pesterin' People, en bodderin' longer dat w'at ain't dern, don't never come to no good end. Der wuz Brer Wolff, stidder mindin' un his own bizness, he hatter take en go in partnership wid Brer Fox, en dey wernt akacely a minnit in de day dat he wuzn't atter Brer Rabbit, en dey kep' on en dey kep' on twel fus' news yo' knowed he got kotch up wid—en he got kotch up wid monstus bad."

"I thought the Terrapin was the only one that fooled the Rabbit," said the little boy.

"Better lemme tell dish yer my own way. Brer Rabbit ain't see no peace w'atsumever. He can't leave home 'cep' Brer Wolff 'ud make

a raid, er Brer Fox 'ud come' loupin' roun' de naberhood ter try'n tote off some ov der fambly. Brer Bison and Brer Hare—wut wunted der place ev Gran' Ole Man Rabbit—stood by en kinder laffed, en de udder beastesses dey snap en dey smort en dey cavort roun' like all der time. Dey say Brer Rabbit's way wid de forrin beastesses wuz all wrong. Dey wunt ter make frens wid Ole Brer Tarrypin, en Brer Turkey-Buzzard, en dey say Brer B'ar he wuz wantin' to fool Brer Bull, en Brer Bull-Frog wuz deceitful en greedy. Dey swear dat ef dey had der way, dey'd jes tie Brer Bull-Frog by wunner his behime legs, and mek Brer B'ar mek hisself mighty skace kerblink-kerblunk, en bridle en ride Brer Alligator, fer all his big mouf en chompin' toofoes, ez easy as Brer Rabbit bitted en bridled Brer Fox wen he rode him ter see Miss Meadows en de gals on de peazzer.

"Den Brer Fox and Brer Wolff dey sorter palavered on, dey did, twel bimeby Brer Fox he up'n say dat he done got plan for ter trap Brer Rabbit. But none un um wuz braash nuff for ter ketch up wid Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit ain't see no peace w'atsumever. Las' Brer Rabbit got mad, he did, en eust, en den he went off. He sez, sezee, 'I'll done gone leave de whole affair to 'em for a time,' sezee, 'en see how dey git erlong,' sezee. 'You been runnin' roun' here saasin' atter me a mighty long time,' sezee. 'You bin cutting up yo' capers en' bouncin' roun' en dis naberhood ontwil you come ter b'leeve yo's'ef de bosses ev de whole gang,' sezee. 'Try it,' sezee. Den Gran' Ole Man Rabbit he lay low and tuk a rest."

"Den Brer Wolff, en Brer Bison, en Old Brer Hare, en de rest o' der udder beastesses felt mighty conflobusted like. Only Brer Fox he wuz ez peart ez a bee in clover-time. En he sez, sezee, 'We must lamm away,' sezee, 'like we enjoyed it,' sezee. Brer Rabbit went skippin' long home, he did, des ez sassy ez a jay-bird at a sparrer's nes'. Brer Bison he sez, 'We gotter look like we meanter cut up didos wid Brer B'ar, en holler *seahoo* to Brer Bull-Frog, en saddle en bridle Brer Alligator, like we said we would, en fuddermo' get famillions wid Brer Tarrypin en Brer Turkey-Buzzard. How'm we to begin?'

"Den dey 'gree to sen' Brer Wolff ter take de measure ev Brer Alligator's back en mouf. But Brer Wolff he sez sezee, 'If I dono go right away like I am, dey 'll look at me mighty suspicious like,



RIVER PUZZLE.

YOUR PUNT-POLE STICKS—YOU LOSE YOUR GRASP OF IT. WHAT ARE YOU TO DO?

'spechly attar wut Brer Bison en Brer Fox have said ev Brer Bar en Brer Bull-Frog.'

"So dey palaver longer wunner nudder, en dey fotch along a sheep-skin, large en smooth, en dey wrop it round Brer Wolff like it wuz his own, and dey tell him to look like butter wouldn't melt in his mouf, en Brer Rabbit wuz settin' en de fence cornder a watching un em."

"And *did* Brer Wolff bridle Brer Alligator?" asked the little boy, as Uncle REMUS paused.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes—up ter now," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Brer Wolff mighty smart, but nex time you hear from 'im he may be in trouble. You des hole yo' breff, en wait."

A Perfect Cure.

ARMIES and Custom Houses! So does BRIGHT, Writing to PASSY, the world's curses classify.

In fact the hapless world would be all right, If, with Free Trade and abstinence from fight,

BRIGHT could but brighten it, and PASSY pacify.

QUERY FOR THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."—Good picture that, in the last number, of "*Bass-fishing on the South Coast*." Only—which is BASS? and which BASS is it?—SIR ARTHUR OF HAMER? The latter not to be confounded by any 'ARRY for the Hamer of Haighanistan. Are they both there? If so, they are not sufficiently prominent. What a subject for VAN BEERS!

EGO AND NON-EGO; OR, ALL MY I.

(Result of attempt to read Herbert Spencer.)

"HERE We Are," beyond all doubt.

That's a fact you feel you know.

True; but try to make it out,

Ah, then, that you find no go.

Now—if anywhen elsewhere,

That is neither here nor there—

Here we are. How came we so?

Came, you say; but then, by "came"

What do you suppose you mean?

Answer you: "From sire and dame?"

Prompt reply, more quick than keen.

How can one self come of two

Other selves? Have I and you,

Each, halves put together been?

Half-a-Self is nonsense. One

Individual Self divide!

Stand to reason can't be done.

Part produced from either side,

I should be a *tertium quid*.

If I am so, call me squid!

Yet I must have once begun.

"Ego," I. "Non-Ego," you;

No-go that again would be.

"I" you say that you are, too;

Also that you are not me,

You're another—put it so.

I began, how long ago?

"Here We Are," a Mystery!

A GENTLEMAN who, as a rule, goes to every Concert throughout the season, had the misfortune to skip one RICHTER Concert, and then went through an entire afternoon of WAGNER. He has since been suffering from a severe strain.

The Gladstone Umbrella.

WE'VE long been accustomed to "the Gladstone Bag," and now, after Lord ROSEBURY's speech, some Liberal tradesman will, probably, advertise the Gladstone Umbrella. It will be a carriage one capable, like charity, of covering a multitude of sine-ere Liberals. The caninised Latin inscription on the handle, suitable to these dog-days, might be:—

Rosebery tu patula standing-up sub-tegrimine brolly.

Lord SALISBURY's reign may be only a "little summer shower" after all.

On the Cards.

ALL moribund Governments, nearing their Styx,

Of Titles and Stars become liberal donors; And those who have lost by political "tricks" Hope to win by political "honours."

A SUGGESTION TO AN EMINENT VOCALIST. —When next Mr. SIMS REEVES apologises for being unable to appear, he should not do it by telegram, he should send a note. One of his sweetest and best notes—he has still got a whole chest full of 'em—would be required, and, of course, the note must be a high one in order to compensate the audience for its loss of a tenor.

WHAT IS "THE MUSICAL PITCH?"—Any-one, who is not a perfect equestrian, will soon obtain an answer to this question if, as an amateur, he will go to the Life Guards' Riding School and join "the Musical Ride." Within the first ten minutes he will have discovered what "the Musical Pitch" is, and we hope he'll like it.

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DELICIOUS AND MOST WHOLESALE.
PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1865.
GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

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TISSOT FRÈRES',
VINTAGE 1880,
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Spring Gardens, Charing Cross.

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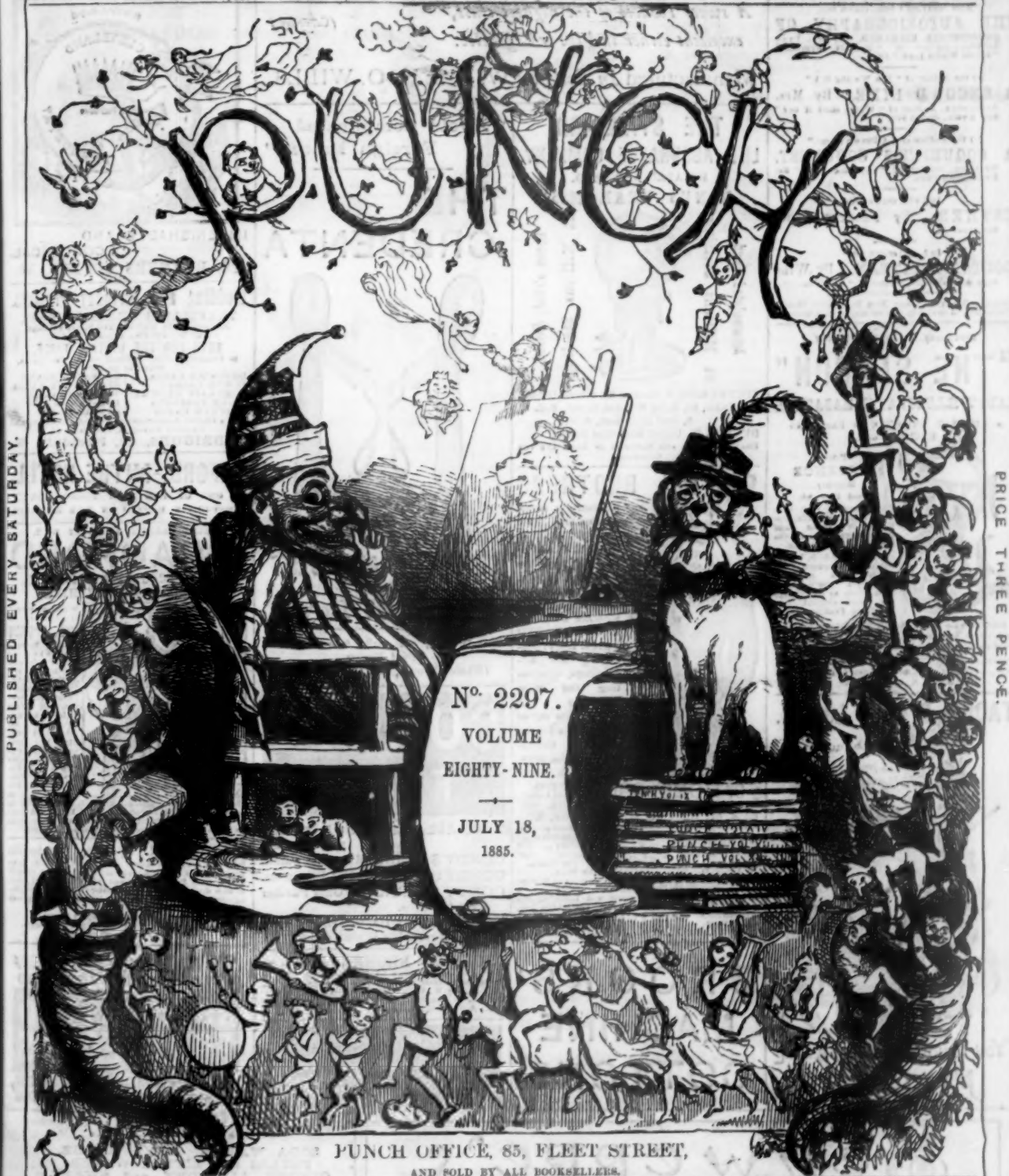
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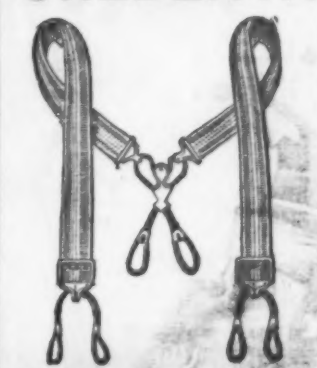
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Morning State.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

Is there's wan thing as I likes more than another its variety, and I thinks I am bound in honour to say as I gits plenty on it. On Munday I seed sitch a scene as I never seed afore, and can scarcely hope never to see again. Fancy his Royal Hiness the Prince of WHALES, and her Royal and butifal Hiness the Princess of the same, and amost all the Royal Famerly, cumming to Guildhall to see the yoothful Prince—who ewery boddy calls by a different name, but who I allus means to call EDDARD, coz it was King EDDARD of blessed memory as foundered blooming Billingsit, the pride of the Copperation's Art, but this buy the boy—go through what will

probably be the most importentest ewent of his long rain, wen it comes, which may it be a long wile off! namely taking up his freedom in the Grate City! Ah, that was summat like a site, that was. I wunco did good Mr. HOVERHALL, the Librarian, a little service in gitting him a nice plate of clear turtle wen he was jest about dun up with ard work, so he kindly managed to squedge me into the butifal Libary jest before the royal party cum. So I seed it all.

The fust thing as struck me was the startlin fact, that as a King EDDARD made the fust and noblest of all Fish Markets, and the Prince of WHALES natrally took a interest in it, as his honnerd name wood suggest, so his yoothful Son and Hair insisted on being made a Fishmonger afore he was made a Cittizen. But lor that wasn't all that was necessary to be dun, Prince or no Prince. The LORD MAKE is that partickler in all these most himportant matters, that before he wud allow the yuthful but Royal EDDARD to swear loyalty to him as King of the City by the name and titel of FOWLER the 2nd, he demanded to know, who knowed as he was wot he said he was? This must ha bin a awful moment in the life of the young Fish-monger! But he need not have bin alarmed. There was no less than four blooming Common Counsellmen all clothed in butifal blew dresses, as boldly stood forth, ony jest a leetle pail with their awful responcebillyty, and boldly said as they knowed him to be of good fame and reppytashun, and that he was the real son of his Father and Mother! Ah! to see the butifal quiet smile of that proud and butifal mother was summat to remember, even after dinner, and as for the Prince of WHALES he really larked as if he thort it was a capittal joke.

Then the same four bold counsellmen, to show as how they was in reel earnest, ought to have shouted out "and so say all of us," but they were that nervous that they all made a mistake and sed "and so we all say"! witch I shoold call quite a new version of a werry old chorus.

Well, then follered one of the werry comicicest scenes as I hever seed. Whether the LORD MAKE knowd as I was in a grate urry and wanted to be off to Chingford to wait on the Plummers company, of coarse I don't no, but I don't suppose as noboddy hever seed a magnificent spread for about 900 Princes and Princesses and other immitment swells, polished off at sitch express speed as that ere one was. Why, the hole copious Maynew and all the wariuous toastesses, and all the gratefool snarers to 'em, was all got through in about a hour! Didn't sum of the reglar old uns jest grumbl at wot won on 'em called this most onnatural aste, and a reglar waist of good wittles? Some of the lady wisiters was grately disappointed, for d'reely the royal famerly left the All, about harf a duzen pleacemen marched in and stood gard over the Royal Table. So there was no opportunity for them to show their gu-hing Loyalty by warking off with the flours and the frute as Royalty had left. I dessey the Copperashun knos best, but, tho' I'm only a humbel Waiter, I can't help saying as that anythink in the natur of urry is quite out of sorts with reel Royalty, and no more agrees with it than Champagne agrees with Turtle Soup.

So much for Munday, Royalty and urry and grumbling. But on Wednesday, down at the lawentorys, I assisted at a werry diffrent scene. There wasn't no Royalty to be sure, but there was Nobility and there was Hart, and there was Literytoor, and there was Beauty to give Phillips to the wits—one on 'em sed as the ladies was like the new Cabs, all Hansoms and no Growlers—and as hellegant a maynu as the most fastidgous Alderman could require. There wasn't no urry there, quite the contrary, for the wit was so keen, and the fun and charf was so jolly, and the eloomenated fountings and trees and gardings was so evenly, that all the werry full drest and anson and appy compenny lingerd and lingerd on till they was amost locked in. I couldn't quite make out wot it was all about, but I think it was a kind of hexperymnt jest to see if a partickler nice set of people couldn't dine together pretty cumferabel without no Tostes and no speeches!

It was, of course, a werry bold atempt to make, and required a man with the ordassity of a Nite Templer to do it, but he did it, and it's suckeess may make a nearer in the istory of Dining. I'm natrally myself werry much awerse to all change in this most important of all hearty matters, wun never nose where it's to stop. I wunco herd of a hawful idea to employ nun but dum waiters! so that they couldn't hear not nothink as was sed, but it never came to nothink. But most suttlenly, to my simple natur, dinner without no Toast seems about as unnatural as Tea without no Shrimps. witch I suppose as all will allow, is a depth of diggeradation difficult to conseve.

ROBERT.

"O Tempora!"

TOLD fibs two years ago? Why, that's no crime!
Cries RANDOLPH, "I shan't think of an apology."
Consistency's a mere affair of time.
And Conscience just a question of Chronology;
But surely Truth, to meet new Obligations,
Requires a new Statute of Limitations!



NEVER SAY DIE!

Ethel. "DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL RATHER SICK?"
Tommy. "YEE—B-BUT I LIKE THE FEELING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 6th.—Parliament met to-day after recess for Ministerial re-elections. Everybody but WILFRID LAWSON in high good humour. WILFRID not been home very long, but long enough to discover he can't trust the new Government. So gives notice of a Vote which, if carried, would turn them out.

"You weren't particularly fond of the last Government," I said to him.

"Precisely. But that only shows how entirely free I am from prejudice."

In the Lords, the Marquis deferential and conciliatory. Appeals, with tear in his eye, to Lord KIMBERLEY to bear witness that he never meant to postpone Dissolution. KIMBERLEY bears witness accordingly. CARMARVON, the new Irish Lord-Lieutenant, announces Government don't intend to renew Coercion Bill.

"I say, ASHBORNE," said Lord CASTLEBOWN, addressing a gentleman with white hair, ruddy face, and ready smile, "isn't this a little odd? Seems uncommonly like as if the Marquis was going to adopt policy advocated by CHAMBERLAIN and DILKE and found too strong for the Liberals. But that can't be. You'd never stand that."

"Why not?" said the new Peer, with look of bland inquiry.

"Why, I've heard you in the other House hint at awful things if GLADSTONE let the Coercion Act lapse."

"Pooh, pooh! dear boy, you are discussing two entirely different persons. That was EDWARD GIBSON you are talking about, and you are talking to Lord ASHBORNE."

The McCULLUM MORE watched with sardonic smile interchange of courtesies between the two Front Benches. General disposition to slide over circumstances attending change of Ministry; desire to make things comfortable all round.

"That's all very well for to-night," said The McCULLUM MORE,

AN INVITATION.

(Imitated from, and commended to, the "St. James's Gazette.")

Come, then! and, if you can,
Forget the Grand Old Man,
His craft, his cunning, and his casuist tricks,
Which he calls politics;
Forego, if but awhile, the bonds and rules
With which Dame Party fools
The smartest scribes in Town,
Making them play the clown.
He, for the moment, does not stop the way,
So let us have a little frank fair play.

The Tories, glad and hale,
In Office now prevail;
Young men as Ministers are bursting out;
Lies still are blown about
By raging Rada inspired by Party spite,
And Jingoism, fierce for fight.
But, bless us! Summer's fair,
Roses blush everywhere;
Why keep up a perpetual fizz and frown?
Come! turn it up, and let the Old Man alone!

Since RANDOLPH, smart and young,
Rules, backed by Land and Bung,
How can we come to any special harm?
Has chivalry no charm?
Eternal nagging, like fool Bottom's roar,
Becomes an awful bore.
A truce to shrieks and squeals!
Poor spirit it reveals
To spout perpetual Party Fi-fo-fum.
Leave that to duffers; try good temper! Come!

MR. PUNCH's hearty congratulations to Sir NATHANIEL DE ROTHSCHILD, who, last Thursday, made his appearance as the first Jewish Peer of the Realm in the House of Lords. It is on record that he looked particularly neat, quite "natty," in fact. As, according to the venerable ancient rite, he took the oath covered, his Lordship might, had he chosen to change his name, have assumed the style and title of Lord HATTON.

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The real Member for Eye should be Mr. CRITCHETT.

"but on Friday I'll see if I can't make things more lively." Accordingly, gave notice to "call attention to circumstances attending change of Administration."

In Commons, BRADLAUGH appeared, positively for the last time in the history of this Parliament. Affair decorously dull.

"If the House is coming down to this," said Sergeant-at-Arms pulling off pearl-grey gloves, "sooner it's dead and buried the better. Here I have been practising the waltz step this morning with the thermometer at eighty in the shade, bought new gloves, put on best pumps, and BRADLAUGH walks up and down the House like ordinary Christian!"

Good deal of speech-making, interspersed with little promenading by BRADLAUGH. But whole affair very tame. ATTORNEY-GENERAL made maiden speech. Great hit was his allusion to HARDINGE GIFFARD as "keeper of QUEEN's conscience." Pretty to see WEBSTER's look of astonishment when House laughed. Hadn't meant to make a joke, and hasn't yet seen it.

Business done.—Thirty-four Votes in Committee of Supply. One notice of Vote of Censure.

Tuesday.—Most affecting scene to-night; scarcely a dry eye on the crowded benches. GLADSTONE been talking in kind and gracious manner about new Ministry; RANDOLPH, with voice trembling with emotion, throws himself on Old Man's breast, and discloses his long-dissembled love.

"Most con-id-sid-derate," he says, through his sobs. "Most mag-mag-magnuminous."

Some people had hinted suspicion that GLADSTONE would act otherwise. But not Lord RANDOLPH. It was not for him to obtrude his notions upon the House. He had, indeed, in times past, successfully concealed them. But now the flood-gates had burst, natural emotion would have its flow, and Youth and Age were locked in fond embrace. JAMES COLLINGS didn't get over the spectacle for long time. Three hours later, rising to speak on some other question, he addressed the astonished SPEAKER as "Mr. Mayor."

In course of speech RANDOLPH, much against will, touched on contentious matter—could not close his eyes to historical fact that, in 1863, when Tory Party passed Coercion Bill, GLADSTONE was a



PUCK IN OFFICE.

"GENTLES, DO NOT REPREHEND;
IF YOU PARRON, WE WILL MEND.

AND, AS I AM AN HONEST PUCK,
IF WE HAVE UNEARNED LUCK

NOW TO 'ESCAPE THE SERPENT'S TONGUE,
WE WILL MAKE AMENDS ERE LONG."
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

member of the Party. Overpowering argument this, as bearing on question at issue. GLADSTONE obliged to note it; so, smiling benignantly on his young friend on other side of the table, he observed, "I was then twenty-three years of age."

"Only twenty-three!" said RANDOLPH, with note of admiration in his voice at this fresh and striking testimony to GLADSTONE'S versatility. "Yes, but so remarkable is the genius of the Right Honourable Gentleman, that it would not be extraordinary if, at the age of twenty-three, he had dominated the Tory Party."

Beautiful all this. Tempting to linger over. Almost as touching

as the deprecation by Sir MICHAEL BEACH of desire on part of Tories for Coercion Bills in Ireland. "We do not propose," he said just now, "to renew any of the provisions of the Crimes Act, because we object to exceptional legislation of this character;" and he wondered why, when he was so grave, the House should go into paroxysms of laughter.

Business done.—Government secure for public business remaining days of Session.

Wednesday.—Quiet afternoon with Navy Estimates. The calm

sea ruffled once by lynx-eyed LABBY, who wanted to know why, when there is only one Queen, there should be five Royal Yachts.

"Wouldn't mind an additional yacht or so," said the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, "if only they were used. But here's a yacht cost £200,000 to begin with, £56,000 spent in repairs last year, £3,000 more wanted this year. Wages going on regularly, and yacht scarcely ever out of harbour."

Rather strong case this on face of it. But suppose it's all right since LABBY got only thirty-seven Members to follow him, 128 supporting the Vote.

Another ripple about HOBART PASHA. "A political agitator in this country on behalf of the Turkish Government," cried Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. "Who put him on the half-pay list?"

"Not I," said Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. "Only just come in. Must ask late Government."

"Not I," says CAINE. "Don't know the party."

Nevertheless, here's the Vote. Committee not without suspicion that HOBART PASHA may have already pushed a quarter's salary or so. Evident bewilderment. Happy Thought—Ask GLADSTONE. GLADSTONE not present, so inquiry relegated to Report stage.

Business done.—Navy Estimates completed.

Thursday.—No doubt about GEORGE HAMILTON's courage. Has frequently faced GLADSTONE, and has now, at few moments' notice, taken command of the British Fleet. "Not that I would have done it without assistance," he modestly says. "Bargained for that with Markiss when appointment offered. 'Give me a thoroughly good man as Civil Lord, and I'll go anywhere and do anything.' 'Who'll you have?' says the Markiss. 'ASHMEAD-BARTLETT,' says I. 'H'm!' says the Markiss. 'I wanted ASHMEAD myself at the Foreign Office, or, if I could make up my mind to spare him, would have given him to the Colonies, or the War Office, or the Home Office. In fact, he's one of those men that will do equally well anywhere.' 'ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, or I don't go to the Admiralty,' I insisted. 'Very well,' said the Markiss, 'if it must be, it must be.' So it was settled."

"But what's the matter now," I ask. "He's not going to leave you, is he?"

"No, it's not that. It's LENNOR," said Lord GEORGE, nervously tearing a piece of paper off his copy of the Orders, and laboriously folding, refolding, measuring, and shaping it. "Was to have been here yesterday to discuss Navy Estimates. Couldn't come. Bound to be here to-day. You know he declared the other day before passionate public meeting at Pendleton-in-the-Pond, that as he had attacked Naval Administration of the late Government, he would not spare us. Means what he says too. Terrible fellow when he starts. Here he comes, and with trousers turned up! Bad sign that." And Lord GEORGE nervously tore up bit of paper he'd just formed into perfect square.

"Don't be too hard on them, HENRY," I whispered in LENNOR's ear. "They're young in office yet."

"Well, since you intercede, TOBY," he said, with little courtesy, "I'll let 'em off easy. But must teach them my eye's upon them."

Pretty mild after all, but nothing to what he might have been. "I'm pledged to the English people, TOBY," he said afterwards, "and I'll keep my bond at whatever cost to personal feeling. I told them at Pendleton-in-the-Pond to rely upon me to keep the Navy straight. They are relying, and they shall not be disappointed." And HENRY smote his manly chest, took in another reef on his starboard trouser, and flashed on trembling First Lord of Admiralty an eye that gleamed like a binnacle light.

Business done.—BEACH brings in Budget.

Friday Night.—"What's that?" I ask the Markiss, as a sound of melody floated through the Corridors leading to the House of Lords.

"Oh, it's only The McCULLUM MORE, coming down to make a speech. Old privilege of the ARYLLS, you know, that they may enter Debate preceded by the Family Piper. Here he comes!"

Sure enough he did, the Piper first playing "The Campbells are Coming," then The McCULLUM MORE, with head thrown back, "Pride in his port, and orange bitters in his sherry," said ROSEBERRY, little thinking what was in store for him. Three times they circulated the Benches, the Piper finally halting at second Bench

below the Gangway, where McCULLUM MORE deposited himself, and, after one tremendous whirl of Pipes, began.

Prodigious speech. Everybody wrong, especially ROSEBERRY. Late Government hopeless; present Government doubtful. Dismiss everybody, and leave everything to The McCULLUM MORE. After this magnificent oration, everybody struck dumb—everybody but ROSEBERRY, who, young and audacious, actually chaffed his High and Mightiness!

Business done.—Duke of ARYLL thoroughly enjoys himself for hour and quarter.

IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

WHERE blossomed red roses and white on the shores of the swift-sliding Thames, Which no traffic of Trade had then stained, where the wrangling Lancastrian railed,

And the cheeks of the choleric Yorkist flushed ruddy with hatred's hot flames, On many a crimson-dyed battle-plain doomed to be death-blanchéd and paled;

Where revels and feasting and pageants of times when the Tudor sat high, Have long given place to the paces and ploddings of students-at-law, There now, on a soft summer eve, under Babylon's blue-dappled sky, For once driven clear of foul reek as the wind-winnowed heights o'er Loch Awe;

A sight may be seen which would startle the Tudor, and move with amaze The rose-badged Plantagenet ruffler. The roses, alas! are now rare; Their red will not freely unfurl amidst London's mephitic grey haze, Their white cannot snowily spread in the City's dull smoke-laden air.

Yet green grows the grass as of old, and now, footing it fealty, you'll find, Not dryads or nymphs, nay, nor even fine ladies from mansion or Court, But scantily shod street waifs of London, pale mites, frowy-clad, but with mind Full set on the madness of frolic, absorbed in the rapture of sport.

Scarce LAZARUS stretched in the shade of Shedad's eastern Eden might look Much stranger than London's small Arabs at play in this learned retreat, This cloister of secular black-robed recluses and slaves of the book, Whose verdurous hush is unbroken by sounds from the wheel-harassed street.

The rap of the racquet here echoes, the flash of the fast-flying ball Gleams white o'er the green of the turf. With the sound and the sight there are blent

The laugh of the ragged young romp, and the street-urchin's cockneyish call, The vision of foot-weary alum-dwellers sprawling in restful content.

Polished mock-Pastoral Players, who pose 'midst the woodlands of Coombe, Less gladly inhale the bland air than these frowy-clad thralls of the Town, Who tumble and scamper and whoop where the spindly geraniums bloom, And the plane trees and limes of mid-London at mid-summer shrivel and brown.

The town-children's small *rus in urbe*! There toddlers impatiently wait, There ten-year-old nurses, o'erburdened with animate bundles, abide Expecting the clock's *Open Sesame*! when through the big iron gate The band may break over the turf in an eager tumultuous tide.

"Please, Sir, what time is it now?" So the faint childish treble appeals, And out of a wan face the wide wistful eyes look up into your own; And, in spite of the tatters and grime, what a flush of warm sympathy steals To the heart of the well-to-do watcher, if haply that heart is not stone.

No Arcadian prim picturesqueness; the brush of a CALLOT might find Fit theme in these tatterdemalions, grubby, grotesque, and unkempt; Yet here is far wholesomer stuff for the brooding prophetic mind, Than much which the artist has pictured, than much which the bardling has dreamt.

Sir JOSHUA's roseate cherubs, the muslin-clad modish child-swells Of MILLAIN and SANT are thin visions compared with you pallid-faced mite; But her soiled cotton-print hangs in loops, in the purlieus of Drury she dwells, And to her the trim Temple *parterres* are an all-too-brief dream of delight.

Shout, scamper, and squabble, poor waifs, though the eye of the dainty may turn, And the ear of the sensitive shrink, at the dust and the din of your sport. Let shallow-souled sentiment gush of child-dwellers by brooklet or burn; Thoughts deeper, if sterner, are stirred by these throngs from the grey City court.

Red roses and white of old times did less grace to these gardens, be sure, Than the urchin-troop, towzled and loud, that now whoop by the waters of Thames; And our Templars to-day do far better in giving glad hours to the poor, Than though flashing in front of the fight for the making of glorious names.

"LOOK HERE!"—A Book for the Rail is the second title of this amusing brochure, which would certainly be abbreviated by an Irishman into a *Rale Book*. Full of good temper, although the Author admits to being SHARLEY.

THE EARLY GOOSEBERRY.



SINCE the *Times*, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the Session already gives decided indications of coming rapidly to a close, has freely opened up its pages to the peculiarities of "the Rat," the following further instalment of Dull Season Correspondence, which is entirely at its disposal, may be read with some interest:—

*The Vicarage,
Thumpyn-g-on-the-Braine.*

July 21, 1885.

SIR,—The remarkable and really wonderful displays of instinct, as described in the entertaining letters of your various Correspondents who have for the last fortnight descended at length on the more hidden life of the Common Domestic Blue-

bottle, impel me, as an enthusiastic cultivator of strange pets, to relate my own most recent, and perhaps most curious, experience—namely, that of the habits of a full-grown Central African Hippopotamus.

One having been sent to me some years since when quite young, anonymously in a horse-box, I had kept the creature in a substantial barn on my own premises, and brought it up, so to speak, "in the house," feeding it at intervals myself through a grating with a pitchfork, till at length it grew so tame that it would take a sack of Potatoes from my hand. That these quiet but much maligned creatures have been set down as lacking in intelligence, is well known; but I can only testify from my own practical experience that the charge has no foundation. As a case in point, I can vouch for the fact that, on one occasion, forgetting to let my knowing African friend out for his little matutinal scamper about my lawn—a privilege I always allowed him—he at once backed out bodily through the outer wall of his rustic, but strongly-built prison-house, carrying away with him fifteen square yards of solid masonry, with chains, bolts, bars, and half the roof in accomplishing his exploit, finally walking in at my study window covered with brick-dust, only to go through the floor instantly, with a heavy crash, into the wine-cellar beneath, much to my surprise.

After this interesting occurrence, strangely enough we were in the habit of finding all our cucumber frames frequently destroyed as utterly as if some vindictive person had crushed them purposely with a steam-roller. At first I dismissed in turn several of my gardeners, but the strange annoyance continuing notwithstanding, I made up my mind—for the frames had been repaired, indeed, I might say entirely renewed, thirteen times at a very great outlay—to watch for myself. I had not long to wait. Scarcely had the lights been put out, but I noticed my mischief-loving friend quietly walking round the corner, and approaching the frames. Taking a preliminary roll over a bed of varied geraniums as if to stretch his legs, I saw him deliberately near the end frame, and then, as if enjoying the pastime, roll head-over-heels backwards and forwards several times across the seventy-five feet of handsome glass, wood-work and prize vegetables, and after the whole was little better than a flattened pulp, quietly retire as if refreshed by his experience.

I am inclined to think that he regarded the glassy surface presented to his view as the nearest approach to the Nile to be found in the neighbourhood; and though I have since parted with my old favourite to the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, who took him off my hands with a *bonus*, I am even now, when I think of them, struck with the various signs of really active intelligence he displayed before we parted company. My vicarage, on three sides, is still under repair, but we have not yet, I can assure you, forgotten our playful Megatherium. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. B. HUMBLETHWAITE.

The Phenomenal Club, 17th July, 1885.

SIR,—I can, in every respect, confirm your Correspondent's interesting account of the astuteness and intelligence of the much abused Hippopotamus. The manner in which he will bring a grand piano down-stairs, I have heard, is this. Lying on his back, he clasps the instrument tightly with his hind and fore legs, and, descending backwards, slides down each flight, carrying away a few banisters at

each turn, the master of the house, who is generally holding his tail in an effort to stop him, acting as a useful drag. Anybody who has stayed several months in a country mansion, where one of these clever and lively creatures is kept loose, will confirm what I say. But it is when three or four of them combine that the most remarkable results follow. Then I have known the whole contents of three upper storeys, together with the staircase itself, brought completely down into the hall in a single afternoon. Though it is yet the month of July, and Parliament is still sitting, feeling that no apology is due to your readers for supplying them with this quaint and timely information, I beg to subscribe myself,

ALMOST AN EYE-WITNESS.

POETS CORNERED.

THE Annual Meeting of the "Wordsworth Society," held the other night at Rutland Gate under the indefatigable presidency of Lord HOUGHTON, though an evidence of much prevalent intellectual activity, at the same time discloses some curious facts about poet-worship hitherto possibly not suspected by the outside and uninitiated public. To judge from the briefly reported account of the proceedings, it would appear that for genius to have an enthusiastic following is not such a very enviable fate, after all. After one or two playful all-round hits in his best style, the noble Chairman, proceeding to deal with the special idol of the evening, commences what might be fairly termed his masterly attack on him, by expressing his inability to understand why when he (the speaker) was a Cambridge Undergraduate, WORDSWORTH excited, as he undoubtedly did for a brief season, any enthusiasm whatever. With this regular back-hander to set off with, the noble critic finds, apparently, no difficulty in following on with more in the same line. There was, he says, no reason, as far as he could see, why anybody should have laboured to elevate either the poet's name or his works; and he adds, almost dolefully, further down, not only that "the extreme familiarity" of the Great Master's diction had in it something uncongenial to the literary minds of every period, but that that fatal artistic defect was, moreover, "accompanied by something that looked like vulgarity of thought."

After this regular pail of cold water delivered at his reputation, it would have been reasonable to suppose that the unoffending Author of "*We are Seven*" might have been mercifully dismissed. But no,—Lord HOUGHTON had still something still more stinging in reserve to say about him.

Once more harping subacutely on the Great Master's "extreme familiarity of diction," he moreover maintains that the sentiments which it represented "were of a very ordinary character" (*sic*), and "unassociated with any of those stirring, deep and passionate emotions with which BURNS was saturated. And looking back," he continues, as if to give the selected idol of the evening a sort of finishing settler, "I think we feel that more strongly from that one great deficiency of the faculties of WORDSWORTH—total want of sense of humour. No man with a sense of humour could have exposed himself to those occasionally just criticisms of the almost comic positions of some of his characters."

After this there really does not seem room for much more to be said, though it is only fair to the distinguished lecturer to add, that he concluded this severe and scathing criticism with the candid admission, amid much laughter, that if asked to name in a Lady's Album the greatest poem in the English language, he should unhesitatingly set down "*The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*." Notwithstanding, however, this tardy compliment, it is evidently no joke for a poet to have an evening to himself at Rutland Gate. We do not clearly recall what its accomplished owner made of GRAY and COLERIDGE, but we would strongly advise him, if he contemplates the immediate worship of any living genius, not to deliver his panegyric before submitting the rough draft to a respectable Solicitor well up in the law of libel.

The Ban-Crofters' Bill.

NEXT Saturday Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT bid farewell to management. As wise as they are clever. Most women have their one chance of marriage offered them in the course of their lives; and most managers have their one chance offered them of retiring with a fortune. Bankrupt or BANCROFT? "that is the question"—and they have shown in this step, as in nearly every other, their good judgment. Mr. Punch throws the old shoe after them for luck, and wishes them a thorough enjoyment of their well-earned repose.

ETON V. HARROW.—Such a lot of 'eatin' at Lord's. The Boys were not pupils, but apparently all crammers. Glad to see that the Etonian GOSLING acted up to his name, made twenty-three, and so didn't come out with a "duck's egg." All Cricketers must be Conservatives, as they would never vote for abolishing Lord's.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "Would you mind putting my lawn-tennis shoes in your pockets, Mr. Green?"

He. "I'm afraid my pockets are hardly big enough, Miss Gladys; but I shall be delighted to carry them for you!"

HOW BRER RABBIT LOST HIS FINE BUSHY TAIL, AND HOW BRER FOX GOT INTO SERIOUS BUSINESS.

(Uncle Ramus up to Date.)

"ATTER Gran' Ole Man Rabbit lost his long bushy tail," began Uncle Ramus, and then he paused suggestively.

"How did he lose it?" asked the little boy, curiously. This was just what the old man expected, and he responded readily.

"Wy some fokes sez one way en some fokes snudder. Dey ain't sorter greed on dis yer pint nobow, dey ain't. Dat tail foller Gran' Ole Man Rabbit fer years, des like it wuz his shadder. His enemies say he ain't nuthin' t'all widout it, mo'n a pump widout a handle. Dey sorter laff, en had a spell er de dry grins 'bout Brer Rabbit en his tail, dey did, en kinder bounce in on him ez he hatter go whar his tail tuk him, dey did. Brer Rabbit ain't say nuthin', but des wag dat tail ez biggity ez Brer Squirrel at acorn time. But Brer Rabbit he lose dat tail o' his'n mighty sudden en unexpected at las' he did. Some say Brer Alligator nibbled it off, udders dat Brer Pig did de deed, udders dat Brer B'ar wuz at de bottom er de mischief, but de mos' 'low' ez he done gone lost it er purpos', caze he coteh in a trap, like Brer Fox in de story, en couldn't skaddle widout roppin' en it."

The little boy looked sorrowful. "Poor Brer Rabbit!" he began, when the old nigger interrupted him.

"Dun't you grieve attar Brer Rabbit. He ain't smashed yit, en w'at a mo', honey, he ain't gwinter. But w'at I lay out fer ter tell yer wuz, dat attar Gran' Ole Man Rabbit lose de fine bushyness en his tail he lay low, he did, en kinder leave de rule er de roost ter Brer Fox en Brer Bison, like w'at I tell you 'fore."

"And did they do better than Brer Rabbit?" asked the little boy.

"De place wharbouts you spill de grease
Right dar youer boun' ter slide,
Brer Fox may set a Rabbit-trap
En find himself inside."

chaunted the old nigger, with a cunning smile on his ancient countenance. "I notices," he continued, "dat dem fokes w'at makes a great 'miration 'bout w'at dey fancies dey knows, is des de

fokes w'ich you can't put no great 'pennunce in w'en de 'cashion come up. Brer Fox he des ez uppity ez little Jack Sparrer, en he 'low he as swift ez Brer Rabbit, en ez strong ez Ole Man Tarrypin, ez wuz de out' nes' beas' er de whole gang. Brer Fox, he kinder lay out fer ter imertate Brer Tarrypin, like Brer Frog w'en he imertate Brer Bull. Brer Tarrypin, 'cose he rook 'long en smile. Brer Bison he kinder tired of his pardnership wid Ole Brer Hare, ez wuz pow'ful weak en mighty skeersome, en lay low to be trompled on, en w'en Brer Fox he done put his foot down en 'fuse ter foller Brer Hare Brer Bison he foller Brer Fox, like he wuzn't lookin', en wuz des a goin' his own way. Brer Bison wuz ez big as an illum, honey, but taint allers de biggity beastes' en de mos' savvigus' ez is de out'nes' attar all. Brer Wolff—him ez I tell yer wuz sot ter tek de measure er Brer Alligator, he allers holler *wahee!* w'en Brer Fox holler *scahoo!* En Brer Coon, he sing:—

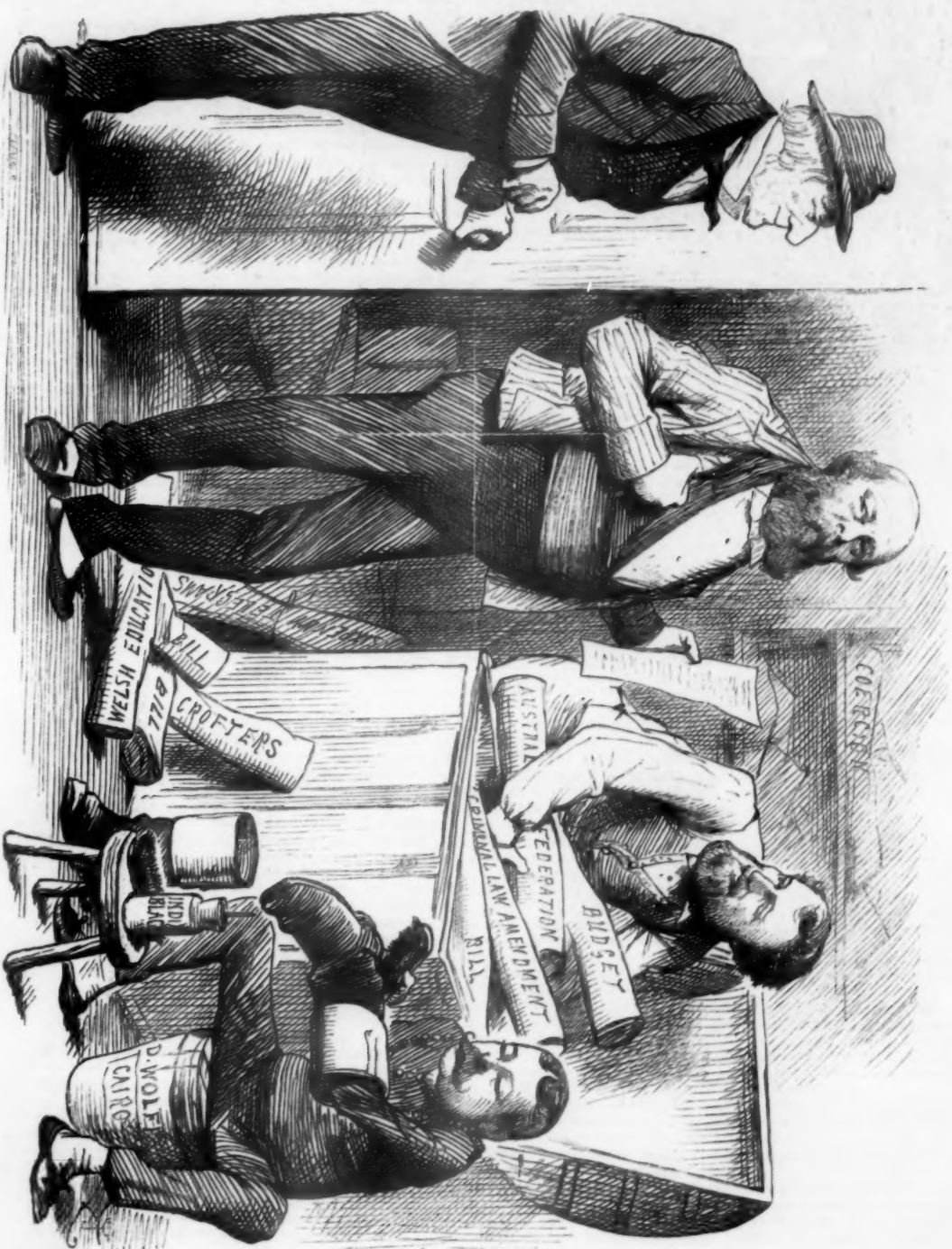
Ole Molly Har'
W'at you doin' dar,
Sittin' on de fron' bench
Allers on de scar?"

En he help ter turn out de Brer Hare en tuk his place."

"But that was rather mean, wasn't it, Uncle Ramus?" said the little boy.

"Cose, honey," replied the old man. "All de Buzzards in de settlement 'll come to de gray Mule's funer'l. W'en dey spi-hun'd ez Ole Brer Rabbit his-elf wuz kinder stuck wid de ole contrajshun wut dey call de Tar-Baby, wut I tell you of, en wuz cotehed fis' en foot, dey kinder roun' on Brer Rabbit, de udder beasteses did, twel bimeby Brer Rabbit pull hisself loose, en den dey lay low, en call him Gran' Ole Brer Rabbit, like he ain't never got stuck 'tail. Pow'ful mean de beasteses is w'en dey see one en em sorter linger'n' twix' a bank en a break-down. 'Fore Brer Rabbit lef' de head er de gang, like I tole yer, Brer Fox, en Brer Wolff, en Brer Bison, en de res' er dat lot, dey say ez how dey's des fokes ter kick de natal stuffin' outter Brer B'ar, en ter skerblosh Brer Bull-Frog, en ter 'strack ter toofoes er Brer Alligator, en mos' tiekler ter keep der ring fas' on de snout er Brer Pig, ez wuz allers bustin' outen his sty, en er rootin' 'roun', en er cuttin' draffle didos. Dey'd tie up Brer Pig, dey say, fas' ez a mule at a fence, en dey des wouldn' have

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 18, 1885.



“GOING TO THE COUNTRY.”

MR. WILLIAM, THE OLD BUTLER (to new ditto). “I’M OUT O’ PLACE JUST NOW; BUT I DON’T MIND LENDING A HELPING HAND TO—GET YOU OFF!”

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no truck wid none er dem ez 'd unhitch even one er his behime lega. E'en w'en dey had der way, en wuz top er de fence, fus' news you knowed wuz ez dey 'd tuck de ring clean out'n Brer Pig's snout, en let him ez loose ez a colt in de barley-patch."

"And how about Brer B'ar and Brer Alligator?" asked the little boy.

"Chilluns is mighty curus," said the old man, reflectively; "but dey can't 'speek ter know all 'bout eve'thing 'fo' eve'body. T'won't do fer ter give out all de hide fer one p'ar boots. Big 'possum clime little trees, en 'pears ter me ez Brer Fox, tho' he kinder bounce it out, en say he ain't got nuthin ter 'pologize fer, en Brer Bison en Brer 'Coon dey swar ter grahns dey ain't promised mos' nuffin, dat ez dey's done 'long er Brer Pig, so dey's like ter do 'long er de adder beasteses. I tell yer, honey, Miss Meadows she don't dis'mber nuffin, en she keep her eye on de whole caboodle on em."

"Who was Miss Meadows, Uncle REMUS?" inquired the little boy.

"Miss Meadows she de mistiss er de House," replied the old darkey. "Dem ez wuz sorter famillious wid her called her Miss Tan'yer, dey did, wot wuz her chris'n name, but I call her Miss Meadows. She wuz allers en der tale, Miss Meadows wuz, en ef de beasteses dey out up too many didos, Miss Meadows she done put her foot down she did, en say dat w'en dey come ter her place dey hatter hang up a flag er truce at de front gate en 'hide by it. Miss Meadows she ain't place mush 'pennunes en Brer Bison, en Brer Fox, en Brer 'Coon. But she mighty unashful en unfluttersome, Miss Meadows, mos' all de time, 'cep w'en she's sorter sot up, en she des lay low en wait fer ter se w'at atter all dey'll do erlong er Brer B'ar, en Brer Alligator, en Brer Bull-Frog, en de adder forrin beasteses, wut dey crack on dey'd fairly wipe up der face er de earf wid, w'en dey'd de pow'r en de place. En I'd 'vise yer to do de same, honey," concluded the old man. "Lay low en wait, honey, en you'll see how der pym'tums 'll segashuate."

NOTES BY NIBBS.

(To see the Great Pink Pearl at the Prince's.)

I HAD heard such a favourable report of the *Great Pink Pearl* after its first exhibition at some *matinée*, that I anticipated a real treat, as probably did the majority of the audience, at the Prince's Theatre last Monday week.



Mon Sheen and Ma-chine.

It may be that the Pearl in question was, on the first occasion, placed before a jury of appreciative oysters, and that, on this second occasion, it was thrown before indiscriminating porkers,—*quorum pars magna fui*,—as certainly there were a number of grunTERS present who expressed themselves dissatisfied with the evening performance of Messrs. CARTON and RALPHIGH's "farceal play."

Had this been its first representation, I should have delayed any remarks upon it until I had seen it again; as, take what piece you will, whether speaking as Hard Nibbs, Soft Nibbs, or Medium Nibbs, I assert, for the hundredth time, that, after only seeing its first

representation, it is almost impossible for anyone to pronounce such a criticism upon it as shall be of any use to the Author, Actors, or the public. The primary end and aim of all true criticism should be the special benefit of the Artist, and the general improvement of the Art, whatever it may be. To convert what should be a critical article into a mere journalistic paragraph of the day's news, or to turn it into a convenient vehicle for airing personal opinions, is an abuse of criticism. Critics honestly found fault with *The Private Secretary*, and when, in consequence, Author and Actors at once went to work to re-rehearse, to excise, and to make a piece, which had so much good stuff in it, what it ought to have been at first, they showed a just appreciation of criticism, and have largely profited by their sagacity.

If the *Great Pink 'uns*, Messrs. CARTON, RALPHIGH & Co., will do likewise, there may yet be a good chance for what they have described as their "farceal play," which, as now played, has just so much farce in it as prevents it from being a serious play, and just so much serious drama in it as prevents it from being a farce. The Actors

appeared as if uncertain how to render it. Were they to be conscious of its extravagance, or ignore it? Were Fenianism, revolvers, detectives, Russian police-spies, and a box of dynamite to be impressed on the audience as terrible realities, or as mere farcical absurdities?

Such situations as are genuinely comic were thoroughly enjoyed by the audience who came to laugh, and who, on this account, resented the introduction of melodramatic intensity which considerably perplexed them.

It is, therefore, a difficult matter to criticise the acting. It may be exactly what the Authors wished it. If so, the result is unfortunate. If it is not what the Authors intended, then the sooner the acting of the two principal personages is reformed altogether, the better for the chances of the piece. The key to what must puzzle any audience is to be found in the performance of Mr. GROVES as the Fenian conspirator, *Gormani*. His acting is as highly coloured as his face; and if this is contrary to the Authors' meaning, then his art is as false as his palpable wig and whiskers. Either the entire piece ought to be, by every one concerned, played down to Mr. GROVES's broadly burlesque impersonation of the *Gormani*, or played up to the true comedy level on which even M. MARIUS, excellent as he is in this, does not consistently remain. Sometimes it seemed to flash across M. MARIUS in the midst of a most serious situation, that, after all, they were "only puttendin'," and that he was in a farcical sort of *Criterion* piece, and bound to raise a laugh. Were the rôles of *Sheen* and *Gormani* played by Messrs. GARDEN and GROVES as are all the other parts, with yet some intensity added even to these, the piece, I think, would achieve a distinct and peculiar success. As it is—that is, when I saw it—it was perplexing and irritating. If Mr. GROVES has influenced the Authors and Actors, against their better judgment, to accept his view of the play, then he must be the Groves of Blarney personified; but if his rendering of the character is according to the Authors' instructions, then on their heads be it.

The party of the name of GARDEN—a most refreshing suggestion of the Garden Party—works painfully hard as *Anthony Sheen*, but is entirely un-funny. He does indeed merit the description applied to him by M. MARIUS, the calm Russian Diplomat,—we've had a small family of these characters since Baron STEIN, in *Dora*,—when the latter says several times, "These people have no repose,"—and from this point of view the Garden Party touring in Paris—his *voyage en Sheen*—may be taken as correctly interpreting his Authors' meaning.

M. MARIUS has the funniest line in the piece to say when he shouts out to a German Count, who has never uttered more than one syllable at a time, "Silence, Chat-terbox!" which brought down the house, and woke us all up. This German Count, called *Serge*—perhaps because he is dressed in broadcloth—is capably played by Mr. DENISON; Mr. CAFFEY, too, as the Russian Secret Police Agent, cannot be bettered. This actor may not have power to sustain a leading part, but he certainly has a special talent for "a bit of character." But how many, who might possibly have been great Actors, have been captivated by an easy success in "a bit of character."

As far as appearance goes, Miss COMPTON, whose acting has vastly improved since last I saw her, is almost an ideal type of the Russian, or, if not Russian, at all events of the Polish—or highly Polish d-Countess; but she drops her voice when she should raise it, and, on this particular night, she so dropped it at the end of her best speech, as to risk the loss of the point which could have been legitimately made. This may have been an accident; but so it was.

The *mise-en-scène* is very good, and the attention to such details as the French Police episode in the Second Act, points to the hand of Monsieur MARIUS as Stage Manager of the show.

The piece owes nothing to any foreign source, the Authors having got it all out of their own heads.

Mr. SAVILE CLARKE and the other CLARKE "JOHN S." have had new pieces at the Strand Theatre, SARAH B. has appeared triumphantly as *Theodora* at the Gaiety, there is *The O'Dora* at Toole's, and, in this hot weather, I am, yours truly, THE TRANQUILL NIBBS.

FROM NEWMARKET.—July Meeting, last week. The winner *Kendal's* starting price was eight to one. Taken, of course, in *Queen's Shillings*. Mr. JOHN HARE says he doesn't know what *KENDAL's* future engagements are, but he thinks of backing him.



M. Marius as the Russian Diplomat in Paris. Russ in Urbe.



HONOURS!

First Alderman. "ANY NEWS!"

Second Ditto (Radical). "BLESS'D IF I AIN'T A'MOST AFRAID TO LOOK IN THE PAPERS!
'FIND MYSELF A HEARL OR A BARRERITE OR SOMETHINK!!"

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"WE haven't heard much about Mud-Salad Market lately," writes a Correspondent. No; because we haven't been much about Mud-Salad Market lately. We have sniffed it from afar, and once a Cabman tried it as a short cut from Garrick Street to Fleet Street. It was a sultry day, and we only awoke to the fact that he was attempting the impossible when we found ourselves wedged in between carts and barrows at the corner of Southampton Street. And oh! for the beautiful scent, and oh! for the lovely language of flowers! No; Mud-Salad Market does not seem to have improved. Long live the Duke with the iron will, or rather the iron "won't." There's no moving him; so let him be re-titled "The Duke of STOR-TH-BED-FORD." Well, *Mr. Punch* has done all he could; but if the Covent-Gardeners themselves have learned to love the muck, why they must be left to enjoy it, and to write up over their gates the optimistic motto, "Everything is for the Best!"

THIS age satters itself on being philosophic. Much is heard of Neo-Platonism. To our thinking, much that wise to pass for philosophy is Electro-Platonism.

THE CONQUERING MACHINE.

(After a Visit to the Inventions Exhibition.)

You say that "Evolution's blind,
Her purpose unforeseen,"—
Nay, for as types she leaves behind,
She keeps for ever in her mind
The Conquering Machine!

Even now,—oh future years of grace
The prophecy fulfil!
Our hearts the dawning influence trace,
The "nerve of steel" we try to brace,
Or bend "the iron will."

Now, to the eye of faith displayed
The coming form is seen,
In every office, every trade,
I watch, in human garb arrayed,
The Conquering Machine!

In the dim watches of the night
I see the portent rise,
A creature of unearthly might,
Irradiate with electric light,
And justly focussed eyes!

By careful Evolution planned
With many a gliding wheel,
To warn, to comfort, to command,
To fly, to drive a four-in-hand,
Or dance a Highland reel!

Volition vain will fret no more
The Automatic Soul,
Emotion then will fail to score,
While reflex action takes the floor,
And dominates the whole!

Machines no conscience will neglect,
No scruples will endure,
For conscience, in that realm correct
Of automatic intellect,
Will be a sinecure!

Ay, driven no more by passion's gale,
Nor impulse unforeseen,
Humanity shall faint and fall,
And on her ruins will prevail
The Conquering Machine!

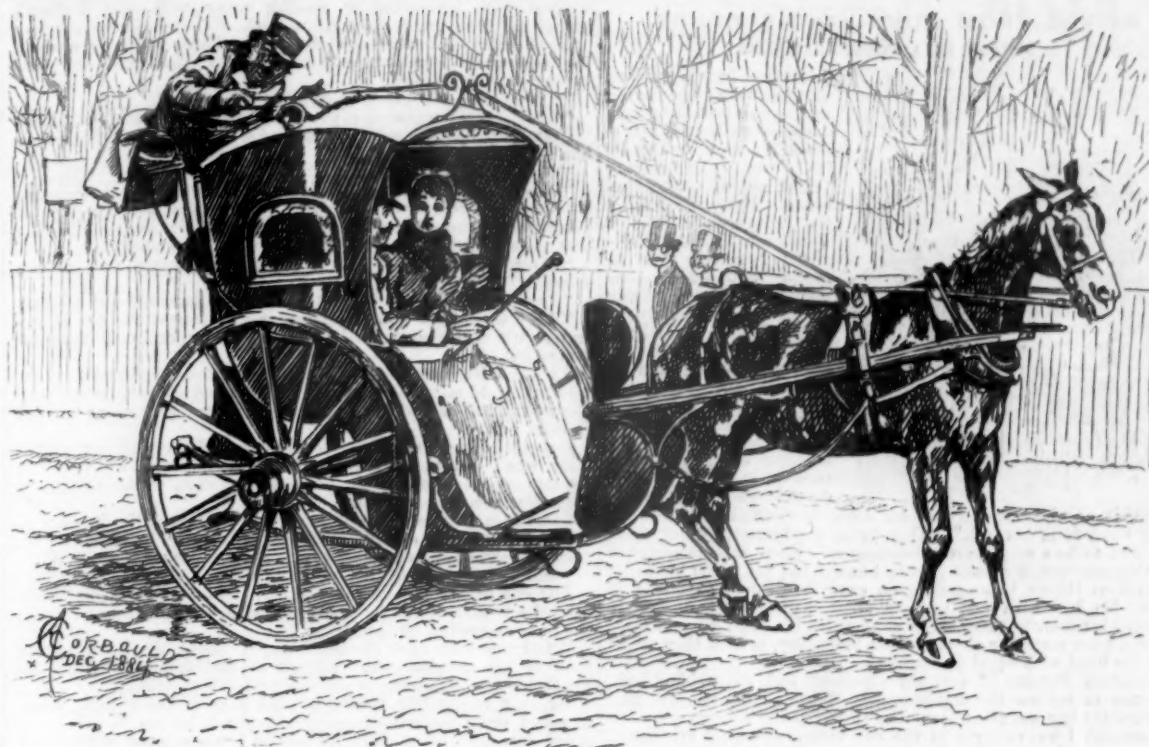
Responsibility begone!
Let Freedom's flag be furled;
Oh, coming ages, hasten on,
And bring the true Automaton,
The monarch of the world!

RECREATION AND ROWDYISM.—A party of athletes, assembled the other Sunday in the Abbey meadows at Leicester to play cricket, were prevented by a mob from pursuing their game. Granted the right of any who have the might to enforce the observance of Sunday as a Sabbath, how does that authorise them to stop a game of cricket? It surely stands to reason that persons engaging themselves in pure play are distinctively doing no manner of work.

New Song of Sixpence.

SING a Song of Sixpence
Telegrams awry;
Promise of cheap messages
Proving all my eye.
When the Tories opened,
Said it couldn't be,
Isn't that a pretty "dish"
To set before JOHN B.?

SONG FOR WIMBLEDON (by one who objects to the kicking of the Martini-Henry).
—"How happy could I be with Snider!"



COMFORTING.

Cabby (to Fare). "SIT WELL BACK, SIR. MY 'OSS IS SUBJECT TO FITS, AN' 'E'S HAPT TO GET 'IS 'EELS OVER THE SPLASH-BOARD!!"

NO MEMORY FOR FACES.

For mnemonic exercises I've an inborn predilection,
Being gifted with the faculty of vivid recollection.
I remember fervid eulogies pronounced upon my charms
As I sweetly crowsed and gurgled, lying in my nurse's arms;
I can quote the longest monologues e'er written by the Bard,
And can reel you off hexameters and sapphics by the yard;
I've the liveliest remembrance of events and names and places
And of dates, despite their dulness,—but I can't remember faces!

That I cannot keep in mind the different shades of eyes and hair,
Or distinguish grim old maids from merry school-girls, young and fair;

That I never know my Father when I meet him in the street,
But mistake him for some Alderman or Chaplain to the Fleet;
That my intimate acquaintances unrecognised I pass,
And am puzzled by my own face when I see it in the glass,
Seems incredible, no doubt; but 'tis the gospel truth, I vow!
It has got me, you may fancy, into many a fearful row.

At a dinner-party once I had to sit, as chance befel,
'Twixt two men who shook my hand and seemed to know me very well,—

They were pleasant, chatty fellows, and I soon found out, indeed,
That on Politics, Religion, and the Drama they agreed.
But imagine my confusion when they murmured, sweet and low,
"Introduce us! That's a man I should extremely like to know."
For my answer in each case I had to blush, as it was this:—
"I should really be too happy,—but I don't know who he is!"

I was strolling down the Strand, and musing on the Missing Link,
When a rascal snatched my watch-chain, and was off, as quick as wink.

I pursued him for some minutes at considerable speed,
And had very nearly caught him; but my nose began to bleed.
When I met him next (as I believed) he looked a perfect swell,
And was lounging on the door-step of a mansion in Pall Mall.

I laid hold of him with promptitude—a course that cost me dear—
For he proved, to my discomfiture, a pugilistic Peer!

I'm acquainted with a worthy old Colonial Bishop, whom
I regret to say I've frequently mistaken for his groom.
As they really don't resemble one another in the least,
I feel sure that he considers me an idiotic beast.
So, I have no doubt at all, do many other friends of mine
In the legal, or the naval, or the military line,
Whom, alas! I have offended—quite unwittingly, I trow—
By addressing them as people whom they didn't even know!

I've mistaken pious Countesses for Ladies of the Ballet,
Archæologists for publicans, a Statesman for his valet;
I've upset the equanimity of once unruffled lives
By just "mixing up" my dearest friends, and, what was worse,
their wives.

I went up, the other day, to an intolerable bore,
Whom I afterwards discovered I had never seen before,
And insisted upon asking him to dinner. Need I say
That he's stuck to me like putty ever since that dreadful day!

With keen agony, from week to week, I ask myself anew
To remove this disability what is it I can do?
I have studied physiognomy and every plastic art,
And I've stared at people's features till I've learnt them off by heart.

But, confound it! my experiments have all been made in vain,
For I ne'er can recollect to whom the faces appertain;
Yet they haunt me, and I know them, in the visions of the night,—
But throughout my waking hours I can never get them right!

I am gravitating fast towards a chasm of despair,
My annoyances are greater than I possibly can bear;—
I would try the hermit dodge, and see my fellow-men no more,
Were it not that life-long solitude is such a horrid bore.
If I thought it wouldn't hurt, I would my own quietus make
With a bodkin, or a bullet, or a slice of poisoned cake;
For my cup of life is brimming full of sorrows and disgraces,
All resulting from the fact that—I've no memory for faces!

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT. I APPEAR IN A VOLUNTEER CASE.



THE first time I met my friend BUNDER was at a gathering of the members of his own corps, when he was introduced to those present by his then Commanding Officer as that C. O.'s successor. From the tone of the gunners (it was a Volunteer Artillery Regiment) I feared that he would experience some difficulty in maintaining discipline. It was not so much the solemn silence in which his name was received as the open derision with which his speech of thanks was greeted that made me adopt this opinion. The retiring Commandant explained to me subsequently that he wondered "they" (the men)

"stood it, as when all was said and done, BUNDER did not know his right hand from his left." This (from a military point of view) appeared to be a very grave misdemeanor. From the statement of the Commandant, it seemed that he himself had not found his proud position as Officer Commanding an exact equivalent to a bed of roses. He had been put to very great expense, and ultimately resigned because the three batteries of which his corps was composed insisted upon marching abreast down Piccadilly, so that they might hear the band with equal distinctness.

"Captain BUNDER!" said my excellent and admirable Clerk, ushering in my warlike acquaintance. I was a little annoyed that PORTINGTON had not given me notice of the soldier's approach, as at the moment I was engaged in the not very professional practice of trying to teach my wife's dog (a black poodle) how to balance a biscuit on his nose until he was told that it had been duly purchased. This was all the more embarrassing as I had always given BUNDER to understand that I devoted my entire time in Chambers to the consideration of intricate points of law.

Left alone, on the retirement of PORTINGTON and the poodle, the Captain opened his heart to me freely, and told me that he had been worried out of his life by his gunners, headed by Sergeant SMITH and Bombardier BROWX. Instead of "falling in" at the word of command, his men, headed by the said subordinates, or rather insubordinates, had insisted upon holding meetings, at which he (their Captain) had been denounced in no measured terms; and that when he had mildly retaliated by dismissing the ringleaders individually in a regimental order published in a local paper, had been threatened with five distinct actions for libel.

"So, seeing your name outside," he concluded, "and remembering that you said you were a Barrister or something, I thought I would just step in and ask you what I had better do."

I pondered for several moments, while I tried to remember as many provisions as I could of the Mutiny Act.

"Were you before an enemy," at length I answered, "I am of opinion that you might order them to suffer death or any less punishment that might be awarded by a general Court-Martial."

"Well, we are not before an enemy," retorted BUNDER, angrily, "and so far from my ordering them anything, I am hanged if they haven't summoned me! They have applied that I should be compelled to discover a certain dummy gun, when I have never even seen it!"

"Well, my dear friend," I replied, with hesitation, "you see I have had very little to do with criminal work, and therefore am rather out of my element."

This innocent remark seemed to add fuel to the fire, and BUNDER became angrier than ever. However my dulcet tones, and apologetic if not abject manner, at length had their effect, and my visitor at last told me his sorrows in detail, and I promised to appear for him in the police-court on the morrow.

When I reached Bowlborough Street the next day, I found the Captain seated in full regimentals (which, no doubt, had secured him the consideration from the Usher) on the Bench. I subsequently ascertained that he had "sporting his uniform" with a view to favourably impressing the presiding Magistrate. If this were his object, he signally failed in attaining it, as Mr. BANG, the worthy official in question, when he arrived (as he did in a very great hurry, as if he had just five minutes to get through his work and catch an express train), immediately ordered him down.

"I see, Sir," cried his Worship, angrily, "that you are here

charged with concealing or making away with Her Majesty's property. Your proper place is the Dock, Sir,—not the Bench!" Upon which the until-now-obsequious Usher suddenly changed his tone, and unceremoniously hustled my client into the space beyond the Clerk's desk.

"I protest—" began poor BUNDER.

"Does anyone appear for you?" asked his Worship, snappishly. "Dear me! has the man lost his voice? Does anyone appear for him?"

"I do," I replied, firmly.

"Who are you, Sir?" snapped out the Magistrate, as if rehearsing BURNARD AND SULLIVAN's excellent Operetta *Cox and Box*.

I felt very much inclined to continue the duet by saying, "What's that to you, Sir?" when his Worship went on, excitedly,

"Do you belong to a firm, or are you in practice on your own account?"

"I am not a Solicitor, Sir, as you appear to imagine—" I began.

"Then what have you to do here, Sir?" interrupted the Magistrate, with increased fury. "Not a word, Sir, or I will have you turned out!"

"I am a Barrister, Sir," I exclaimed, in the tone adopted by the hero of the old melodramas, when, throwing off a cloak, he was wont to appear in a profusion of foreign decorations, as the long-lost and rightful heir.

Instead of Mr. BANG going down upon his knee, and exclaiming, "My liege!" he merely requested me, with impatient courtesy, "to get into my proper place then," adding, *sotto voce*, "that he supposed I was instructed by somebody."

I was then ushered into a long pew on the right of the Bench.

"And now that's over," continued his Worship, "what is it?"

Immediately two garrulous persons sprang to their feet.

"One at a time. Put that man into the box, and swear him."

And one of the speakers was seized, hustled into a compartment, handed a book, and told to kiss it, whilst an official galloped through the form prescribed by law.

"And now what have you got to say?" asked Mr. BANG, leaning back in his armchair, and glaring at the witness through his spectacles with a ferocity which was perfectly appalling.

Sergeant SMITH (for it was he) had a great deal to say. Every now and again he was savagely interrupted by his Worship, who asked some question or other. I confess I was so upset by the hurry and scurry of the whole affair that I could hear nothing. The only thing that pleased me was the fact that Mr. BANG occasionally looked at me when I bowed graciously, feeling most grateful for his recognition.

"Have you anything to ask the witness?" asked Mr. BANG, when the Sergeant had come to a full stop. I feebly shook my head and weakly smiled.

"Swear the next witness," snapped out the Magistrate.

"But I want to ask him something," began Captain BUNDER, excitedly.

"Can't," cried his Worship. "You're represented by Counsel! And now, Bombardier BROWX, what do you know about it?"

Again the examination of witnesses went on. Again I was too flurried to follow the thread of the testimony, again I gratefully bowed whenever the Magistrate looked at me. Once more I had no questions ready.

"I will be heard!" shouted the infuriated BUNDER at this point.

"Can't," repeated the Magistrate. "You're represented by Counsel."

"But I won't be represented by Counsel or anyone else," cried the angry soldier. "I prefer to appear in person. Why, whenever you appealed to him," he continued, indignantly pointing at me, "he decided against me!"

"He did!" returned the Magistrate, shortly; "but that's his business and not mine!"

"But it is mine!" almost yelled BUNDER. "I repudiate him!"

Mr. BANG looked at me. Of course there was only one thing for me to do. Full of mortification, and hurt to the very quick, I retired.

I waited for BUNDER until he emerged from the Court.

"Sir," I said, "I never intended to appear for you in any other character than that of a friend. As a friend, not a Counsel, I have appeared for you. But from this moment your qualification as a friend ceases."

"Appear for me as a Counsel!" he exclaimed, scornfully. "More of the Bell than the other! You'll never be Lord Chancellor!"

As I have hinted, this occurred many years ago. Calmly considering the matter now, with an experience mellowed by time, I am of opinion that my client's excitement was pardonable, as the professional assistance I was then able to afford him was not of as much value as I could have wished—earnestly, most earnestly could have wished! As for his prophecy, he was right—I never have been Lord Chancellor!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

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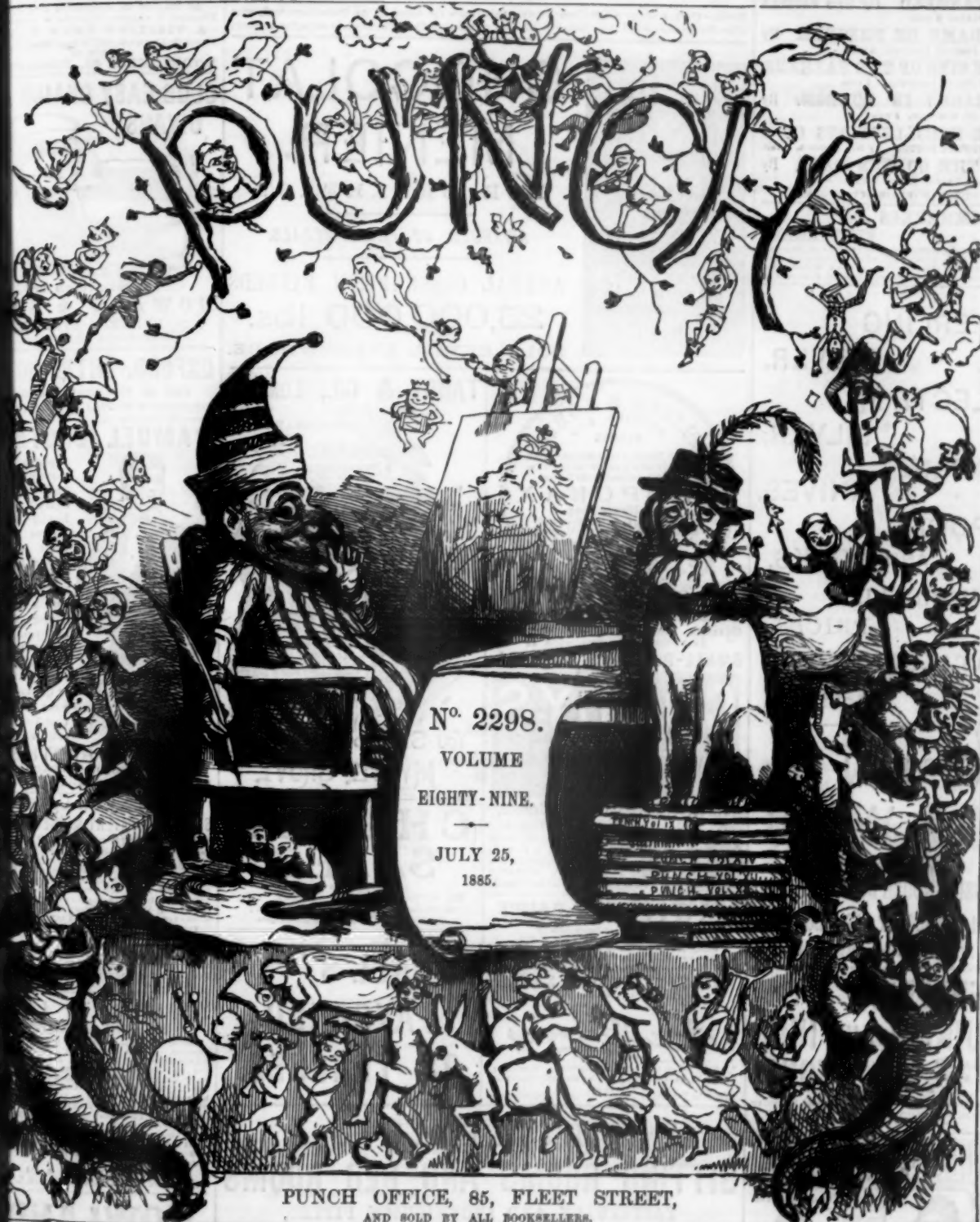
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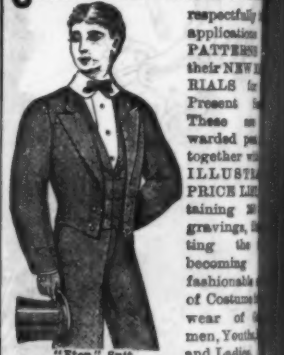
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WHICH IS WHICH?

(By Our Bewildered Critic, who was in two places at once.)

THE Empress Théodora, when first seen in the play, is giving audience to a Parisian of the period and other bores, and soon becomes weary of her Court, and especially of one of its chief functionaries, who will wear a dress-improver, which it seems was known



"Very like, very like."—Hamlet.

in those days, though Mr. GODWIN cruelly left it out in *Claudian*. The Empress thinks it "sieh imperience," and, scorning the luxury that caused the ruin of the Roman Empire—*s.g.*, a big drum, to play upon, all to herself—she goes off to the Hippodrome, to see her old friend Tamyris (Madame MARIE THORNE), to get a philtre for Justinian (M. SHELTON GARNIER). Arrived at the Byzantium Arcade, the Empress unbends, and we see her laughing and dancing with the Sorceress in truly affable fashion. In the first scene Madame MARIE BERNHARDT was lithe and languorous, and in the second Mdlle. SARAH LINDEN was smart and sinuous; indeed, the dual character of the Empress was never better represented, and Justinian hardly recognised his better half when he saw her double.

A conspiracy in Byzantium must have been a nice thing for the neighbours, as we discover when taken to the house of *Andreas*, a

"masher" and a politician, who, with his friends, is plotting against the Empire, for a merry chorus goes on all night, and each conspirator brings his particular instrument, that is, he is instrumental in working out the plot. In this scene Mr. J. L. MARAIS acted with considerable power, whacking his fellow-conspirators on their breasts with genuine force, while M. TOOLE, "*De la Comédie Anglaise*," was really humorous, and his song had the true classic ring about it. His attire, too, was archaeologically correct, being the *chiton* *epanagros* of the ancients, as represented in the mosaics of the Criterion. M. TOOLE's singing was also much admired, as being very like that of the Birds of ARISTOPHANES. The meeting, however, has to disperse, for the Empress, who is a regular Byzantine "bad'un," comes to see *Andreas*, calling herself by

Mons. Toole, du Théâtre Anglais, as *Andreas*.

as other name, while he calls her naughty names, not knowing she is *Augusta*. So the lady becomes very uneasy, and naturally squirms, and this is a great feature of the piece. Madame MARIE BERNHARDT's squirm is the true "*spasma Imperiale*" of JUVENAL, while Mdlle. SARAH LINDEN has in it more of the juvenile.

The Emperor twits his wife with being an Actress, which, seeing the admirable manner in which she plays the part, is, to say the least of it, bad manners. But she forgives him, and tells him all about the plot which the indiscreet *Andreas* has let out. The Imperial

party hide, *Marcellus*, the chief conspirator, and *Andreas* come on, the former is captured, but *Théodora* saves *Andreas* by shutting the door so suddenly in his face that poor *Andreas* must have got a nasty one in the eye. Here the acting of SARAH or MARIE and M. TOOLE or MARAIS, I forget which, was very fine. Then ensues a scene which baffles description, and also the conspirators. *Marcellus* (M. WARD, of the Porte St. Martin, Trafalgar Square) is brought in, knocked on the head, and stabbed by *Théodora*, just to prove what he had been insisting on for some time, that "his heart was in the right place." So *Marcellus* doesn't betray *Andreas*, and off they all go to the races, where we see the Emperor and Empress putting on their *denarii* in regular Epsom style. *Andreas* turns up, and is promptly gagged, for he certainly says very rude things; and presently we come to the last scene of all, where the Empress visits him in his hiding-place. It seems that *Tamyris* has given *Théodora* not a philtre, but a poison, for the Witch desires to be revenged upon Justinian, whose Guards have killed her son; and so when *Andreas*, in a most proper manner, will have nothing to say to the naughty Empress, she gives him the potion to win back his love. The brew of *Tamyris* is potent, for M. TOOLE was so convulsed (as were his audience), that several medical men in the house were with difficulty restrained from flying to his assistance. His anguish was something really beautiful, and at the same time, purely classic, the genuine *Gastrodynia Byzantica*, as described by the famous Physician, GULIELMUS LARUS, A.D. 532.

I fancy I've got the two pieces a little mixed, but haven't time to put it right again. *Valete et plaudite*, as the ancient Low Comedian used to say.

A ROWLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

At the Class-Day Dinner at Harvard College lately, we are informed, Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, read a complimentary poem to Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, one verse of which runs (a trifle haltingly, if rightly reported) as follows:—

"By what deep magic, what alluring arts,
Our truthful JAMES led captive British hearts;
Whether his shrewdness made their Statesmen halt,
Or if his learning found their dons at fault,
Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,
Like honest Yankees we can simply guess:
England herself will be the first to claim
Her only conqueror since the Norman came."

To which Mr. Punch begs amicably to reply:—

Not halting Statesmen, and not dons outdone,
Taught us to love this lord of sense and fun;
Nor did it come to us as a surprise
To find a Yankee virtuous as wise.
No HOLMES, Sweet HOLMES! Our pride it nothing shames,
To own us conquered by your Truthful JAMES.
His "sword and spear" in truth were cause of it,
The sword of eloquence, the spear of wit;
For heart, not art, sage head, not iron hand,
Made him the "conqueror" of our stubborn land.
Captured us? Yes; and he'll be hailed with rapture
If he'll come back among us to recapture!
Could you come too, *tant mieux!* for what more pat
Than to pair "Conqueror" with "Autocrat?"
Verb: sap: dear OLIVER! It won't be lost on
One of the best and brightest brains of Boston!

THE HANWELL FESTIVAL.

SIR,—I got the prize. Alone I did it, with another fellow. It was for a Conundrum. And they sang "See the conquering hero," that's me, "comes, Sound the trumpets, beat the conundrums!" And this is a conundrum no one can beat:—

My first is a Hotel, no matter where, London if you like.

My second is Lord DE ROTHSCHILD (with our best wishes and kindest regards).

My third is what the lamb-outlets and peas said to the Head Cook. My whole is what the biggest fool I know is. (Nothing personal in this last, and all rights reserved.)

Now for the answer. Listen. Hold on. One, two, three, and away:—

The answer is *Inn-jew-dish-us*.

That got the prize, and there were bonfires in the dormitory all night long. Great rejoicings.

Yours ever,

NUNQUAM DROMIO (the other brother.)

THE gawky young fellows who can't, or won't dance, and plant themselves against the walls look less like Wall-flowers than members of the Orchid Squad.



CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

"WELL, AND DID YOU GET THE STAMPS, TOMMY, AND STICK THEM ON, AND POST THE LETTER, AS I TOLD YOU?" "YES, MUMMY!"
 "AND COUNT THE CHANGE CAREFULLY, AND BRING IT BACK!"
 "YES, MUMMY, HERE IT IS—I'VE BROUGHT IT BACK IN TOFFER!"

OH, THE JOY OF IT!

MR. DRESSER ROGERS, who, from his suggestive facility of expression, might be in future very reasonably styled, Mr. ADDRESSER ROGERS, on congratulating the LORD MAYOR the other day on his reception of a Baronetcy from the hands of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, expressed, together with many others, a hearty wish that his Lordship "might enjoy it." The phrase is a happy one, for it seems to add quite an unexpected zest to the possession of the honour in question. "How to Enjoy a Baronetcy?" is a question that very few newly-created Baronets can ever have asked themselves; and it would be quite worth some enterprising person's while to give it a practical answer in the shape of a little shilling volume. As dignities have been falling rather thick of late, "*A Hundred Ways of Enjoying a Baronetcy*" at the price named could not fail to sell. Nor would the Author's task be difficult. The subject is full of suggestiveness. Indeed, there appears to be, when the matter is examined, a vast amount of quiet enjoyment to be got out of the mere fact of being a Baronet. There is the pleasure of suddenly springing the title on an unprepared hotel-keeper, and watching his subsequent obsequious ambles. It must be, too, an agreeable sensation to drop a dozen or so of your visiting cards on a crowded railway platform, and then have them all returned to you singly, accompanied by a cringing bow or awe-struck and respectful stare. It must be even a refreshing experience, when quite alone, to lie dreamily on your back on a lawn, and say to yourself, "Hang it, this is jolly! Why, bless me, if I'm not a real live Baronet!"

But there is no need to continue the list of the whole series of enjoyments that are to be got out of a Baronetcy adroitly held in this fashion. Pleasures present themselves on all sides. Even a street row, ending in a summons and a Police report the next morning, has its agreeable points. Mr. DRESSER ROGERS deserves the thanks of every newly-honoured member of the community. He has put a perpetual Rosherville within the grasp of even the gloomiest new Peer.

IN A HAMMOCK.

Oh, sweet 'tis to swing in a Hammock 'neath trees,
 And feel the soft breath of the Summer's light breeze,
 With a jug to dip into or not, as you please,
 Where claret and soda commingle;
 You've got a cigar, how it soothes, 'twixt your lips,
 And round you an angel in petticoats trips,
 And pops in the lemon, omitting the pipe,
 Till you're sad at the thought you are single.

When HORACE, in old days, exclaimed to his boy,
 That linden-bound chaplets could give him no joy,
 I should think not, indeed, what a singular toy,
 And bid him look out for no roses;
 He never had known of a Hammock, I'll swear,
 Or he'd surely have mentioned the fact, to declare
 How well he could swing in all luxury there,
 'Mid pleasant Venusian posies.

You feel quite at rest, though the world has been hard,
 And you know that you're not such a wonderful bard,
 As you thought in your youth, e'er your brow had
 grown scarred

By Time's irrepressible fingers;
 And you idly reflect on some more foolish verse,
 Soft sentiment mingled with epigram terse,
 That may win you applause and put tin in your purse,
 Wherein it unfrequently lingers.

Then here's to the Hammock, and peace that it brings,
 To him who in height of the summertime swings,
 While the bird on the branch that hangs over him,
 sings,

And the river runs on to the ocean;
 I think that it would be most pleasant, don't you,
 Just to lie at your ease all the long Summer through,
 And to swing in a Hammock, with nothing to do,
 Save rejoice in the exquisite motion.

Earnest in Jest.

"A FOWLER is not of much use without a net," observed Lord SALISBURY, with a twinkle in his right eye. "So I will make him a net."
 "You!" exclaimed the Earl of IDSLEIGH, waking up. "You make a net for a Fowler! What sort?"
 The twinkle twinkled strongly in the PREMIER's eye as he replied,—"I shall make him a Baro-net." Then the noble Earl saw the joke, and wept heartily.

ON A NAVAL COMMITTEE.

SHOULD COURTNEY, JACKSON, GRAY, and BRUCE
 Not prove themselves of any use,
 And RYLANDS, coupled off with GOSCHEN,
 But merely serve to rhyme with "ocean,"—
 'Tis well, to help them at a halt,
 That they can boast one real SALT.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

(From an Evidently Ignorant Correspondent.)

SIR,—I see by the papers that the Wedding of Princess BEATRICE is not to be a State Ceremonial. There are to be "three carriage processions," employing on the whole about eighteen carriages. The Master of the Horse—fancy only one horse, "*the Horse*," for the whole lot!—will be much exercised, and, by the way, so will "*the horse*." But what bothers me, Sir, is these three carriage processions, at least eighteen carriages, and only one horse! I can't get over it; no more will the horse. And suppose that horse, of which Lord BRADFORD is "the newly-appointed master," is laid up! What then? Will they all walk, or go in donkey-chaises, at so much an hour? They couldn't fit into goat-chaises, or they'd get these at a low figure. I have never visited the Royal Stables which, I believe, are well worth seeing, but if there's only one horse, all the stalls, except one, must be empty, unless, like stalls in a theatre during a run of bad business, they are filled with dead-heads or dummies. Will no one ask a question in Parliament as to the salary of the Master of the Horse—poor horse, I do pity him!—and whether the country couldn't afford another, or indeed several more for this particular occasion? I shall be there to see and to cheer the Princess and her spouse, even though they be in a one-horse shay. Yours, A LITTLE RIDE IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



AN EXTRA LIBERAL DOSE.

Dr. Balfour (to Patient). "YOU'LL BE SO GRATEFUL FOR MY TREATMENT OF YOUR CASE."

Dr. Chamberlain. "YOU'LL BE RADICALLY CURED,—BUT DON'T FORGET THAT IT WAS MY PRESCRIPTION."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY; OR, SAWS FOR THE SEASON.

A SPEECH in the Lords is worth two in the Commons.

(For Lord Northbrook.)—"Marinum est errare."

(For Use in the Soudan.)—Nothing fails like failure.

One Spouter can send an Elector to the polling-booth, but twenty can't make him think.

Too many Cooks spoil the Excursion Season.

(A propos of most Temperance Drinks.)—One Swallow spoils a whole Summer.

One man's meat is another man's horse-flesh.

Nobody knows what the Czar's up to except the Editor of the *Pallaki Mallski Gazettikoff*.

(For Cricketers.)—It's a long score that gives no chances.

A still match makes a wise Burglar.

WHAT'S WANTED.—New Ships, not new Peers.

Not a Sucking Dove.

"M. DE BILLING, though courteous in the language he employs in his letter to M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, roundly accuses the British Government of setting a price on the head of OLIVIER PAIN."—*Daily Paper*.

If one is to listen to M. DE BILLING,
To make matters hotter he seems not unwilling;
And, since good understandings he's bent on undoing,
It is clear that, though BILLING, he doesn't mean cooing.

Disappointed.

KING OKO JUMBO has gone back to West Africa. He regretted muchly that he wasn't able to visit Scotland, where he had expected to find heroes of his own colour and a number of his countrywomen: at least, so much he gathered from having been informed that in the Highlands he would see "some fine Moors and several Bonny Lassies."

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I MAKE A BID FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY BAR.



I HAVE not come here to waste your time, which I know to be of great value," said BOUNCKER, as he took the chair that PORTINGTON had placed for him, "but to make a proposal which I trust will meet with your approval, nay, even approbation."

This address greatly perplexed me. As a rule, BOUNCKER used to

talk slightly of my work in the Temple, and suggest that my briefs were few and far between. Under these circumstances I thought it advisable to request BOUNCKER "not to play the fool."

"I was never more serious in my life," replied my visitor; and then he told me all about it. It appeared that my friend had allowed himself to be put up as one of the Candidates for the representation of Coachington in the forthcoming Parliament. The matter had been managed for him by LIMBER, of the firm of SNAPPSHOTT, LIMBER, AND POCKET, who had suggested that I should be asked to accompany them on their next visit to the borough in search of support and enthusiasm.

I confess I felt flattered, the more especially as the name of the firm was not on the list of my clients. It was decidedly gratifying to learn that I had been singled out by a distinguished body of Solicitors as an advocate whose oratory was likely to have weight with an enlightened constituency, such as, no doubt, Coachington happened to be. If I made a favourable impression, it might lead to work at the Parliamentary Bar, under the patronage of the venerable Mr. SNAPPSHOTT and his less elderly partners.

"I wonder why Mr. LIMBER should have thought of me!" I murmured, with a smile. "No doubt I must have met him in consultation when he was instructing Counsel representing parties having kindred interests to my own."

"Well, I rather fancy the idea originated with me," said BOUNCKER. "LIMBER told me that our meetings required freshening up, and asked me if I knew anyone who would do. I mentioned you. He replied he had never heard of you."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, surprised and hurt—"he said that he had never heard of me?"

"Yes. Then I told him who you were, and he said all right, we would announce you as 'the distinguished Barrister from London,' and that perhaps that 'might wake them up a bit.' So I hope you will come and help me."

I accepted the invitation, feeling that it was high time that Mr. LIMBER should, by practical experience, be able to judge of my capabilities.

BOUNCKER was met at the station by his agent on the afternoon of the day we had arranged for our descent upon Coachington.

Mr. LIMBER was sharp and smart, and about fifty. His face fell when he saw me.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed. "Is this Mr. BRIEFLESS?"

"Yes, Sir," I replied, with dignity, looking him full in the face through my spectacles, "my name is BRIEFLESS!"

"No offence," replied Mr. LIMBER. "Dare say it will be all right. Only I know them better than you. They are a rough lot."

It appeared that, on this account, both BOUNCKER and his agent had supplied themselves with a thick overcoat apiece (utterly unsuitable to the time of year), to be assumed in case of need, which might be tersely interpreted as in case of brick-bats. During the journey down, my two companions compared notes about the details of the election. So far as I could make out from their conversation, BOUNCKER was the unpopular Candidate, and found it very uphill work in opposing his political antagonist, Mr. CHESTERFIELD SPARROW. When we reached our destination, LIMBER (who until this moment had been on the easiest terms of familiarity with his principal) got out of the train, and with exaggerated deference assisted BOUNCKER to alight. BOUNCKER smilingly walked down the platform, and shook hands with the collector who asked for his ticket. He also shook hands with the clerk in the booking-office; also with the station-master.

"Very sorry, Gentlemen," said the last-named official, "but I have not been able to get you anything better than MERTON'S waggonette. I suspect that Mr. CHESTERFIELD SPARROW

has given them the tip to let you have nothing else. But such as it is—there it is."

"How about the band?" asked LIMBER.

"The drum is still quite sober, Sir," replied the Station-master, cheerfully, "and he will pull the others through, you may depend upon it."

Thus encouraged, BOUNCKER, LIMBER, and I left the platform and walked into the street. Our appearance was greeted with yells of disapprobation from a body of roughs, who had evidently been looking out for us. LIMBER, with much presence of mind, signalled to the drummer to play up, and the tumult was drowned in strains of music, which became louder and louder as the other performers emerged one by one from a neighbouring publichouse. BOUNCKER was bowed into a waggonette (which, as compared to other vehicles of the same class, was as a Herne Bay bathing-machine is to a Lord Mayor's coach) with marked courtesy by LIMBER and myself. The remaining places were then immediately occupied by sons of toil in corduroys and shirt-sleeves. The unpopular Candidate immediately shook hands with them, and with ourselves on the box, drove off as rapidly as possible to the place of meeting—a field about a quarter of a mile from the railway station. The crowd followed us hooting.

"It is all right," exclaimed LIMBER, triumphantly, when we had pulled up; "he has come after all!"

The person whose arrival had given the Solicitor so much satisfaction, was a short, stumpy-looking, red-faced little man in a pot hat. He climbed into the waggonette, and touching his hat respectfully to BOUNCKER, entered into explanations seemingly having to do with his advent. The driver of the waggonette had in the meanwhile descended, and was holding the head of the horse—an extremely venerable creature, quite a Montefiore of its species—and we were surrounded by some two hundred persons. BOUNCKER took off his hat, and was greeted with prolonged howling, tempered with the stentorian cheers of the still sober and always conscientious drummer.

"I am much affected, Gentlemen, by this reception," cried BOUNCKER, at the top of his voice, "it is most gratifying, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

From this point, BOUNCKER'S speech was inaudible, and delivered in dumb show. However, that (LIMBER explained to me) was of no moment, as a written copy of it had been brought down from town and placed in the hands of the reporter of the local paper.

"Not a single egg this time, and scarcely a dozen cabbage-stalks!" exclaimed LIMBER, greatly pleased, when BOUNCKER had been yelled back into his seat. "On my word, I do believe we are becoming popular! And now, Sir, you will hear our pet speaker."

The stumpy red-faced little man held out his hand, as if asking for attention. In a moment the crowd became silent, and listened intently—a few would-be noisy individuals being promptly subdued with an angry exclamation of "Hold your row!" The orator (for he was a born orator) delivered one of the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard. He spoke to the people as one of themselves. He pictured his poor but happy home, with his good wife and loving children awaiting his return from his daily toil. "I am one of yourselves, my lads," he cried, "and I feel for you. Yes, my lads, I, like you, earn my bread by the sweat of my brow! I, like you, glory in the name—grander than that of any Duke or Earl—of an honest, fair-handed, warm-hearted, liberty-loving, foreigner-scorning English—yes, English, my lads—English working-man!"

This sentiment was received with thunders of applause, amidst which I asked LIMBER for some account of the speaker.

"He is called Welsher DICK," shouted the Solicitor into my ear, "has been warned off nearly every race-course in the United Kingdom, and is at present making a precarious livelihood by acting as assistant chucker-out in a low-class gambling-house. The first time I saw him he was in the dock of the Old Bailey, being tried for nearly killing his wife with a quart-pot."

Taken completely by surprise by this very unexpected answer, I could only stare in the depth of my astonishment.

"Welsher DICK" finished his speech amidst great and general applause, and then it was LIMBER'S turn to appeal to the audience. But no, they would not hear him; and once more there was an exhibition in dumb show.

"I thought so," said LIMBER to me, with some bitterness, as he retired. "They have heard me before! Besides, they want to see what you are like! Mind, as they are a rough lot, that you don't offend them. You had better begin at once—nothing irritates them more than being kept waiting."

Thus urged, I put on my spectacles, took off my hat, and smiled. I was received with roars of laughter. I raised my hand, and the clamour increased threefold. I was met with insulting cries reflecting on my personal appearance, gratuitous advice to go home, and ironical inquiries for my autobiography.

"Friends," interposed Welsher DICK, at the instigation of LIMBER, "you have been promised a distinguished Barrister from London—here he is. I ask you as one of yourselves, as a working man like yourselves, as one of the people, to let him have a patient hearing." The mob gave the speaker three cheers. While this was

going on I tried to pull myself together and collect my thoughts. It suddenly struck me that I might commence my address effectively by recounting an imaginary dialogue between an aristocrat and an artisan, in which the former, of course, would ultimately be worsted by the latter. I settled that the aristocrat should commence the dialogue by expressing his dislike to the class to which his opponent belonged. So when the cheers had subsided, and the audience were eagerly waiting for my first words, I was ready with my opening.

"I hate," said I, with much heartiness, in my assumed character of the prejudiced aristocrat, "I hate the working-man." Here I paused, and for the first time looked around. The sea of faces frightened me, and I lost my nerve. In a moment all I had arranged to say disappeared, and my mind became a blank. About what happened next I have never been quite clear. I have a lively recollection of something hitting me on the head and smashing in my hat, and I distinctly remember that there was an angry yell. Then I fancy the waggonette must have been taken by storm. All I know for certain is that I was conveyed to the police-station, after a very gallant rescue, executed by a picked body of county constabulary.

"If you will wait a little, Sir," said the Inspector, "we can smuggle you out the back way just before the train starts, and land you in a carriage before they can get at you."

This difficult and dangerous programme was successfully carried out. On reaching home I was upbraided by my wife, who was greatly put out because I had lost my watch and other articles of value. This was hard to hear, but the ingratitude of BOUNCKER was harder—from that day to this he has never once thanked me for the support I gave him when he was unsuccessfully seeking election at Cochurchington. As for SNAPPESHOTT, LEMBER AND POCKET, they do not seem to have any Parliamentary business, if I may judge from the otherwise unaccountable omission of their names in my *Fee-Book*.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."

NOTES FROM OUR OWN SPORTSMAN.

(Specially Engaged for the Forthcoming Important Events.)

SIR,—You are right. In these days Racing cannot be neglected. Not a Journal but has at least a column *per diem* devoted to the noble sport, and you, Sir, must not be behindhand in the race.

To-morrow is the Leicestershire Cup Day. Having exceptional means of knowledge at my command, your readers will do well to keep their eyes open, and, if they only read me aright, there will be rich men among them before to-morrow's sun his course has run. Now to begin, and, as the *Ghost in Hamlet* says, "Mark me."

If *Royal Fern* runs generously, and puts all his legs into it, I should not be inclined to look beyond him for the winner,—that is, I am bound to say, if he holds his own to the last, and does not allow himself to be collared by an antagonist,—though of this I have no fear whatever, as long as his Jockey keeps the others at a respectful distance, and puts on the spurt at the right moment. Should *Prism* realise my high opinion of what ought to be, as I was saying to his owner, "his more than excellent qualities," then there will not sit down a happier party to supper on Thursday night than the backers of the son of *Uncas*. He is ridden by WATTS, who is a true artist, and refused a Baronetcy the other day—more power to his elbow—though, at the same time, he must not presume too much on the Bunbury Mile and Gosforth Park victories, which only demonstrate the necessity of still keeping him well ahead of all the others, if he is to fulfil the anticipations of his best friends.

In the London Clubs, up to late last night, was heard a cry of *Despair*, which, as I remarked at the time, was very like a wail. For my part I, personally, put no faith in these *obiter dicta*, as I am sure that if the offspring of *See-Saw* can only once get the lead, no matter when, in the course of the race, and having once obtained it manage to retain it until he passes the Judge's box, the chances of his opponents will be reduced to a *minimisimum*. The "*Cognoscenti*," who flatter themselves on knowing stable secrets, whisper in my ear that, should *Reine Blanche* come going in two lengths ahead of the *Duke of Richmond*, and give the "go by" to *Prism*, *Despair*, the *Eastern Emperor*, and the others, she will then be as certain of taking the prize as if it were now in her owner's hands. I confess I am more or less of this opinion myself, and shall not be surprised if the result proves my surmise correct. Let those laugh last who win, say I, and if all the others are not in it at the finish with the fair acion of the house of ROTHERHILL, she will have the chuckle all to her own sweet self.

Wild Thyme is a scenter of attraction to those who "know a bank" and can draw on it to any amount; I fancy there be some of the friends of the *Lowlander's* family who will have a "wild time" of it should TOMLINSON come in at the head of the poll, a not altogether impossible event, nor even improbable, under certain conditions, to which I can do no more than allude, "without prejudice," as the lawyers say. The *Duke of Richmond* is a game and generous horse,

so generous as to be able to give 8st. 2lbs. to almost any other in the field if he liked, but if they follow my advice in this matter, his owner will do nothing of the sort. ARCHER rides him, and if, at the last moment, he does not allow him to yield his front place to number two, be it *Prism*, *Corunna*, or any other "runner" that may happen to be next him, but brings him in, as they say, "*primus inter pares*," then I have no doubt in my own mind that antagonism will be useless, and that the popular jockey will add another leaf to his crown, or, as I might say, if the horse's colour permitted it, another bay to his laurels.

Corunna is as near an approach to a certainty as there is on the cards, if BLOSS pushes her to the front, for she wants pushing, at the right moment, as in such cases position is everything. I am a bit near-sighted, and can't see the race without *Barnacles*,—but more than this it would not be fair for me, with the exceptional knowledge I possess, to say. "*Verbum sap*," as the poet has it.

Taking 'em for all in all, and giving one last look round, I still stick to my original selection for the Leicestershire Cup, which cheers but does not inebriate the true sportsman, and, bar *l'imprévu*, I think those of your readers who shall follow my advice will have no cause to complain, or to be in the least dissatisfied with the forecasts of

The Old Hermitage.

PREPARE THE HERMIT.

WHY I DID NOT WIN THE QUEEN'S PRIZE.

(By the Man with a Grievance at Wimbledon.)

BECAUSE I did not allow enough for the wind in my first shot.
BECAUSE I allowed too much for the wind in my second.
BECAUSE the wind was all over the place in the first stage.
BECAUSE there was no wind at all in the last.
BECAUSE someone spoke to me just as I was going to fire.
BECAUSE the marker must have been dozing.
BECAUSE, although carrying everything off at other meetings, I was not in form in Surrey.
BECAUSE my rifle was out of order.
BECAUSE one can never trust the Government ammunition.
BECAUSE I had the worst position at the ranges.
BECAUSE there was something wrong with the targets.
BECAUSE, hadn't it been in each case for the most trifling accident in the world, I should in each stage have certainly gained "the highest possible."
AND, finally, for the most conclusive reason imaginable,—some other fellow got it!

Chant of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart.

(AIR—"Then farewell my trim-built Wherry.")

THEN farewell my three-lined whippy,
Three-lined whippy fare thee well;
Never more, while RANDOLPH's hippy,
Shall your THOMAS "urgent" spell.

A Short Farewell.

SIR,—As I see that Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT has written some appropriate lines for Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT's farewell, that will have already taken place by the time this letter finds its way into print, I will not send you the capital set of verses I had done for the occasion. Suffice it to say that I had brought in even the Conductor and Scene-shifters that flourished under their able management, and opened thus:—

"How much did B. and Mrs. B.
Improve the shining Ours!"

There is a lot more, but perhaps, under the circumstances, that will do for the present, from your Obedient Servant,

WATTS-HIS-NAME.

Derby's Diagnosis.

EARL DERBY is not going to cry *peccati*!
Holding that to be cool is to be clever,
He deems that all this fuss about the Navy
Is nothing but HAY fever.

"SIR J. E. MILLAIS," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "is engaged on another portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE. It will be smaller than the two previous portraits of Mr. GLADSTONE by the same Artist." How ungrateful! after being Baronetted! We suppose that if Sir JOHN had been made a Duke, Mr. G.'s portrait would have been reduced to a mere sketch of the smallest dimensions.



LAYING IT ON TOO THICK.

"HOW LOVELY YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING TO-DAY, SIR GEORGE! I'VE BEEN ADMIRING HER ALL THE AFTERNOON!"
 "A—A—SHE'S ONLY JUST COME!"

"ALL AT SEA!"

ATTEND, all ye who love to hear how England is befooled!
 There was a time when ocean's waves, it was supposed, she ruled;
 Ruled! Quite a farce, of course, although in issue somewhat solemn;
 How may she hope to rule the waves, who cannot rule a column?
 With a tow-row-row!

BRITANNIA'S old monopoly of course is all bow-wow.

Her memory dwells on gallant NELSON with affection fond,
 But how about the Admiralty, that deep Slough of Despond?
 There pride must knuckle under, and there patriot hope must sink,
 And a chain, they say 's no stronger than its very weakest link.
 With a tow-row-row!

If that be so, how precious weak must be our Empire now!

Ho, for the chartered dunderheads who lord it at Whitehall!
 The "Ship of Fools" had never such a crew. And if a squall
 Should strike our topmasts suddenly, and take us all aback,
 What, what is like to happen, if that crew don't get the sack?
 With a tow-row-row!

To Davy Jones's Locker they will take us straight, I trow.

They never, never deviate into sense, these noble swells;
 Upon their fine consistency the startled fancy dwells.
 Inglorious *Semper Eadem*, the banner of our shame
 (To modify MACAULAY), is the basis of their fame.
 With a tow-row-row!

A garland of right thistles should invest each noble brow.

Their business being managing our Navy—save the mark!—
 Of course concerning ships and guns they're *always* in the dark.
 That standeth to unreason, and unreason is their guide,
 And their maxim, strictly stuck to, 's "Shut your eyes, and let
 things slide!"

With a tow-row-row!
 Hooray for "Rule of Thumb," lads, and the law of "Anyhow"!

Their Department being that one upon which our fate must hinge,
 Of course responsibility ne'er gives the dolts a twinge.
 They are game to spend our money, and investigation smother.
 And they answer awkward questions with that smasher, "You're
 another!"

With a tow-row-row!

An Admiralty *Answer* is a settler, you'll allow.

Yet there were some artless innocents among the sons of men
 Who fancied e'en an Admiralty goose could hold a pen;
 That though looking on the muddling of our Navy as a lark,
 He must have the common gumption of a thirty-shilling clerk.
 With a tow-row-row!

A ridiculous delusion which is dissipated now.

To expect a Whitehall windbag to be very nigh as clever
 As a common counter-jumper? Oh! that *wouldn't* do, no, never!
 What, tottle up a column *à la* COCKER or COLENSO?
 Too bad to go a treating of our naval gentlemen so!
 With a tow-row-row!

A blunder of a Million will soon alter that, you know.

When they give free education, as the School Board want to do,
 An Admiralty buffer, with a snug four-figure "screw,"
 May not be wholly ignorant that two and two make four;
 But now—oh, hang it, don'tcha! This arithmetic 's a bore.
 With a tow-row-row!

What, a Swell be "good at figures"? That is playing it too low!

And a very pretty figure we, in consequence, shall out!
 JOHN BULL, your Admiralty is a regular hard nut,
 But if you don't soon crack it, you may trust your faithful P.
 That it is not Whitehall only that will soon be "all at sea."
 With a tow-row-row!

Always the same? Perhaps so. But you've got to change it *now*!

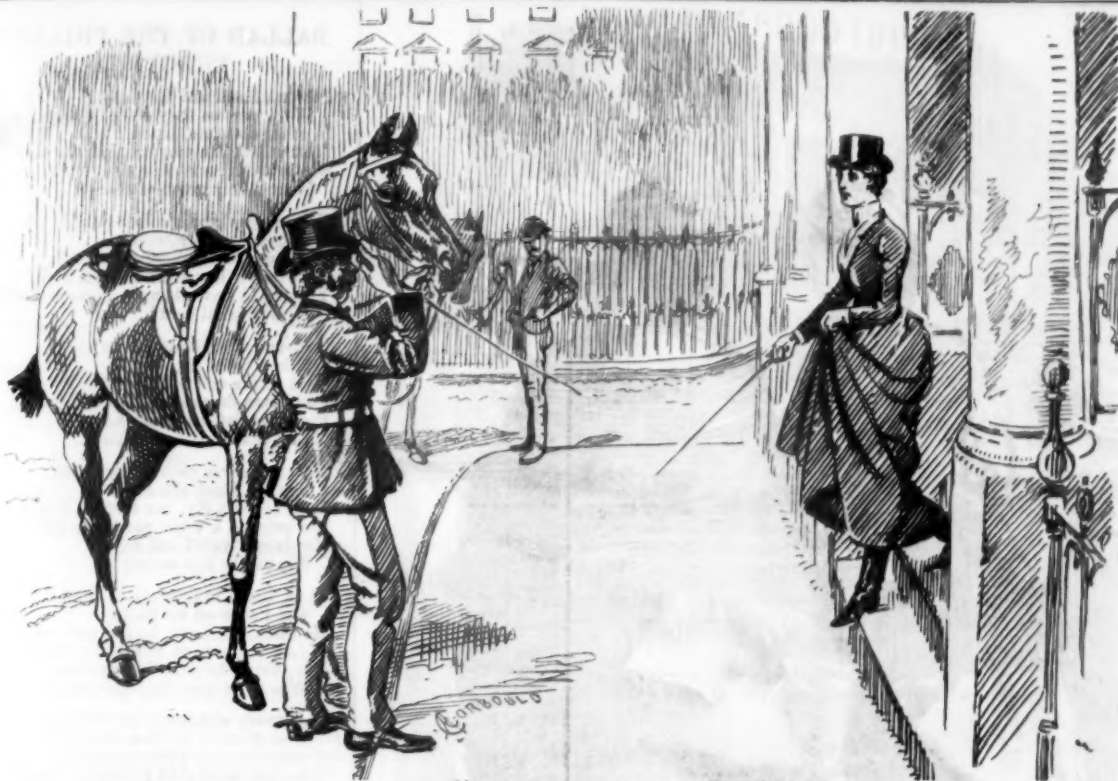
SIR R. LOYD-LINDSAY takes the title of Lord WANTAGE. As a
 Tennis-player might say, "Wantage to him!"



“ALL AT SEA!”

BRITANNIA. “OF COURSE I WAS PREPARED FOR MY SHIPS BEING ALL WRONG, BUT I DID EXPECT YOU'D HAVE LEFT THE ACCOUNTS RIGHT.”

N-ETHER-K (*late Purser*). “BEG PARDON, MA'AM! IT WASN'T ANY FAULT OF MINE IN PARTICULAR,—IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME!!”



"RUS IN URBE."

Fair Equestrian (from the Provinces, her first turn in the Row). "GOOD GRACIOUS, SAM! YOU CAN'T RIDE OUT WITH ME LIKE THAT! WHERE ARE YOUR BOOTS AND THINGS?"

Country Groom. "LOR', MUM, I DIDN'T BRING 'EM UP. BUT IT DON'T MATTER. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THAT most amusing gentleman, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA, never showed a greater amount of audacity, tempered with common sense, than when he introduced an important matter to the House of Commons the other night, by saying that he should not occupy the valuable time of the Members by explaining its various provisions, and the arguments by which they might be supported, as there was an admirable article in the *Times* of the previous week that put the whole case in far better language than he could hope to use, and to which he would refer those industrious gentlemen opposite who, pencil in hand, were awaiting a lengthened statement. The noble Lord then resumed his seat, and, before his opponents could recover from their profound astonishment, the matter was agreed to.

This successful attempt opens up a wide field for saving valuable time. We will imagine the Financial Member for the City bringing forward a motion in favour of so altering the incidence of the abominable Income Tax as to discriminate between Income from Land or Consols, and Income from business or profession, or, in other words, between real and unreal property. The House is looking forward with dread to an interminable Essay upon the facts of the case, bristling with Statistics, and similar awful nuisances, when the Hon. Member, with that modesty that so well becomes the descendant of the ancient Mother, who so loved her dog, informs the delighted House that the whole subject was treated so admirably lately by the Paper that has the largest Liberal circulation in the world, that he will rest his case on that convincing article, to which he refers the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who at once replies that, instead of wearying the House with a number of minute details, he begs to refer the Right Hon. Gentleman to a most splendid Article that appeared on Monday in the columns of the Paper that has the largest circulation in the world, whether Liberal or otherwise, in which every statement or argument relied upon by his Right Hon. friend is utterly denied, or ruthlessly annihilated; upon which the House at once proceeds to a division, and the whole thing is settled in about ten minutes; and as no sane man ever thinks of reading the Parliamentary Debates *in extenso*, no one would regret

the change except the Bore of the House; and, as it is well understood that no speech ever changes a vote, the result to the country would always be the same as under the present dull and dreary system. We shall look forward with great curiosity to see who the self-denying Member will be who will have the pluck and the good sense to follow this excellent example of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

THE "SUPER'S" COMPLAINT.

(By one who doesn't get much chance of carrying a banner.)

THE dooce take them Inventions and such like bloomin' shows, The mischief that they does us all the summer no one knows. Inventions!! one sees everywhere in big type on their bills. Rubbish! Arf the things they've got there are as ancient as the hills.

To begin with, there's the coove as takes your money at the door, That trick ain't so very new, we've seen that done afore; A bun there costs a penny like at any other shop, They ain't discovered a lower price for ale or ginger-pop. If they found you a good blow-out and likewise stood the drink, Then hooray for the Inventions, would say all of us, I think. Now, where the novelty comes in that gets me all abroad, It's a shameful faked-up Government job and a regular downright fraud.

The way they praise them German Bands it nearly makes me sick, The Guards is good enough for me, and so to them I stick. Why, the band we always take down on our annual Epping lark, Would give the lot a big drum in and blow 'em bang out of the Park.

Boats are there, and printing too, are as inventions shown, They prig old NOAH and CAXTON's biz, and boss it as their own. I can't but think it's rather hard, we do our best to please The whole year round; a game like this mops up our bread and cheese.

The Inventions dries our shows up, and the Guv'nor says, says he, "I hope as this 'All Frisky' Show's the last as there will be."



"OUR PRINCESS."

Old Lady (from the Country, at the "Inventions"). "OH, 'LIZA, WHAT A SHAME! LOOK! THEY 'VE BEEN AND TOOK HER AS A CHORISTER-BOY NOW!!"

"ARM, ARM, YE BRAVE!"

To arm our soldiers with bayonets that bend, and our policemen with truncheons that break, is certainly suggestive of a careful consistency in stupidity. But that is all that can be said for it. Poor Police-Constable DAVIS might have been inclined to say that, in such a case at least, "consistency is the bugbear of small minds." DAVIS had, in the usual way of business, to tackle a couple of armed burglars on a house-top at Kensington. He did it, too, though circumstances placed him at considerable disadvantage. His alarm-whistle, it appears, had been "called in for stamping," or some such routine purpose. It was, therefore, of as little use to him as the magical Danish Whistle to the lover who hadn't got it. In the second place, his truncheon—being "contract trash"—broke in three pieces at the first blow he dealt at his enemy. The consequence was, that DAVIS got three bullets in his body, and the burglars—who are *not*, luckily for them, armed by the State—got off. This is highly encouraging—to the burglars. Law, armed with a rotten truncheon, and *minus* even its alarm-whistle, can scarcely be much of "a terror to evil-doers." Is it not high time that the official duflers who supply our military and civil defenders with "contract trash" arms should themselves be "called in for stamping"—with the brand of public disgrace?

BALLAD OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

POMONA Road and Gardens, N.,
Were pure as they were fair.
In other districts, much I fear,
That vulgar language shocks the ear,
But brawling wives or noisy men
Were never heard of *there*!

No burglar fixed his dread abode
In that secure retreat,
There were no publichouses nigh,
But chapels low and churches high,
You might have thought Pomona Road
A quite ideal beat!

Yet such was not at all the view
Taken by B 13;
That active and intelligent
Policeman deemed that he was meant
Profound detective deeds to do,
And that repose was mean!

Now there was nothing to detect
Pomona Road along,—
None faked a cly, nor cracked a crib,
Nor prigg'd a wive, nor told a fib,—
Minds cultivated and select
Slip rarely into wrong!

Thus, bored to desolation, went
The Peeler on his beat,
He knew not Love, he did not care
If Love be born on mountains bare;
Nay, Crime to punish or prevent
Was more than dalliance sweet!

The weary wanderer, day by day,
Was marked by HOWARD FRY—
A neighbouring Philanthropist,
Who saw what that Policeman missed—
A sympathetic "Well-a-day!"
He'd moan, and pipe his eye.

"What *can* I do," asked HOWARD FRY,
"To soothe that brother's pain?
His glance, when first we met, was keen,
Most martial and erect his mien,
(What "mien" may mean, I know not, I)
But he must joy again!

"I'll start on a career of crime,
I will," said HOWARD FRY.
He spake and acted! Deeds of bale
(With which I do not stain my tale)
He wrought like mad, time after time,
Yet wrought them blushfully!

And now, when 'busses night by night
Were stopped, conductors alain,
When youths and men, and maids unweid,
Were stabbed, or knocked upon the head,
Then B 13 grew sternly bright,
And was himself again!

Pomona Road and Gardens, N.,
Are now a name of fear.
Commercial travellers flee in haste,
Revolvers girt about the waist
Are worn by City gentlemen
Who have their mansions near!

But B 13 elated goes,
Detection in his eye;
While HOWARD FRY does deeds of bale
(With which I do not stain my tale),
To lighten that Policeman's woes,
Yet does them blushfully!

A FAIR Correspondent, who signs herself
"JANE DARK," wants to know "whether
it would be correct to describe any one of the
Royal Academicians, as 'a Man of Colour?'"
We will inquire.



THE NEW FOURTH PARTY. IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 13.—Grand triumphal entry of GORST, taking his seat after re-election on becoming SOLICITOR-GENERAL. All the forces of the late Fourth Party mustered to do honour to occasion. GORST marched up between RANDOLPH and WOLFF, whilst ARTHUR BALFOUR beamed on the procession from Treasury Bench.

"Happiest moment of my life," said RANDOLPH. "All my Party provided for. Little difficulty about WOLFF, but that will be arranged. Nuisance is, that as we'll only be in five months, the delay in gazetting appointment is serious matter. Lost nearly a month's salary now. Must frighten BEACH. Wish I'd got up, and denounced his Budget Scheme the other night; but soon find another opportunity. Think I'll take up the Crofters' Bill, and abuse BEACH for dropping it. That'll fetch 'em. WOLFF's appointment will be gazetted forthwith, and I'll stipulate that they shall pay him six months' salary in advance."

Questions growing again. Forty-two to-night, which is something like old times. CHAPLIN came out strong on Swine Fever. PAGET asked simple question. CHAPLIN produced prodigious roll of manuscript.

"Surely, he's not going to read that!" said HICKS-BEACH, breathlessly. But he was, and did, not omitting a word. House murmured, coughed, laughed, and finally roared. RANDOLPH kicked him on the calf, and pretended it was ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. But CHAPLIN went on wallowing in particulars, finishing his oration amid hubbub that made him inaudible.

"If CHAPLIN's going to do this every night," said Sir PERL, "he must make his answer as FITZ-WYGRAM makes his speech."

FITZ-WYGRAM's way certainly novel, and not unattractive. Comes down with speech prepared on matters relating to Army. Has good deal to say in miscellaneous manner. Knows House of Commons hates long speeches, so has hit upon charming device. On Vote for Men reads a portion of his manuscript, till he observes indications of impatience on part of audience, and feels a little tired himself. Then sits down, and Vote is disposed of. Next Vote on account of Volunteers' pay and allowance. FITZ-WYGRAM catches Chairman's eye, begins exactly where he left off, and goes on till he hears Members yawning, then pulls up. Even with all diligence couldn't finish to-night on successive Votes. Found himself at eleven o'clock with five pages of manuscript, and Government consenting to report progress. But wasn't christened FREDERICK WELLINGTON for nothing. Didn't serve through Crimean War without picking up a wrinkle. Dashed in, and began to read. McCOAN jumped up, and insisted on reporting progress. General sat down. Up again when McCOAN resumed.

"Often," said the General, with one eye on the paper, and another on the enemy opposite, "in these circumstances, horses and camels die, and become inefficient."

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman. "Question is, that I report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

FITZ-WYGRAM down like a shot when Chairman rose. Up again as soon as he resumed his seat. "In 1882—" he continued.

"Order! order!" cried the Chairman.

General now quite bewildered. Only thing to be done was to go on with his manuscript:—

"In 1882 the Infantry soldiers who were sent to Aldershot"—

"Order! order!" roared the Chairman. "Order! order!" bellowed the Committee; and FITZ-WYGRAM, holding on to his manuscript as if it were a sword-hilt, sat down, and stared about him with mute request that some one would oblige him by explaining what was the matter. Finally, on understanding that FITZ-WYGRAM hadn't more than five pages to read, Motion for progress withdrawn, and the General finished last instalment of speech.

Business done.—Votes on Army Estimates.

Tuesday Night.—In Lords to-night, NORTHBROOK very angry about BEACH, who's been "saying things" about him in the Commons. The saying amounts to this, that, whereas CHILDERS reported a saving of Two Millions on Vote of Credit, present Government, when they came into office, found little more than One Million in hand, rest having been disposed of by my Lords of the Admiralty.

"All very well for NORTHBROOK to protest and bluster," says the bland BRAMWELL, "but where's the odd Million? Perhaps he's not personally responsible for it. Accepted what was told him at the Admiralty. But he'd have done better to say he's very sorry, victim of system and all that kind of thing, and then join HAMILTON in vigorous effort to improve system. This blowing out of the cheek and querulous complaint about BEACH is nonsense."

Another charge by BEACH of preparing torpedo-boats without torpedo gear, NORTHBROOK hotly denounces as "one of the most extraordinary naval mares'-nests that had ever been found."

"What's a naval mares'-nest?" I asked BRASSEY, who's just been caught and brought home.

"Don't quite know. Suppose it's—er—something to do with a—er—sea-horse, don't you know?"

Sensible man, BRASSEY. Overwhelmed with labours at Admiralty. As soon as Ministry resigned went off on a yachting tour and forgot to leave address. Very angry at being brought back.

"Good gracious, TOBY!" he cried, with unusual access of animation. "There's nobody such a—er—fool as to suppose I know anything about the Admiralty. Nice place. Appearance of something to do. Makes one a Minister, and that sort of thing. If we were wrong, glad it was done respectfully. None of your low fifty or—er—sixty thousand pounds, but a good Million."

In Commons the most agreeable and satisfactory debate heard for a long time. STANHOPE made statement on introducing Education Estimates, supplemented by speech from MUNDELLA, which shows enormous strides in national education with corresponding beneficial results direct and indirect.

Business done.—Education Estimates in Commons.

Thursday Night.—A dreary speech from CHILDERS on Budget; a drearier from the Right Honourable JOHN GELLIBRAND HUBBARD, commonly known as "Old Mother Hubbard."

"GELLIBRAND means well," said the Sage of St. Anne's Gate, "and his manner is impressive. But take him all in all, and putting

the matter not without a certain degree of frankness, he is a pernicious bore."

Nobody had anything particular to say. There is the Budget. We must take it or leave it. If we leave it, what are we going to do?



First Appearance of Mr. Gorst as Solicitor-General. "One of Us."

Not a cheerful business, but saddened sorely by long succession of supererogatory speeches. Only man who sat all through it was DICK-PREDDIE. (Know him well enough now to call him DICK, and a right good fellow he is. The House of Commons loses in him an honest, able, modest man, who does his duty and doesn't blather.) "What are you stopping here for?" I asked, as I feebly crawled past, after three-quarters of an hour of CHILDERS and forty minutes of GELLI-BRAND. "Is this a new form of committing suicide?"

"No," he said, with demoniac gleam of cheerfulness. "I like it. Suits me admirably. Last day in House. Don't mean to sit again. Off to New Zealand. Want to get a thorough soaking before I go. Getting it now." And he turned with unabated cheerfulness to listen to SCLATER-BOOTH.

Later matters got more lively. Medical Relief Disqualification Bill on. House suddenly filled. Important to get Second Reading stage to-night. Suspicion that opponents of Bill would talk it out, strengthened by long speech from FELL. Then COLLINGS, to amazement of friends of Bill, turned up. His views on question pretty well known. Been stated half a dozen times already.

"Surely not going to risk chances of what is practically his own measure for sake of making another speech!" said WILLIS, taking a Bristol Birdseye view of the situation.



WHO'S "WEE" NOW?

Randolph executes a savage dance on the Royal but prostrate form of Sir W. "We," Harcourt. (Friday Night, July 17.) "Put it down a 'We.'"
—Mr. Weller Senior.

But he was, and did, appropriating good half-hour of the limited time. Lots more to speak. Apparently no chance for Bill till TALBOT suggested that speeches could be made on going into Committee.

"Capital idea," said COLLINGS. "One or two things I forgot to say just now. I'll mention them at the next stage." House so overcome at prospect that opposition vanished, and Bill read Second Time. *Business done.*—Budget Bill read Second Time.

Friday Night. — Parnellites impeach Earl SPENCER. Have maligned him for three years, without effect. "Now," says PARNELL, "new Government in. We brought them in. Don't work for nothing. Let them give us SPENCER'S head on a charger."

Government in painful dilemma. Must meet the demands of Allies; but how can they, the Constitutional party, openly join with the Land-Leaguers, and strike blow at late Representative of Queen in Ireland? Something must be done, so BEACH promises that CARNARVON shall try the Maamtrasna affair over again.

"Pleasant evening you've had," I said to BEACH, after it was over. Which was the most pleasant incident, the bantering of HARCOURT, the reproach of BRODERICK, the rebuke of CHARLES LEWIS, the high scorn of HARTINGTON, or the patronage of TIM HEALY?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, TOBY," he said, with a wearied sigh, "it was when TIM HEALY was patting me on the back that I most bitterly wished I'd resisted the temptation to betray NORTHCOLE."

Business done.—None.

A CASE OF HEARTLESS CRUELTY!

A PERFECTLY trifling error of about £850,000 in the accounts of the late Board of Admiralty was made so much of, as if such a thing had never happened before, and such a very unusual fuss was made about it, that it was thought desirable that the late First Lord and the late Secretary should attend in Parliament and give some sort of explanation to those low fellows "who want to know, you know." But neither of those illustrious ex-officials was in Town. The ex-First-Lord had a pleasant engagement in the country which would probably detain him for about a week, when he would return and see all about it. But where was the ex-Secretary? and echo answered, where? Most men who know that pleasant and popular gentleman know full well what would be his course of action directly he was released from the boredom of office. A telegram would fly with lightning speed to his trusty Captain, and he would follow the pleasant telegram on the wings of an express train to the haven of his beautiful Yacht; he would at once rush on board, weigh anchor, spread the white sails to the fair breeze and thoughtfully remembering to forget to leave his address, speed away anywhere, anywhere, so that it was direct from Whitehall. And so it turned out, but his heartless ex-colleagues with a refinement of cruelty seldom equalled, never surpassed, forwarded telegrams to every place at which he might possibly touch, urging his immediate return on most urgent public affairs. We may endeavour but in vain to fancy what his feelings were when he found awaiting him at the very first port he rashly entered an awful-looking telegram such as we have described, adding too, possibly, that there was a little matter of £850,000 deficiency in the accounts which it was desirable should be cleared up. His first thought, doubtless, was to write a little cheque for the amount, but as that would have been pleading guilty to some slight inadvertence, it was at once abandoned.

We most of us know something of the language used by our Jack Tars, and even by those who only occasionally go down to the sea in ships of their own, when anything of a particularly annoying character ruffles their usually serene temper; so we would rather not have to record the nautical expressions that probably flow from Sir THOMAS BRASSEY'S lips when he had fully fathomed the full meaning of that terrible telegram.

Oh, the contrast of those two short runs! In the first we can imagine the rapture of the escaped Secretary, as his beautiful Yacht ran before the wind, and bore him swiftly away from boredom and anxiety. And then suddenly finding himself bound in honour to 'bout ship and return, as the Judge says, to the place from whence he came, and enter upon a tedious and troublesome inquiry that cannot bring him honour and may bring blame. And in such weather too! The punishment seems awfully severe, and everyone who knows his genial nature will cordially wish him a speedy release, and a swift return to that summer sea that he loves so well.

Our Annie.

OUR ANNIE was sorry and sad;
Alas, for her sweetheart she waited.
He came, and she sighed, "I'm so glad."
They married. She's now ANNIE-mated.

PRELATE AND PRIMROSE.

THE wind is in course of being raised for the formation of a Bishopric of Wakefield out of the Bishopric of Ripon. Wakefield has risen to importance sufficient for a See. "The Primrose League" ought to oppose any such design. Imagine a Bishop of Wakefield! Impossible. The Vicar of Wakefield can have no superior.

"LIKE A BIRD."—"TRUTH," said Mr. FINCH-HATTON, the other night, "is one of the prime necessities of political life." The Hon. Member should surely be re-named CHAFF-FINCH-HATTON! He must have been joking!

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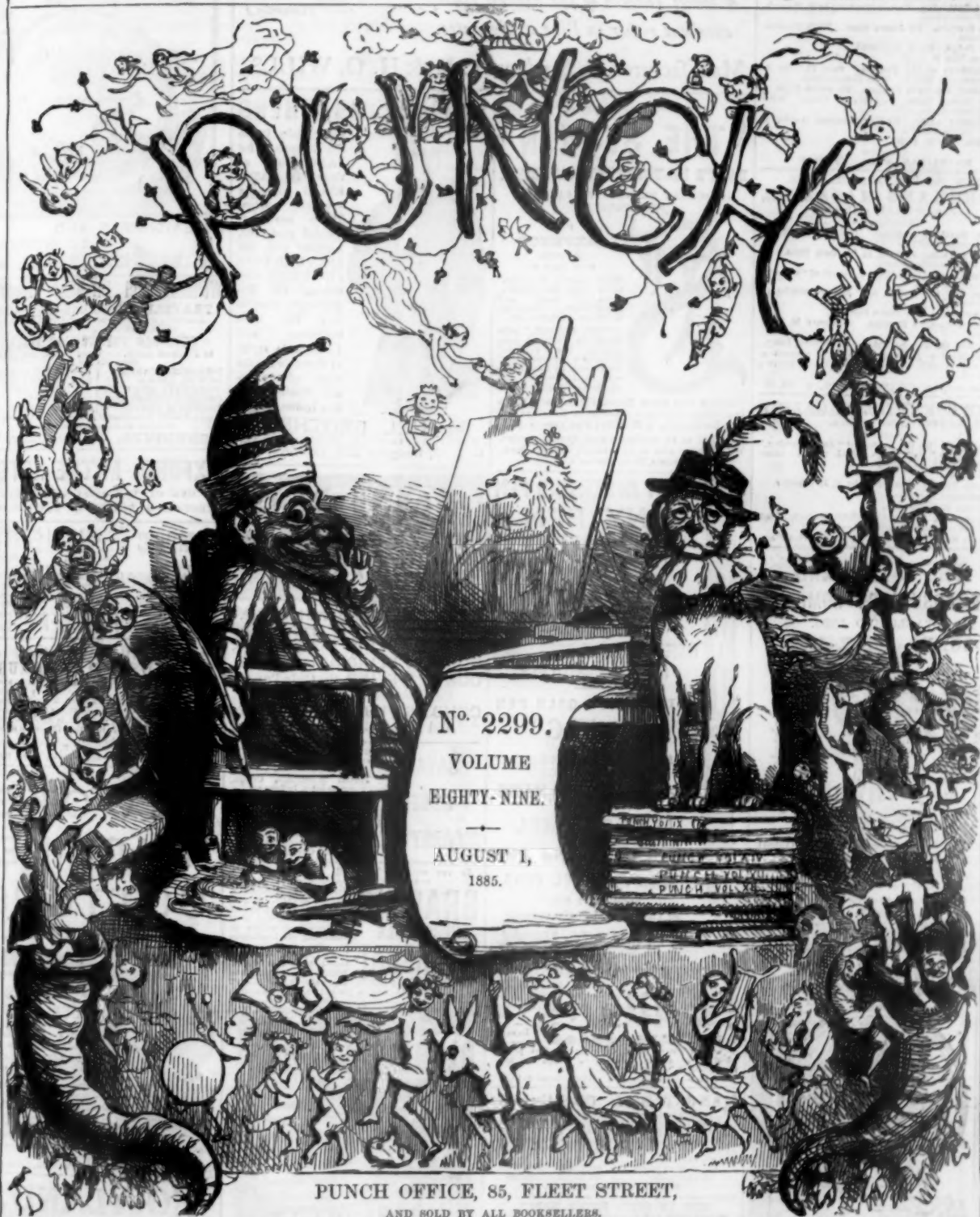
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TIPS! TIPS! TIPS!

(More of "the Ring and the Book." By Our Specially-engaged Sportsman.)

SIR—"Odds, my life!" as the Book-makers used to say in the last century, but I may refer



Some features of a Race Meeting, and two remarkably straight tips.

your readers to my letter last week with the confidence of a man who knows what he is writing about, and who has by this time earned the gratitude of the astute Sportsman who, seeing what I meant about the Leicestershire Cup, cleverly avoided the Duke of Richmond, and backed Corinna.

The Jockey was WALL—a regular Brick Wall. Let the weakest go to the Wall for advice in the future, and if he's up to his Thursday form, the Brick-layers may back him at long odds. Lord HARTINGTON was immensely pleased. Well, 'tis a poor HARTINGTON that never rejoices!

And now for Goodwood. "Off, off!" cried the Stranger; "but I forget on what occasion the Stranger cried off. It might have been applied to Goodwood this year, and would have meant that, as there were fewer than ten acceptances for the Goodwood Stakes, the race became void, and all bets were off. This is the first time such a thing has happened in the history of

Goodwood, and is one of the greatest mis-stakes of modern racing times. It must not occur again.

Ere this letter appears, the first day's racing will be over at Goodwood. How about the second day? I do not intend to be too minute about the second, but still have a word or two to say for the benefit not of those who run horses, but who read leaders. For the Stewards' Cup I can only say that if Lord HARTINGTON doesn't have it for his side-board, it will be because the horse which has so suddenly Blossomed into a winner may be full blown before he reaches the post, and will have yielded his place to those who shall have earned a right to occupy it. Sweetbread is one of the entrées, and Hermitage doesn't go badly with this dish. If I am told that all the horses down in the list will come up to their several owners' expectations, I reply, "Sir, you are a romancer; but there is such a thing as winning by a Neck-romancer." In some cases it's neck or nothing. "Brag's a good dog," and you will see whether this applies to him as a horse. Much depends on the weather, the state of the bellows, and the riding; so, à propos of Brag, let us sing, Shakspearially, "Hayhoe, the wind and the rein!"

Talking of singing, Lord CADOGAN may strike up "They've none got a Mate but me!" and, as an Irish Friend of mine observed, "There's more than may mate the eye in that horse." A good deal of fine work about Laceman. Honiton soit qui mal y pense, and I recommend my readers to keep a wary eye on his Hopperations. How easily Laceman may be turned into Placeman anyone who minds his "p's and q's" (and, after this, no one can x q's himself for not minding his p's) will see. Many a true word's uttered in jest, and, if the jest is bad, why, as the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket, "jest send," says my Irish Friend again, "for a Placeman." Omens strike some people forcibly. When you are training to Goodwood, look out for a Porter, and, if he's a half-and-half chap, be cautious how you deal with the Duke of Richmond (there's only one Richmond in the field, mind), and, when you alight, ask about Luminary, and you may get a perfect Blaise.

No Time like the Present Times, though, of course—that is, of race-course—it will be not unwise to make an exception in favour of Wild Thyme. Mind, Wild Thyme grows. When you want something to suit, give a look round at the TAYLORS'. If tired, go to Bed-ouin, which rhymes with WILLIE EDOUIN, the eccentric Comedian, and this is but another way of spelling Ed-win. A cockney, who may drop his money but retain his "h's," might read this Hed-win. But this may or may not be. Whatever your luck may have been hitherto, let "Nil Desperandum" be your motto when you're near Despair. Look out! Two for her heels! But Nil Desp. would have been a fine motto for the scuttling policy in Egypt; "Despairing of the Nile." However, I am a sportsman first and a politician afterwards.

For the rest of the field I can only say, and those who know me know that I mean what I say and say as much as I mean, that is, when I've said all I mean, keep your Bright Eye and your Dart-mouth open, think of Childhood's happy days before a White-lock appeared, and you went to school with a Satchel which you dis-

carded in the holidays, when you were taken to see a spectacle at the Theatre near old Hungerford Bridge, entitled Hobson's Choice; or, The King of the Furies, the principal characters being Albert Melville, Adelina, who, as a Pearl Diva, sang a song about Oyster Patti, a mysterious Domino, an Eastern Emperor, who was always running after an Oriental Girl, who, as she would have nothing to say to him, was mistaken for a Crosspatch, and repulsed him with an Energy which might have, in old times, distinguished a Highland Chief, and in modern times would have distinguished the plucky Commander of the Condor. It will not do for me to pretend to absolute certainty as a tipster, or I might be inclined to be frank with you about Sir Francis. Do you know the river Stour? Well, you may not set the Thames on fire, but can you find a match for a Stour-wick?

To return to omens. Going into a reading-room, a friend of mine the other day tripped over some cocoa-fibre matting, but as he was out for a trip, it didn't matter. What did he exclaim? "Ha! matting!" Is this anything resembling Harmattan? Then sitting down to luncheon, he was disappointed in not seeing beef, and cried out, "Ha! mutton!" What does this portend? He kicked the black-and-tan terrier, accidentally, as he explained, because not on any account would he Harm-a-tan. These may be coincidences: I give them for what they are worth.

Hot weather! Do you wish you were on the Boulevard? or down on the Royal Fern, in the shady Glen Albyn, going in a bucket to the Lang-well, which is as broad as it's lang, and I'm as deep as that is. Do I say leave well alone? Give me a quiet dinner at Royal Hampton, and let SADBIE provide the saddle for the party, and after the meal we shall all be Ful-men.

Yours ever,
The Cell, Bye Lane, Belfortounshire. PEEPER THE HERMIT.

Where's Lindley Murray, M.P.?

AMONG the Clauses to be proposed in Committee on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, appeared the following paragraph, the composition of Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, M.P. for Liverpool:—

"A justice of the peace if satisfied by information laid before him that there was no reasonable cause to believe in such unlawful detention of the girl, and that such persons acted wantonly and without bona fide interest in the girl, may be liable to be fined not more than forty shillings, or imprisoned for any term not exceeding fourteen days."

Poor Justice of the Peace! Rather hard on him. SAMMY SMITH must have a spite against Magistrates.

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Gratwicke.



Lean-Ox.



Entering for the "Drawing Room."



Singleton.



Stew'ards.



THE WHITE-BAIT SEASON.

Rustical Maiden Aunt (who is unacquainted with this "delicacy of the Season").
 "N-NO, THANK YOU! NO S'RIMPS, THANK YOU!!"

QUITE NEW AND ENTIRELY ORIGINAL.

DEAR MR. NIBBS,

As I know you take an interest in theatrical matters, will you allow me to tell you of a curious coincidence I have recently discovered? Thank you. Then here goes. I remember seeing somewhere, very many years ago, a play the central idea of which was a fraud committed by two persons upon a Baronet who had left in their custody his son by a secret marriage. In this old piece the agent of the Baronet—his Solicitor—had put the boy to school, receiving for his maintenance a large annual allowance. And in this ancient comedy the Baronet suddenly turned up, to ask for his until-then-discarded child, to have palmed off upon him an impostor substituted for the real Simon Pure by the agent, who had duly received the pay from his principal, without informing that easy-going individual that the boy for whose support the money had been contributed had long since run away. Seeing *Cousin Johnny* the other evening at the Strand, I was reminded of this old comedy, as the plot of both pieces appeared to be the same.

But I liked the original comedy at the Strand far better than the original comedy at the Haymarket.—I am almost sure the piece I recollect was played at the Haymarket, because it was much simpler in construction. Instead of a solicitor and a schoolmaster imposing upon the Baronet as in the original, at the Strand it is a husband (a man who had been the Baronet's servant) and his wife who commit the fraud. In the Old Haymarket the changeling was a lad picked out of the streets, who had been a doctor's boy, a lawyer's clerk, and an omnibus conductor; at the New Strand the changeling is a barman, and the son of what I may call the Baronet's fraudulent trustees. In both pieces the impostor here is an innocent party, ignorant of the fraud committed upon the Baronet, whom he verily believes to be really and truly his parent.

As I sat enjoying the quaint eccentricities of Mr. J. S. CLARKE as *Johnny*, I could not help thinking of the different reading I had seen years ago, when a very broad Comedian had played *Joe Wadd*—ah, to be sure, *Joe Wadd* at the old Haymarket was the counterpart of the hero of the comedy (described in

the bills as "new and original") at the Strand. I thought, too, how great an improvement had been effected at the Strand in making the true son of the Baronet (who is recognised in both pieces in Act III.) the Baronet's Private Secretary, instead of a Lieutenant of the ship that had brought the Baronet over from India with his niece, as he used to be at the Haymarket. It appeared to me more natural that the rightful heir should fall in love with his unknown Cousin in that capacity than merely as a sailor. Besides, the Private Secretaryship accounted for the heir's presence in attendance upon the Baronet; while at the Haymarket the meetings between the cousins had to be of a more or less clandestine character. But the Strand version has this drawback, the young lady, *Florence Courtney*, requires a mother to chaperone her. At the Haymarket *Alice Leslie*, having no avowed admirer, could be an orphan, without maternal encumbrances. Yet it is only fair to say that, by the introduction of the General's sister, the unpleasant idea of the Baronet wishing to sacrifice his son's and niece's happiness by a forced marriage disappears, and it is the young lady's Mamma (omitted at the Haymarket) who supports the match at the Strand.

As I looked on at the Strand, the dear old times came back to me, and I jotted down my memories side by side with the modern fancies. Here is a copy of the leaf from my note-book:—

Haymarket "Original."

Joe, a vulgarian, is palmed off upon *Sir William Melville* (a Baronet who has been secretly married when a Captain in the Army) by the Baronet's agent, who has lost the original, and who fears punishment for having pocketed the money sent to him by *Sir William* for that original's maintenance.

Sir William wishes his son to marry his niece.

Joe refuses to marry *Alice*, because he is in love with *Penelope*, a servant in the house of *Sir William's* agent.

Alice is in love with *Henry Melville*, who is known as *Jacob Brown*.

Sir William's agent in Act III. repents and confesses the fraud, and *Henry Melville* is acknowledged and betrothed to his cousin, the girl of his heart.

Joe marries *Penelope*, and all ends happily.

Strand "New and Original."

Johnny, a vulgarian, is palmed off upon *Sir George Desmond* (a Baronet, who has been secretly married when a Captain in the Army) by the Baronet's agent, who has lost the original, and who fears punishment for having pocketed the money sent to him by *Sir George* for that original's maintenance.

Sir George wishes his son to marry his niece.

Johnny refuses to marry *Florence*, because he is in love with *Tilly*, a servant in the house of *Sir George's* agent.

Florence is in love with *John Desmond*, who is known as *Hugh Seymour*.

Sir George's agent in Act III. repents and confesses the fraud, and *John Desmond* is acknowledged and betrothed to his cousin, the girl of his heart.

Johnny marries *Tilly*, and all ends happily.

In both pieces the Baronet is disgusted at the vulgarity of *Joe-Johnny*. In both pieces *Joe-Johnny* is naturally a good-hearted fellow, who, from first to last, has the sympathies of the audience with him. At the Haymarket there was an underplot, no doubt invented to introduce the various other members of the old company. This under-plot dealt with female impostors, and an attempt to get up a breach of promise of marriage case—there is something of the sort, but very much shorter and less elaborate, at the Strand.

The acting in the new and original comedy is very good all round. Mr. J. S. CLARKE, as *Joe-Johnny*, could not be better; he is inimitable—quite the most original incident of the piece; and it is delightful to see Miss BURTON as *Lady Courtney*. Then as *Florence*, pretty, intelligent Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE—Stay—BUCKSTONE! Why, to be sure! Why did I not think of it before? And I wonder if Mr. CLARKE thought of it before! Did he suggest this excellent and novel idea to the new and original collaborators? Well, Sir, anyhow, BUCKSTONE was the *Joe* of the original comedy, Mr. ROGERS the Baronet, Mr. W. FARREN the rightful heir, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM *Penelope*, and Messrs. CHIPPENDALE and COMPTON the fraudulent trustees. To be sure! And, now I come to think of it, the old piece I have been describing was from the pen of STERLING COYNE



"START" AND "FINISH."

Lord Rocebery (the retiring). "JUST GOING RACING, SIR, AS I'M LEAVING OFF! WISH YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS LUCK!"

H. R. H. "THANK'YE. THE NOBLE RACEHORSE WAS ALWAYS A LITTLE HOBBY OF MINE. RUNS IN THE FAMILY."

—of course there used to be an old joke about Sterling Coin, and not imitation—it was called *The Hope of the Family*, and was first performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Saturday, the 3rd of December, 1853.

Faithfully yours,

THE SHORT MAN WITH THE LONG MEMORY.

P.S.—The Critic of the *Telegraph* the Strand Management are so delighted with his opinion, that they give it daily advertisement suggests that *Cousin Johnny* is a return to "honest English Comedy." Artful this of the canny SCOTT. It is a return! Deary me, to thirty years ago!

"THE ROW ACROSS THE CHANNEL."—Many persons who saw this placarded about last Saturday, thought the recent fracas in Hyde Park between two noble Sportsmen had ended in pistols and coffee for two on Calais sands. Others imagined that it was another French revolution. It was the news of the Oxford Eight having rowed across the Channel, on a calm day, so there was nothing to make a row about.

FANCY our dear old Lady's horror when she heard that last week, at Lord's, a Cricketer had bowled a Maiden over. "Poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. R. "I hope she was picked up again quickly, and wasn't much hurt."



'SACKLY LIKE!

[The Times, in an article on the acoustic properties of the House of Commons, said:—"When crowded, it is like speaking in a barn full of sacks."]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 20.—ASHBOURNE down to-day, intending to make maiden speech on moving Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill. SPENCER also with speech ready. This to be debate of the evening. But other matters intervene. Bill not reached till Quarter to Eight. Time to be off to dress for dinner. Bill urgent; time short. People would say things if Lords adjourn without dealing with Bill; and yet if debate opened, what about dinner? Happy thought occurred to ASHBORNE.

"Let's pass Second Reading without debate, and make our speeches on next stage. Then neither Bill nor dinner will be damaged." House jumped at suggestion; Second Reading taken at a gallop, and all over by Quarter past Eight.

"RANDOLPH's quite right," said the Marquis. "There's nothing like the introduction of new blood. No one would have thought of this only for ASHBORNE."

In the House of Commons, matters going a little awry. Ministers on Treasury Bench practically boycotted by supporters. BEACH tries to put bold face on affairs, but has his moments of depression.

"Never was fellow so unlucky as I," he says, after alternately trying what comfort there may be in GEORGIE HAMILTON's habit of tearing up bits of paper, and in RANDOLPH's ferocious fondling of his moustache. "Haven't conquered the unpleasant feeling about my deserting NORTHCOTE at a critical moment before I tumble into this business of the Land-Leaguers. Thought, after I'd thrown over NORTHCOTE, House wouldn't mind my giving up SPENCER. Seems it does, and what's worse, it's our own fellows who're turning up rusty. Used to talk about late Government being 'humiliated.' Good word, but isn't strong enough for our fellows to apply to us after Friday night's business. Do everything for the best, but everything seems to go wrong. Wish I was back on bench opposite with NORTHCOTE by my side. Don't mind the abuse of the enemy. What's hard to bear is the contempt of your friends."

Still there are consolations. Irish votes on to-night; postponed day after day in anticipation of a row. But Parnellites honourably keep their share of bargain. True, Windbag SEXTON has an hour or so, ARTHUR O'CONNOR makes several speeches, CORBETT treats with some detail of the history, prospects, and domestic economy of the Drumdrum Criminal Lunatic Asylum, and the brothers REDMOND rave. But JOSEPH GILLIS opens his long arms to Her Majesty's Government and clasps HART DYKE to his tender breast. (This in a parliamentary sense, of course.) Pleasing to find JOEY B. in this benevolent frame of mind: more striking even than Windbag SEXTON's beautiful allegory of the "political sky in Ireland almost obscured with showers of white gloves." HART DYKE a little embarrassed by blandishments of JOEY, but doggedly repeats his formula. "Doesn't care what happens, whether his personal reputation grows or diminishes. All he thinks of is the welfare of Ireland!" *Business done.*—Irish Estimates voted with both hands.

Tuesday.—Always watch with interest the growth of practice of introducing object-lessons in House of Commons. LYON PLAYFAIR, one of the first practitioners, with his pots of oleomargarine, and his specimens of butterine. Then came FARQUHARSON, with a calined cow, conveniently carried in waistcoat pocket. Next, BROADHURST produced masons' tool-chest, and described its contents to entranced House. Only other night CAMERON, denouncing War Office delinquencies, brought down a singularly-gifted lamp, for which there was no oil, and which would not hold a candle. Now ONSLOW brings in a copy of illustrated broadsheet, and, as Truthful JAMES puts it, "chucks it at the head of the HOME SECRETARY."

"Have you seen it?" ONSLOW growls, standing immediately behind the hapless HOME SECRETARY. No answer. "Then here you are!" and the champion of the Trade thrusts the paper in CROSS's face.

CROSS shrank, shuddering, from the contact, violently shaking his head in deprecation of this treatment of Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State. ONSLOW's manners equal to occasion. Drops the paper over CROSS's shoulder. CROSS makes desperate attempt to look as if it wasn't there. BEACH takes it up between finger and thumb, and hands it back. ONSLOW returns it, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, amid manifest signs of interest on part of CAVENTISH BENTINCK, throws it under the table.

"Keep your eye on CAVENTISH BENTINCK," WILFRID LAWSON whispers—"he'll be accidentally roaming about the table presently; will observe with surprise a paper with pictures in it under the table, and will innocently walk off with it."

A pretty scene this; fairly indicates present relations between Government and their supporters. BEACH has a particularly bad time of it; chaffed by Members opposite, and having illustrated papers and worse things thrown at him from his friends behind.

"It's rather disheartening," said JOHN MANNERS, looking round the jeering crowd before him and the angry faces behind, "to go through weeks of the Session, and no one to cry 'God bless you!'"

Wednesday Morning.—Things going from bad to worse. C. S. READ, LEWIS, LOWTHER, PELL, TALBOT, all stout Conservatives, bewailing discredit brought upon Party by action of Leaders. At Two o'clock this morning BEACH, after gallant effort to keep his temper, momentarily lost it. Fell, tooth and nail, upon Members on Front Bench opposite, and snappishly announced that, whatever happened, the Bill (Medical Relief) should go through Committee. HARCOURT, nothing loth, accepted this invitation to a row. RANDOLPH, with a joyous whoop, joins, and regular slanging match begins; finally ends with the Government, aided by the Parnellites, narrowly escaping defeat.

Business done.—Medical Relief Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday Afternoon.—Came upon Grand CROSS this afternoon, peeping in at the House from behind the SPEAKER's chair.

"Walk in! Walk in!" I said with that ready and unforced humour peculiar to me in the Dog Days. "There's nothing to pay. What are you looking so anxious about?"

"Ah! is that you, TOBY?" said the HOME SECRETARY, starting.

"Thought it was ONSLOW. Seen him about anywhere to-day? Did he look as if he had an illustrated paper in his pocket? Really, very annoying to have a man going on as ONSLOW does, leaning over Secretary of State, and rubbing his nose with an obnoxious newspaper. Never had to put up with this kind of thing before. Don't mean to stand it now."



Very Cross.

"Then you'd better go in, put a bold face on it, and let ONSLOW know you're not to be trifled with."

"You're right, TONY; I'll do it."

And he did it as far as appearance went, putting on severe magisterial air, though shrinking a little when he discovered ONSLOW in his place, and carefully selecting seat out of arm's length.

"Let him rub somebody else's nose with his newspapers," he muttered defiantly. "There's RANDOLPH. Let him try him."

ONSLOW hadn't brought another newspaper with him, but repeated his question of former day as to intention of HOME SECRETARY with respect to sale of certain prints in the street. Grand Cross, with

wholesome apprehension of a possible newspaper, returned careful answer, which said nothing particular, but sounded well. ONSLOW, after momentary hesitation, deferred further personal application of the newspaper, and Grand Cross took the earliest opportunity of leaving the Treasury Bench.

Business done.—One or two Irish Votes agreed to.

Thursday Night.—Letter from Captain GOSSET announcing his retirement from office of Sergeant-at-Arms, held for fifty years. Sir THOMAS MAY could scarcely control his emotion as he read the letter. HARCOURT openly wept, whilst JOSEPH GILLIS, producing a bandana of vast proportions and mixed colours, suspiciously hid his face.

"Many's the time he's walked me out," said JOEY B., with snuffle that did credit to his emotionable temperament. "Couldn't say at the moment how many times I've been suspended, but never



Mr. Punch. "I feel that in losing Mr. GOSSET we are losing not merely an invaluable pictorial servant and a rare model of a Sergeant-at-Arms, but also a valued personal friend. TONY, let us drink to the health and happiness of the Sergeant-at-Arms with three times three."

Toby. "And a little one in! The Sergeant's health!" [They drink.]

received anything but courtesy from GOSSET. Fancy I can hear his voice now. 'JOSEPH GILLIS,' says he, laying his hand on my shoulder, 'the SPEAKER's ordered you out, and out you go by crook or by hook, by crop or by neck. Come along quietly, for the love of Heaven, or, as sure as you're sitting there, I'll run you through with my sword!' Ah! there's where the niceness of the man

came out. His way was so winning, and his sword so handy, that I always went with him without making any fuss."

PARNELL publicly bore testimony to the esteem in which the good GOSSET is held by Irish Members. So deeply moved, that he actually attempted to make a joke with sly hit at the lack of amiability and almost entire absence of humour which distinguishes his following. CALLAN took the jibe seriously, and loudly cheered.

Business done.—Government defeated on Medical Relief Bill by majority of 50.

Friday.—An evening of mixed excitement, and varied interest. Supposed to have met to pass Supply. Before reaching business, O'BRIEN danced upon an Irish landlord; BANCLAY treated of Procurators Fiscal; SAMUEL SMITH delivered entrancing lecture on Bimetallism ("His great grandfather ADAM's remarks on the Wealth of Nations quite dull after this," said HART DYKE); DEASY on Earl SPENCER's criminal refusal to appoint Mr. JOHN O'BRIEN, T. C., Governor of the Cork Lunatic Asylum; SEXTON on PETER O'GARA arrested for drunkenness, put in Sligo Police Barracks, and subsequently found dead, while another man (who might have been Earl SPENCER) was "found sitting on the floor with his coat and waistcoat off;" and MOLLOY "went for" Magistrates of King's County.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

Princess Beatrice married to Prince Henry of Battenburg, July 23, 1885.



The Royal Ring-Doves.

HAPPY the bride on whom so brightly shines
Our English sun, with light from loyal lines
Of honest English faces,
A princely husband's fond exultant smile,
A Royal Mother's love,—all that our Isle
Of best and bravest graces.

Happy the bride!
And happy may she be,

The wife, whom Wight's green isle, we trust, shall see
For many and many a season;
England's home-staying daughter, bride, yet bound
As with silk ties, within the dear home-round
By many a gentle reason.

Reasons of heart, with which no rules of state
Clash cruelly. Fair, filial, fond, elate,
Glad bride and daughter loyal,
Where'er she flits may it be on love's wing,
Returning sure that in our hearts will ring
A welcoming right royal!

"THEY'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"

A MR. HAGOPIAN having written to Lord SALISBURY, pressing on him the need of carrying out reforms in Armenia, "in conformity with the 61st Article of the Treaty of Berlin," without being snubbed, other Correspondents will now probably feel encouraged to indite letters to the PRIME MINISTER, setting forth the paramount and immediate necessity of,—

1. Devoting at least half a million of the Tax-payers' money to a scientific investigation of the recent eruptions of Krakatoa.
2. Sending an Ultimatum to the Czar, reminding him of a sort of half-promise made twenty years ago, not to attack Khiva.
3. Building twenty thousand miles of Railway to the Equator (also with Tax-payers' money), to educate the illiterate Savage.
4. Erecting the largest telescope in the world (cost not to exceed that of one large Ironclad) to discover the particular "Manual of Political Economy" most in use in the planet Saturn.
5. Re-establishing "Friendlies" all over the world in the "status quo ante"—any amount of British promises and belief in the same.
6. Getting on in India without the Opium Revenue.
7. And finally—Declaring the fixed conviction of the Government that the time has at length arrived for (A) Squaring the Circle. (B) Suppressing Pauperism. (C) Abolishing Hard Times, Overcrowding, Intemperance, and Crime and Misery generally.



MUSIC AT HOME.

(A Comic Song, in French, by Monsieur Patatras.)

Mamma (sharply). "VERA, WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH! CAN'T YOU SEE EVERYBODY'S IN FITS!"

Miss Vera. "HE SINGS SO FAST, MAMMA! I DON'T UNDERSTAND A WORD HE SAYS!"

Mamma. "NO MORE DO I—NO MORE DOES ANYBODY. BUT YOU NEEDN'T SHOW IT, YOU SILLY CHILD!"

WITH THE STREAM.

Bouncing "Bow" loquitor:—

PULL away! Yes! By Jove, it scarce *needs* pulling,
So clear the course, so smoothly swift the stream.
This is the loveliest bit of double-scuttling.
Obstruction? Adverse tide? All, all a dream!
Aren't we just going it?

Boat slips along as though old Time were towing it.

Knew we should do it, if we once got seated,
And here we are at last, old boy, in clover.
Perfectly lovely! Eh? What? Get defeated?
By whom? Why it's a regular "walk-over."
Croaking's blank folly.

When everything's so wonderfully jolly.

Those other fellows couldn't pull together;
A regular scratch lot and stroked all wrong.
Sir LUBBOCK's 'Arries they, no "time," no "feather."
But see how splendidly *we* slip along!

Row brothers, row!
Pile on, my BEACH, and put in all you know!

Too fast already? Well you *are* a duffer.
Why, one would think, instead of a crack oar,
You were some puffing adipose old buffer,
Or novice who had never stroked before.

Pull away, HICKS!
We're two young fliers, not two stiff old sticks!

What was the use of "chucking" poor old STAFFY,
If you, too, turn a shirker? Regular spree, Sir.
Rollicking, frolicking, spurty, shandy-gaity
Holiday out! We'll give old Woe a teaser
Before we've done;
But croaky carefulness will spoil our fun.

Where are we going? With the stream, of course!

Eh? Took our extra solemn double davy

That we would stem it, whatsoe'er its force?

Pooh! We were then on shore. Why cry peccavi

Before you have to?

He's a poor slave who *conscience* is a slave to.

We've dished them splendidly, the rival crew,

"Taken their water," and got well ahead of them.

Fouled them? Oh, do shut up, old croaker, do!

Those declared winners need not mind what's said of them

By well-licked fellows,

Who failed—as they did—from sheer lack of "bellows."

It's splendid going here, so swift, so easy.

What's that you're muttering, *facilis descensus?*

Oh, hang old apophthegms, and don't turn queasy!

Punctiliousness in narrow sheepfolds pens us,

And tame timidity

Shelves us at last. Look at Lord Tiddyiddity!

IDDESLEIGH is it? Ah! I'd quite forgotten.

But Tweedledum or Tweedledee what matters it?

Mere scrupulosity as a stay proves rotten,

The rough-and-tumble of the world soon shatters it.

Don't be a duffer,

My dear HICKS-BEACH, or STAFFY's fate you'll suffer.

What? A weir yonder? Oh! I'm a-weir of it.

There! Better old Joe Millers than old saws.

I do not stand especially in fear of it,

Although they've written "Danger" near its jaws.

From nettle "Danger"

We may pluck "Safety." Things have happened stranger.

At any rate let's have our pull. It's jolly

To watch the bilious faces of our rivals.

Blow caution and consistency! Both folly!

But if we have the luck to prove survivals,

Yon rapids clearing,

We'll show 'em something new in stroke and steering.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 1, 1885.



WITH THE STREAM.



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OVER-PRESSURE.

He. "DID YOU GO TO HEAR MR. GEORGE'S LECTURE?"

She. "NO. WHO'S MR. GEORGE?" (Pause.)

He. "DID YOU GO TO HEAR JOACHIM?"

She. "NO. WHO'S JOACHIM?" (Pause.)

He. "HAVE YOU HEARD ST. PAUL AT THE ALBERT HALL?"

She. "NO. WHO'S ST. PAUL?" [Gives it up.]

QUITE ABOVE BOARD.

THE evidence elicited by the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the recent discrepancies in the Admiralty Accounts, having very naturally created in the minds of the present officials some slight confusion as to the precise nature of the responsibility falling upon them each individually in the discharge of their respective duties, the following brief preliminary "Paper of Regulations" for the guidance of the Secretary has already been issued by the Authorities at Whitehall:—

THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

To obviate for the future any possible misconception as to the limits of the Secretary's official right of interference either with the sanguine temperament of his Chief or the sportive arithmetic of his subordinates, he shall, in time of peace, endeavour to make things pleasant all round—

(1) By avoiding nasty questions that can only lead to disagreeables;

(2) By putting a kindly and genial construction on suspicious-looking Estimates; and

(3) By playfully saying to the First Lord, if possible, after a good dinner at the Accountant-General's, "You must play your own little game on your own responsibility, you know. Ha! ha! Don't mind me! Bless you, I'm not watching you."

In time either of war, or of immediate preparation for it, then a little more general latitude should mark the Secretary's conduct; and, to enable him efficiently to dispose of the, very probably, embarrassing problems that will present themselves to him in the course of business, it will be his duty to get hold of a thoroughly comic Contractor.

General Ulysses S. Grant.

BORN, 27TH APRIL, 1822. DIED, 23RD JULY, 1885.

AN Iron Soldier!! When red War unfurled
O'er all the myriad leagues of the New World
Its desolating banner, when fierce hate
And brother-sundering feud first shook the State,
Two noble names shone chiefly, LEE and GRANT.
These twain, titanically militant,
Shook like conflicting avalanches. Now
Peace, brooding o'er the land with placid brow,
Sees the great fighters fallen. He at last,
The calm, tenacious man, who seemed to cast
Defiant looks at Death, the stoic stern,
Whom long-drawn anguish could not bend or turn,
Lies prone, at peace, after such stress of grief
As must have found the summons glad relief.
An Iron Soldier! If, as foemen say,
Mixed with true metal much of earthly clay
Marred the heroic in him of full state,
His land will not record him less than great,
Who, in her hour of need, stood firm, and stayed
The tide of dissolution. Unafraid
The people's heart, the patriot muse, may vaunt
The golden service of ULYSSES GRANT.

TO SOME DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

MR. CRESWICK, honourably associated so many years in theatrical management with Mr. SHEPHERD—they were the Managerial Siamese twins, the inseparable "SHEPHERD and CRESWICK"—is going to take leave of the Stage. We thought he had retired altogether long ago, but are delighted to find the CRESWICK not snuffed out, but gleaming with all its former fire. But this is what we have to suggest, and we suggest it to the Archiest of the CAMPBELLS, who will be only too pleased to play in, or out of, Coombe Wood, and readily wood coombe to the assistance of the veteran tragedian. Are not "The Pastoral Players" the very people to do their very best for the man who, throughout his professional career, was always associated with a SHEPHERD? Do this: help him by hook or by crook.

What a beautiful real Snow Scene the Pastoral Players might have in the winter! and why not a Snow Pantomime with a dance afterwards,—a Snow Ball to follow? But *revenons à nos moutons*, as CHARLES LAMB said.

N.B.—The Committee for the Creswick Benefit meets at the Lycoum Theatre, Thursday, July 30th, at 2'30 P.M.

This personage, who should be able to imitate animals, and do some amateur conjuring, the Secretary should at once button-hole, and, by way of leading up to Government business, ask him a few good old-fashioned Conundrums. Starting, for instance, with the well-known amusing puzzle of the Man "going to St. Ives," he should gradually introduce the departmental matter in hand, and drop into the sly official humour it will be, above all things, necessary to maintain, with some such question as, "If the Government wanted twelve colliers at a pinch, with or without crews, for the purpose of despatching them either as transports, ironclads, or pleasure yachts, with—no matter how many men—to—never you mind where, how long would it take them to get there and back, and what would be the figure at half-a-crown for the first hour and two shillings for every hour afterwards?"

As the Contractor won't be able to answer this at once unless he is very funny, or has heard it before, the Secretary should not miss his chance of scoring, but as soon as his companion is fairly in fits over it, get out a two-headed halfpenny and offer to toss him the best out of three whether he shall put the sum, in an anonymous letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, roundly at £500,000, or hint that it will be comfortably covered by a five-pound note.

By this time the Contractor will in all probability have gathered correctly that the sole official idea is to keep up the traditions of the Department, and propose to finish the interview with a pantomime rally. In this, of course, the Secretary will join him; and just popping his head into the First Lord's Room on his way down-stairs, and shouting, "Oh, you're the best judge of the emergency, are you? Well—I wouldn't be in your shoes!" hurry him to the street with a back somersault or two, and return again to his room, conscious of the fact that, as far as he is concerned, the country shall have, at all events as yet, no reason to complain that a good old honest Admiralty joke is a thing of the past.

A PROTEST.

[A consignment of Cat-fish has been received here.]

Oh, do not bring the Cat-fish here:
The Cat-fish is a name of fear,
Oh, spare each stream and spring,
The Kennet swift, the Wandle clear,
The lake, the loch, the broad, the mere,
From that detested thing!
The Cat-fish is a hideous beast,
A bottom-feeder that doth feast
Upon unholy bait;
He's no addition to your meal,
He's rather richer than the Eel,
And ranker than the Skate!
His face is broad, and flat, and glum,
He's like some monstrous Miller's-thumb,
He's bearded like the pard;
Beholding him, the Grayling flee,
The Trout take refuge in the sea,
The Gudgeons go on guard!
He grows unto a startling size;
The British Matron 'twould surprise,
And raise her Burning Blush,
To see white Cat-fish, large as man,
Through what the bards call "waters wan."
Come with an ugly rush!
They say the Cat-fish climbs the trees,
And robs the roosts, and, down the breeze,
Prolongs his caterwaul;
Ah, leave him in his Western flood,
Where Mississippi churns the mud,
Don't bring him here at all!



THE BITTER CRY OF THE PARLIAMENTARY CLARKE.

"HE LEAVES ME OUT HERE IN THE COLD;
BY JINGO, IT'S GOING TOO FAR.
GIVES NOTHING! OH, YES, A NICE OLD
SORT OF LIBERAL PARTY YOU ARE!"

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

WHEN OUR NOW world-renowned series of "Exteriors and Interiors" was commenced, we intimated that, at the end of the year the illustrations would be collected, and republished with a key—with, in fact, a bunch of keys. As, however, there may be some delay in their re-issue in book-form, we shall adopt on each occasion one of three courses, i.e., we may give the key with the picture, or we may give the picture in one number, and the key subsequently in another; or we may choose to treat them from time to time as Pictorial Puzzles, and bestow a Prize Volume of the collected series on the competitor who scores the largest number of successful guesses.

"TIS TRUE, 'TIS PATTI!"

LAST Saturday night Mme. ADELINA PATTI, after being complimented on her allowing nothing to prevent her from coming to fulfil her engagement at the Royal Italian Opera—(how very kind of her! wasn't she paid for it, and at a pretty considerable figure too? or did she do it out of pure regard for Mr. MAPLESON and her love of singing?)—was escorted to the Midland Hotel by a shouting mob, police, and torch-bearers. We are sorry to think that, after giving and experiencing so much pleasure, the gifted Songstress should have "suffered torchers!"

THE NEW SKOOL OF GILDHALL MUSIC.

WELL, the Copperashun's a going it pretty well I thinks, considering as its only jest escaped from sudden death or a lingering consumption from its resigned enemys. Most Copperashuns and other Publick Bodies who had bilt the finest set of Markets in the hole world, and the finest day Skool in the hole world—were the boys carries off all the biggest prizes in the hole world, that is to say they wood if they was strong enuff, but they gits so many on 'em as they're forced to have a cab to carry 'em away to their appy omes—and the finest free Libery in the hole world—were they has such lots of Readers that the werry Poplar Libraryun has to send lots on 'em away to the Brittitish Mewsceum coz he ain't got room enuff for 'em—wood have thort as they was now intitled to jest a little rest. But no, not them, for some bold Common Counselman having hinted at bilding a Skool of Music, sumboddy sed, "Go to Bath!" and he went to him, and then they both gos to a reglar Emperor of a Alderman and says to him, "let's have a Skool of Music." "So we will," says the Alderman, and so they set to work.

And now let us see how the littel idear growed to a werry big 'un. They fust took a house close by and opened it for a Skool of Musick and thort to have about 20 skollers. In about a year the Marster cums and says, "this here Skool ain't harf big enuff, for we've got 200 skollers insted of 20." So they took another big house next to the other big house, and that went on for a littel time, and then the Hed Marster cums again and he says, says he, these two big houses ain't harf big enuff, for we've got 2000 skollers insted of 200!

Well, it takes a good deal to astonish the Copperashun, as I werry well knos, but I'm told as this did astonish 'em jest a bit. And every body araked, "What on airth shall we do?" Then up sprung a plucky yung chap, as can sing a song like a bird, and he says, says he, "What shall we do? Why, bild a reglar Pallis as will hold the blooming lot quite cumferabel." And they all sang in chorus, "And so we will." And when old Deputy SKINFLINT said, "How about

the expense?" the imperial Alderman said, "If there's any bother about that, I'll pay it myself." So that littel matter was soon settled.

Then they made the plucky yung chap a Cheerman, and sent him to lay the fust stone of the new Skool on the Tems Imbankment, witch he did it last Wensday with a lovely reel silwer trowell as big as a spade, and tho the LORD MARE coudn't cum coz he was a bilding a Horsepittle or summat of that sort elsewhere, he sent his love to the plucky Cheerman and lent him won of his Sherryffs and a Alderman or too and lots of Deputyys and people to help him, so it must have bin quite a grand site on the Imbankment, witch I regrets as I didn't see coz I wasn't there, but was told by them as was, and then they all come back to dinner, and there I did see 'em in coarse. And werry good appytights their werry ard work seemed to have giv 'em, and lots on em made speeches, and werry good uns too considering as they was only a Mewsical Committy. And the Hedhitter of the Times was there, and he said—as ony sitch a mitey swell could say—"If the Copperashun spends about a hundred thousand pound in bilding up a Skool of Musick, it will shew as they are worthy of the Times!" It's suttienly a large price to pay for sitch a honner, but I spose as it earn't well be done for less, and so Cheerman MORRISON says, "Right you are!" and so it's as good as dun.

The Cheerman made werry short speaches, witch for wunce we was werry sorry for, as he speaks werry well, but he made hup for it by singing a grand song in his own grand style. But he quite surprised us all by showing us wot a horful raddical he is! Why, he sung a song about a King's life being nuffin compared to a Common Counselman's, witch although I dessay it's trew enuff, for I don't suppose as there's any life as cums near a Copporashun Cheerman's, yet all us Waiters thort that as it 'ud be better, when so many Press Gents was present, jest to keep it a little dark, or there 'll be such a rush for the places as 'ud a little astonish the present oocypents of comferel Copperashun Cheers.

I noticed as a singler cohicidents, that wen he said in his song, "The King can drink the best of wine, so can I!" every wun of the

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 15.



IN "GLADSTONE'S ROOM,"—I.E., IN THE ROOM OF GLADSTONE.

Press Gents filled his glass to the brim and tried the truth of his statement, and then drank a second to show as he thort so two. So the day was wot I calls a purfect spessimen of a reel good 'un, for it begun with a good deed and ended with a good dinner.

Ah, if most of our days was begun and ended in the same way as that ere day, what a different world it 'ud be! Goodness and Kindness and Charity and Silver Trowels and Music in the Morning, and Good Dinners and kind short speeches and capital Songs and Christian Horspitality in the evening. It may be only a dream of the cumming Future, but wot a dream!

ROBERT.

TENNYSON'S TROUBLE.

VERY graceful, no doubt, was the Laureate's perfunctory Wedding Present to Princess BEATRICE, who accepted it, as Her Royal Highness took Prince HENRY, for "better and verse." But what in Heaven's name,—in the sidereal Heaven's name,—did he mean by "A conjectured planet in mid Heaven between two suns"? *Polonius*, who so highly approved of the expression "Mobled Queen," would certainly have observep,

"'Conjectured planet' is good." But "between two suns"? Was the Poet Laureate thinking of the lines in the *Critic*, about "Two revolving suns"? Or was he only "mooning," and not thinking of anything in particular, except what a bore it was to be a Poet Laureate, and compelled to turn out machine-cut couplets to order? However, his Lordship, the Laureate, may congratulate himself on the fact that, if there is a "conjectured planet" standing like a donkey between two stools who comes to the ground,—we don't mind helping the troubadour to a simile or two gratis,—and "two suns" left for his phenomenal planet, at least there are not two daughters left, whose weddings will force him to mount his willing, but weary, Pegasus.

THE KEY OF "GLADSTONE'S ROOM."

TOBY DOG, TOBY DOG,
Where have you been?
"I've been to GLADSTONE'S Room."
What do you mean?

TOBY DOG, TOBY DOG,
What saw you there?
"I saw a little man in GLADSTONE'S chair."

Here SALISBURY hollars,
"Oh, RANDOLPH, what collars!"
But RANDOLPH says, "SARUM,
It suits me to wear 'em."
Says IDDESLEIGH to GIFFORD,
"We've not often differed,
CRANBROOK is weighing
What HAMILTON's saying,
Duke o' RICHMOND you'll find him
With GIBSON behind him up,
Grand CROSS is the man up,
And STANHOPE will stan' up,
While listening to each
Sits MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH,
SMITH, seated, looks tall
And full as a book-stall
Of knowledge priced cheap,
He's almost asleep.
They'd all smoke Havannahs
If 'twasn't for MAHERERS."
So here they all met are,
And here they agree
That "GLADSTONE'S Room's a better
Than his compagnee."

HAYMARKETING.

THE interior of the Haymarket Theatre, Monday night, July 20, on the occasion of the BANCROFTS' Farewell, was a wonderful sight.



Mr. and M. s. Bancroft (singing).
Farewell to the spot where so happy we've been,
And now we are off to the Engadine. [Exeunt dancing.]

The heat was intense: not a dry eye but wanted wetting, and the other eye also after that.

"Warm, isn't it!" exclaimed the President of the Royal Academy, to Sir ROBERT BROWNING—he isn't Sir ROBERT, but he ought to be; he's *our* Sir ROBERT until our own ROBERT gets knighted, than which there are more unlikely events that may happen in the Home of Turtle and Fine Linen.

"Warm!" replied Sir ROBERT BROWNING. "I wish I were at the sea-side!"

"What! Walmer!" cried the President.

"Yes, even that," returned the Bard: "for I'd prefer to be BROWNING in the sun to be baking under the gaslights."

"How about the Leger?" gasped Mr. JOHN HARE to Captain HAWLEY SMART.

"Mellon," answered the noble Sportsman, fanning himself with a handkerchief.

"Ha! a hot favourite!" said Mr. J. H., booking the tip. "Tremendous heat!"

"Heat!" murmured the Captain. "It's equal to three heats."

I don't know what most people thought of the bill of fare provided for our entertainment, but, personally I would, "on such a night," to quote the Bard, rather have had selections from the Robertsonian pieces than the first Act of *BULWER'S MONEY*, and a scene from *BOUDICAULT'S London Assurance*.

It was interesting and amusing enough to see Mr. JOHN CLAYTON as a Butler—very much "out of place"—and Mrs. JOHN WOOD, as a Maid-servant, chucked under the chin by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, who played *Sir Frederick Blount* as if he were first cousin of *Lord Dundreary*. Funny, of course, was also Mr. DAVID JAMES, who seemed to have forgotten a considerable amount of whatever he might once have known of this part. But what did it matter? We laughed, all of us. But criticism is out of the question on so exceptional an evening, and therefore I will suppose that all did their best, and looked their best. I would rather have seen Mr. HARE as *Lord Plarminigan*, or *Beau Farintosh* than as *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, and Mrs. KENDAL as *Dora*, in *Diplomacy*, than as that very theatrical Amazon, *Lady Gay Spanker*.

I should say that, where all were so successful, Mr. KENDAL'S "Yoicks! and who-hoop or Tallyho!"—or whatever the sporting cries were that he gave vent to,—might have, as the slang goes now-a-days, "taken the cake." It thrilled through Captain HAWLEY SMART, who, had it not been for the oppressive atmosphere, would with difficulty have been restrained from joining in a shout so dear to the heart of every true sportsman. The only person who seemed to take it cool was Sir HENRY IRVING, as he stepped lightly on to the stage and delivered himself of some most appropriate lines, written by Sir CLEMENT SCOTT—in these days, when everyone is being Baronetted or Knighted, it is so difficult to refuse a title to those whose names seem to be exactly formed to have a handle fitted to them)—whereat all the house cheered, to be in return itself cheered by the entrance of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE, whose few words put everyone in a better humour than ever.

Then the Curtain went down, and in a few seconds again arose, showing a stage covered with floral trophies, telling, not as mere flowers of speech, but in the very best language of flowers, of the tribute of affectionate regard which everyone present felt for the retiring Manageress. The Manager had to come forward alone, and speak for himself and partner.

I felt inclined to say, "Don't be down-hearted, Sir! 'don't cry, Mr. COOKE!' This is not good-bye, but *au revoir*!" and, after all, there's not much to weep about in having finished work early, and being able to retire in the very prime of life with a large fortune, good health, and the best wishes of a vast number of genuine friends, at a time when a majority of working men at the Bar, for example, who have toiled and toiled, and had to keep up appearances, are only just beginning to get out of difficulties, and to know the luxury of an increasing reserve-fund on deposit. Bless my dear pockets, I only wish I had half the cause for tears that my friend, Ex-Manager BANCROFT has, and I would weep for joy?

The BANCROFTS have done much for the Stage: in fact, the *mise-en-scène* at the houses where Comedy is played, owes its present completeness entirely to them. They, and Mr. HARE with them, introduced the natural style of acting, thereby supplanting the theatrical tone and gestures of the old school, which Burlesques had done good service in laughing off our Stage for ever. I wish them health, happiness, *ad multos annos*, and am theirs very truly,
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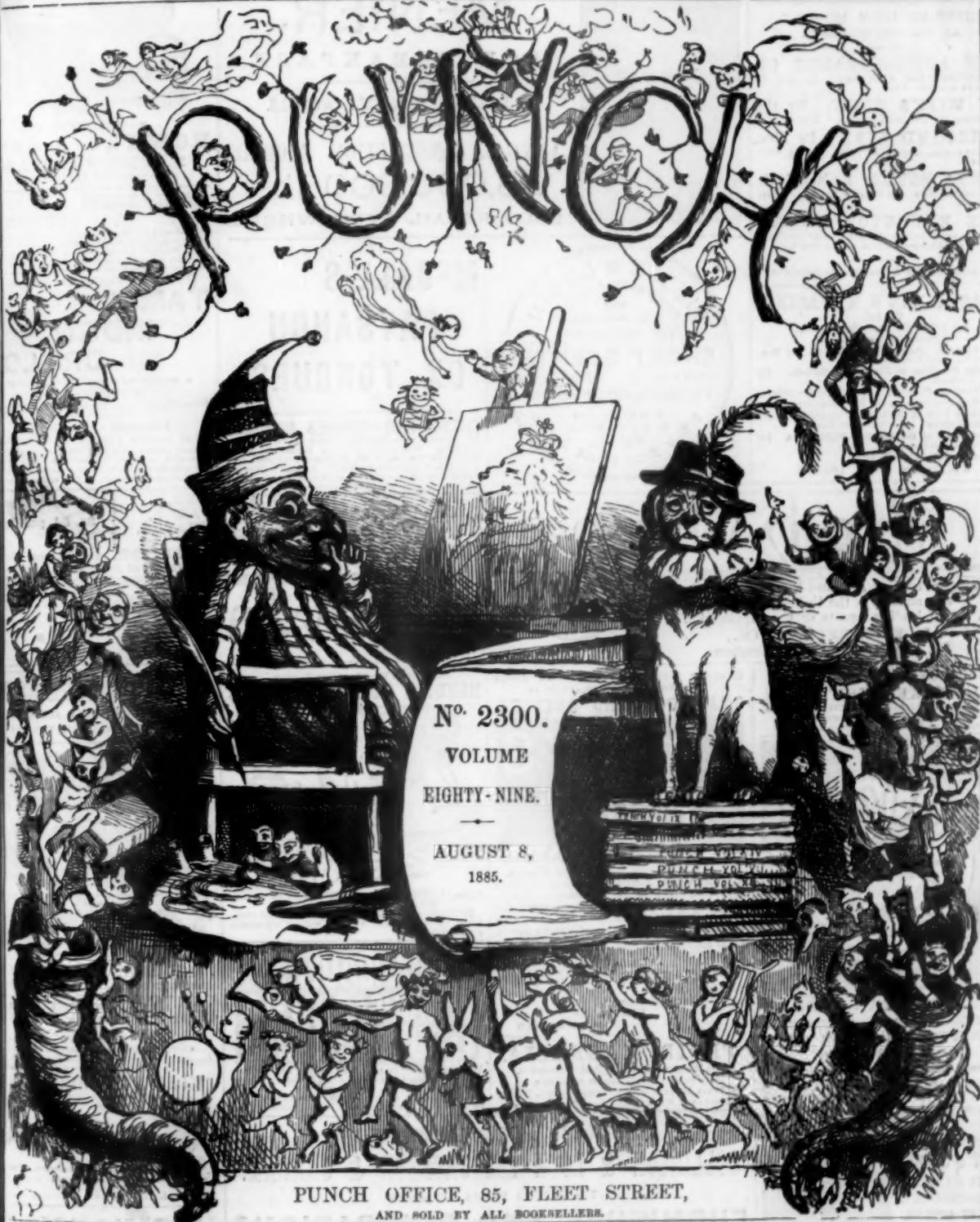
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CIRCULAR PENS
Write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither
scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new
process. Six Prize Medals awarded. Assorted
Sample Box, 6d., of any Stationer, or send 7 stamps
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Manufactured by JOHN GOSNELL & CO. LONDON

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In consequence of Imitations of
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which are calculated to deceive the Public,
LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact
each bottle of the Original and Genuine
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bears their signature, thus—

Lea & Perrins
Sole Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester,
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ROWLAND'S KALYDOR
Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather;
eliminates humors, Tan, Freckles, Stings of Insects,
&c., and procures a beautiful and delicate complexion.
Ask any Chemist for Rowland's Kalydor.

GAMP REDIVIVA; OR MUCH OVER-RATED."

WH-EEW! where is my precious old pattens, and likewise my cotton umbrella?
And only jest let me get at him, that RANDOLPH, that bragging fella!



To stick himself up as a BENJY? It's more than a mortal can bear!
They didn't ought never have let him, dear SALLY and darling old STAFFY,
Shove nose to the front, like a pup, just as he was cheeky and chaffy;
They ought to have snubbed him and smacked him, and made him go smartly to heel.

Taught him never to snap at his betters, nor play with strange puppies, nor steal.
But they spoilt him with petting and fussing; old SAIREY herself was to blame,
As did think him a sort of a new Bailey Junior, saucy, but game;
And now he has chucked us all over, and gone to the front like a shot,
And if SAIREY don't wallop him off, why, the Party will go straight to pot.
But old SAIREY will do it, oh, trust her! her back and her pattens is up,
As ain't goin' to be gulled nor yet flummoxed by any sech impudent pup.
Take on with them low Irish tykes like some Radical mongrel? No, no!
Not while SAIREY can handle her gingham. It's wus than that Brummagem Joe!
Wich them ain't, arter all, so much difference, not down at bottom there ain't,
But to see sich a leadin' our Party 'ud madden the soul of a Saint.
"Tory-demmycrat" sounds nice and harmless, but if it means simply cold scran
From the Rad's broken-wittol bag, drat it! far better the Libs' Grand Old Man!
He's a chokin' off arf our best men, wich his demydog traah they won't swoller;

There's WHITLEY and HAMILTON shied, and a lot more good fellas will foller.
Life and soul of the Party. Yah bah! If I let the young monkey alone,
It'll soon have no life left at all, nor no soul it can dare call its own.
But no. I must come to the rescue. I see it, I know it—I will!
He ain't never yet had to face a Umbrella wot's handled with skill.
WH-u-u-sh! WHack! If he don't drop his tail, and find all his smart
fireworks go damp,
When old SAIREY is once on the job in good earnest, my name isn't GAMP!

TALES OF HOPE.

LORD SALISBURY (according to his Mansion House deliverance) hopes that
Russia and England may preserve the peace and mutual respect, that Egypt
may progress, that the population of this country may advance socially, that
struggles for class power may cease, "and, above all, that the City of London
may retain, undiminished and unimpaired, its ancient magnificence." Leviathan
and little fishes! My Lord Marquis, there seems a little lack of "moral per-
spective" here. A finer example of anti-climax was surely never produced, even
by a Peer, a Premier, or a Saturday Reviewer! Lord JOHN MANNERS' famous
couplet is here outdone.

"Let nations fight, classes to contest stoop,
But leave us Civic Show and Turtle Soup!"

one might imagine your saying, if, like Lord SHEERBOOKE, you stooped to the
Weg-like weakness of "dropping into verse." Your "hopes," my Lord, do honour
to your head and your heart, but their order seems a little inverted. Surely,
surely that, "above all," must have been a slip of your eloquent tongue—on the
perilously greasy slopes of hyperbolic after-dinner eulogy.

FRIENDLY MOTTO FOR THE CANDAHAR RAILWAY (Russians and English).—
"Saum Sidi cuique."

A (GARDEN) PARTY QUESTION.

THE M.P.'s assembled on Parliament Hill,
At a swell Garden Party conducted with skill.
"Eh? Parliament, M.P.'s, and Party? Oh, dear!"
Sighs the reader. "I thought Dissolution was near."
Mr. Punch sympathises, but begs to explain
That this Parliament wasn't St. Stephen's again,
And that men sick of that may extend their most hearty
Approval to this—unpolitical—Party.
For you see SHAW-LEFEVRE and BRAMWELL, and LLOYD,
BURDETT-COUTTS, BODKIN, HUBBARD, and BRYCE were
employed,
Not in Party slang-whanging, such bricks quite beneath,
But in scheming extension to old Hampstead Heath.
The Parliament Fields and the Heath Park Estate,
If saved from the Ogres of brick, tile, and slate,
May be added thereto, if the price we'll afford,
And can stir up that slow Metropolitan Board.
Mr. Punch thinks if this be not done, more's the pity.
He'll do what he can do to help the Committee,
And holds that the people should leave nothing undone
To gain—whilst we can gain—a new lung for London.
He'd like, in long streets close and weary to tramp, 's
stead,
More green bosky acres adorning old Hampstead.
All lovers of Nature and friends of "the childer"
Should back SHAW-LEFEVRE in baffling the Builder!

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

In the official Court Circular, describing the recent
Royal Marriage festivities, an apology was made for call-
ing Count ERBACH SCHOENBERG (whoever he may be)
Count ERBACH of Erbach-Schoenberg, and announcing
that HER MAJESTY had been taking a drive with her
newest son-in-law instead of his brother. Such mistakes
as these are unpardonable; and to put the Public on its
guard for the future, it is as well to publish a table showing
the "fact" as shadowed forth by the Royal Record, with
the corresponding "real truth of the matter":—

When the Court Circular says	It may be concluded that
The QUEEN rode on a pony.	HER MAJESTY took a drive in a Bath chair.
The Royal promenade was before luncheon.	It was after that meal.
The QUEEN was accom- panied by two Equerries.	"On horseback" should have been added.
The Princess LOUISE called.	The Princess LOUISE (Mar- chioness of LORNE) called.
Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein stayed to luncheon.	Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein stayed to breakfast, twelve o'clock snack, luncheon, five o'clock tea, dinner, and supper.
The Grand Duke of HESSE has arrived at Osborne on a visit to HER MAJESTY.	The Grand Duke of HESSE, his family, his suite, his friends, his uncles and aunts, and cousins and cousins—german, have arrived at Osborne on a visit to HER MAJESTY.

The Duke of TECK and the Marquis of LORNE have been created Princes of the Blood Royal.

The statement made in several of the newspapers that the length of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's charge to T.R.H. the Prince and Princess HENRY, caused great annoyance to HER MAJESTY, the Prince of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family, is incorrect.

That the reporting of the domestic trivialities of Court life does not render Royalty supremely ridiculous.

Neither the Duke of TECK nor the Marquis of LORNE have been created Princes of the Blood Royal, a dignity reserved solely for Prince HENRY of Battenberg.

The statement made in several of the newspapers that the length of the Archbishop's charge gave great offence to HER MAJESTY and the Royal Family, is entirely accurate.

That such reporting undoubtedly does.



OVER-PRESSURE.

(Thermometer 85° in the Shade.)

"BY THE WAY, COOK, I ORDERED THREEPENN'ORTH OF ICE FROM THE FISH-MONGER'S. HAS IT COME?"

"YES, MA'AM. IS IT FOR TO-DAY, MA'AM!"

CANVASSING IT.

(National Portrait Select Committee—Adjourned Meeting.)

THE final light of the adjacent Inventions Exhibition having at length been extinguished, the adjourned meeting of the above Committee was once more resumed, the portraits assembling, as on the previous occasion, in the upper lumber room attached to the Galleries. As soon as the hour of midnight had sounded on a neighbouring clock, the half-length of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, painted by himself, was, as before, voted unanimously into the Chair, and the proceedings commenced.

THE CHAIRMAN, who, on rising, was greeted with some feeble and faded cheers, said that he was afraid that since their last meeting, when they had assembled hurriedly to discuss their narrow escape from destruction, owing to a conflagration in the three-and-nine-penny dinner department, with which their destinies were so intimately associated—(laughter)—he had no very encouraging information to submit to them. It was true that a "MR. PLUNKET" ("SIR JOHN POPHAM, Lord Chief Justice, 1531—1607. Painter unknown," with warmth, "Who's he?") made some statement the other night, to the effect that "something was going to be done," but he, the Speaker, thought that by this time they pretty well all of them knew what that meant. (Groans.) Their immediate destination, he believed, was Bethnal Green. (Renewed groans.) He understood that manifestation of feeling. Every canvas in the room, however indistinct, realised that it was one thing to get into Bethnal Green, but quite another to get out of it again. He therefore trusted that some suggestion might be forthcoming, from the present meeting, to guide them as to what steps they should collectively take, he would not say for their comfortable, but positively for their decent habitation in the future. (Subdued cheers.)

"KING EDWARD THE THIRD (tracing from a chapel fresco)" said, if he was to give his opinion, he should vote at once for their removal bodily to The Hall by the Sea. (Cries of "Oh, oh!")

"CARDINAL POLE (dimensions, 1 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 2 in.," observed, that though he was marked in the Catalogue "smaller than life," and only "seen to the waist," he could not listen to such an unseemly proposition as that. ("Hear! hear!" faintly, from Queen JOAN OF NAVARRE.) He could not, of course,

account for his traced Majesty's taste (laughter), but, as far as he was personally concerned, he would just as soon be hung up in the Holborn Restaurant. (Sensation.)

"DEAN SWIFT (1667—1745, by CHARLES JERVAS)" said that, though only represented in a blue silk dressing-gown, he did not care where they put him, as long as it wasn't in the hall of the New National Liberal Club. (Murmurs from "the Gunpowder Conspirators, half-lengths, A.D. 1605.") He had no intention of introducing politics into the matter, but he would like to remind the company that, as this was a purely artistic question, they had very little hope, unless the "spleen and spite of party" intervened, of getting any help from any Government whatever. Their probable finale would be a conflagration—perhaps even a mock auction!—and, as there appeared to be a sort of perpetual "Ranelagh"—or something—going on next door, he voted that the Trustees be empowered to hang them up, wherever they could find room for them, among the coloured lamps. (Cheers.) Speaking for himself, he should like to see the fun. (Laughter.) Certainly he should prefer it to a return to Wardour Street.

"KING PHILIP II. (1527—1598. Painted by Alonso Sanchez Coello)" said that, many years ago, he had passed (though the fact was not generally known) a considerable time, in a shop-window in that locality, with 3s. 9d. in large chalk figures, marked boldly across him. (Roars of laughter.) He was usually taken for a bad likeness of MACREADY as Hamlet, still—the experience was by no means a pleasant one. Seeing that he was a full-length portrait of some value, he thought he ought to occupy some conspicuous position, if it were only on the advertisement hoarding at Knightsbridge. ("Hear! hear!") If his personal taste were consulted, he would like to be cut down, and end his artistic days as a swinging sign at some quiet and retired public-house. (Much laughter.)

"THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD (K.G., 3 ft. by 2 ft. 2 in.," remarked that he strongly resented the intrusion into family life which had dragged him, together with the last speaker, from his ancestral Gallery to be damaged, destroyed, and, finally, consigned to some East End dust-bin by an unintelligent and parsimonious system of government. If he had known how posterity would have treated him for his literary feat, his now famous Letters to his Son would in all probability have been addressed, though in very different terms, to Mr. PLUNKET himself.

"The Five Children of King Charles the First, with a large Dog, after Van Dyck," who had been for some time interrupting the proceedings with unseemly behaviour, were here turned out of the room amidst a good deal of general merriment.]

Upon order being restored, the Chairman said he had just received from his noble friend, "CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of Norfolk (K.G. 1485. Painter unknown)," a paper which he would read to the Committee. It was a brief form of Advertisement for a suitable domicile to accommodate them, that the noble Duke suggested should be inserted in a couple of daily papers, and perhaps also in one respectable weekly. It was as follows:—

TO THE BENEVOLENT AND ARTISTIC—RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A Collection of National Portraits, which is about to leave its present situation through no fault of its own, is anxious to meet with some intelligent and appreciative caretaker who would be willing to furnish it with a safe, convenient, and appropriate home, in consideration of the prestige attaching to association with a priceless accumulation of historic memorials. The site should, if possible, be central and generally accessible to the public; but a fitting, secure, and suitable domicile would meet the present requirements of the Advertisers. No objection to a good airy County Lunatic Asylum where the pictures could be hung well out of reach of the patients. N.B.—No communications can be entertained either from Travelling Show Proprietors, Marine-Store Dealers, or existing Authorities at South Kensington. Would be glad to hear from a generous-minded Millionaire a little off his head on the subject of Art. Apply, personally or by letter, to the Secretary of the Canvas Committee, the Back Kitchen and Scullery Department, S.W.

On the conclusion of the reading of the above advertisement, the Chairman having taken the sense of the meeting, it was unanimously decided that three insertions



LORD DE ROTHSCCHILD'S EGYPTIAN SOOTHING-SYRUP. FEEDING-TIME; A LITTLE TREAT ALL ROUND

of it should be sanctioned forthwith, when, after a vote of silent thanks, proposed by Sir GODFREY KNELLER and seconded by a Dutch gentleman, supposed, according to his own account, to have been responsible for the legs in the celebrated full-length of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, the assembled Portraits quietly separated, and, in the now fast approaching daylight, noiselessly resumed their accustomed places.

THE THAMES AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

The tributaries of the Thames were once pellucid rills
And rivulets to the river that, descending from the hills,
Their tribute paid in current coin so fair, of former days,
That the "Silver Thames" in poesy was a stock and a standing phrase.

But now such other tribute other tributaries pour
Into the Thames, that thence its flood like silver flows no more;
Rather a copper currency its turbid water seems,
Polluted for pellucid are its tributary streams.

The channels which Town Councillors their scavengers bid flush,
On Thames's bosom disembogue large subsidies of slush.
The Thames derives such tribute from the sluices and the drains,
And riparian gasworks' gutters, rich of Kingston and of Staines.

Filtration frees the fluid of its odour and its hue,
Clears the coffee-coloured mixture, ere ye tea and coffee brew;
So the beverage that on Londoners each Company bestows
Gives the nostrils no offence, although 'tis paid for through the nose.

The liquid that Thames River with its tributaries yields
How meet withal to irrigate and fertilise the fields!
But oh, to tipple how unfit for e'en a thirsty dog,
Much more for any man to gulp or mingle with his grog!

Oh, for some able engineer the tribute to arrest
Which tributaries, Father Thames, pour out upon thy breast!
Oh, for an Act of Parliament to moderate the price
Of water dear and nasty, and insure it cheap and nice!

SUITABLE SITE FOR A POLICE "COURT."—The Area.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, July 27.—Serenely atmospheric ruffled to-night from unexpected quarter. GRANVILLE mightily wrath. Considering what little public practice he has, does it exceedingly well. Ambled down to House to-day in most genial mood. HICKS-BEACH in other House woefully muddled business in connection with Medical Relief Bill. Bill now come up to Lords; GRANVILLE prepared to move Second Reading. When he arrives, learns that MILLTOWN has been before him. Had come down at half-past three, sat on steps till doors were opened, and then rushed in and given notice. MILLTOWN been in House some fourteen years now; never before distinguished himself. Name not known to public; now suddenly emerges from obscurity, and, as DUNRAVEN says, brings out Pussy's claws.

"MILLTOWN? MILLTOWN?" says GRANVILLE, with apparent effort to recollect such a personage. "Ah, Peerage of Ireland. I know. Family motto, 'Clarior e Tenebris.' Hitherto dwelt in the clouds, but emerged at last. See if I can't extinguish him."

Effort in vain. MILLTOWN curiously obtuse. Has as much right, he says, as anyone else to take charge of the Bill. GRANVILLE, in despair, appeals to Ministers to say whether they ever heard of a case like this. The Markiss stared straight ahead. Wasn't going to commit himself. Couldn't very well back up MILLTOWN, but not inclined to gratify GRANVILLE. CRANBROOK rushed in where Markiss feared to tread; but that not thought enough. CRANBROOK a hot-headed person, will say anything.

"Don't you think you could say a word?" Markiss whispered to the latest Earl.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" moaned our old friend, STAFFORD NORTH-COTE. "Thought there was an end of that. When in the Commons had always to be getting up to justify RANDOLPH, over retreat of CHAPLIN, or do something impossible. Came here for a rest, but find it's the same old game. However—"

So IDDESLEIGH got up, and endeavoured to show that MILLTOWN was quite right in adroitly forestalling GRANVILLE in taking charge of a Liberal measure forced upon the Government in the other House, and petulantly abandoned by them. Squabble lasted half-an-hour, House finally agreeing, upon Motion put, that MILLTOWN have precedence. *Business done.*—In Commons, Army Estimates.

Commons, Tuesday.—"There's one thing," said CALLAN to CAVERDISH-BENTINCK, "as I never can stand—that is, the use of strong language. What I like is decency of behaviour in all relations of life. If a man's a gentleman, let him behave as such. In my humble way I've tried to show what a gentleman should be, and though I say it what shouldn't, feel I may on occasion come forward to vindicate the courtesies of public life."

"Right you are, PHIL," said CAVERDISH-BENTINCK. "You stood by me nobly the other night when, in the interests of public morals, I spoke out in the House about those newspapers; and I'll stand by you now; especially as it's BRIGHT." BRIGHT been talking in his frank way about the Land-Leaguers. "Accused them of obstruction, of bringing hideous charges against SPENCER, of vilifying the Judges, of accusing law-officers of packing juries, and of exhibiting boundless sympathy with criminals and murderers."

"A breach of privilege!" cries CALLAN blushing with indignation to the tip of his nose.

"Very well," said BRIGHT. "But is what I've said true?"

Goes through statements one by one; puts them to Parnellites, who, after hesitation, decide to admit them, cheering every accusatory sentence. This not quite what was looked for. Seems that CALLAN, animated by most friendly motives, has chiefly succeeded in finding opportunity for BRIGHT to say over again with increased force, and with added publicity, what he had uttered at the Spencer Banquet. HICKS-BEACH, as usual, comes to grief. Tries to walk on both sides of the road at once. Ashamed to support CALLAN's Motion, but afraid of offending allies. Expresses regret at BRIGHT's language. This brings up HARTINGTON, who speaks with unusual animation. Doubtful whether CALLAN had brought motion forward with general assent of Parnellites. "I cannot believe," he said, amid prolonged cheers, "that men who habitually allow themselves such liberty—I may say licence—of speech, are the men to come whining to the House to complain of adverse criticism."

"I assure the noble Lord," Windbag SEXTON shouted after Members, who hastily rose to leave when he appeared on the scene, "that when we come to this House it will not be with a whine."

"Begorra no," says W. H. O'SULLIVAN, "it'll be wid a whiskey." RANDOLPH and CHAMBERLAIN had a little set-to, House forming a delighted ring.

Three hours and half wasted upon this, after which the majority of Members went to dinner, two or three remaining to work.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.



"THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE."

The Secretary for India pulls the string, and exhibits his Working Model of a Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army to Mr. John Bull.

Wednesday.—"Got an idea for the empty frame-work for frescoes in the Octagon Hall," said PLUNKET. "What do you think of *The Temptation of Joseph Gillis*? Fancy it would make a capital companion picture to *St. George and the Dragon*. Too late to get a vote on the subject now; but next Session, as the humorist BEACH says, shall include Vote for it."

Certainly a striking incident. House in Committee of Supply. Only four Votes to get, but must be agreed to before quarter to six. If not, Supply carried over to to-morrow, and prorogation delayed. Talk on Irish Education Vote carried on till Five o'Clock, Windbag SEXTON alone being inflated for nearly an hour. There remained vote for South Africa, including controversial subjects of Imperial policy. Only three-quarters of an hour to deal with this, and, beyond, vote for Post Office and for Monument for General GORDON. When vote for Irish Education reached by process of exhaustion, and Chairman just putting the question, JOSEPH B. rose, and watched with gleaming eye unhappiness of HART DYKE as he prolonged discussion. Then came the South African debate in progress at eighteen minutes to six. Only three minutes of time, and three Votes to pass! HICKS-BEACH urged that debate should close so as to get Supply through Committee, resuming it on report if necessary.

JOSEPH GILLIS moved uneasily on his seat, and a thrill of apprehension shook the frame of HENRY HOLLAND. If he got up and spoke only for two minutes all was lost. He didn't interpose, and South African Vote passed. Vote for Post Office put. JOSEPH half rose, but didn't speak, and Vote passed. Vote for Gordon Monument

Muddled Moralists.



CAUTION TO PEOPLE ABOUT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE SANDS
AT THE SEASIDE.

THEIR OWN MIXTURE.

It was mixed in the *KEENE'S Bath Journal*, Saturday, July 25, and here is the paragraph:—

"THE AFFAIRS OF MR. ALBERT GRANT.—The summary of the amended statement of Mr. ALBERT GRANT's affairs shows liabilities, &c., &c.; the result being that, after providing for preferential claims, there is an estimated surplus of £32,514. . . . Aidwick Place, Pagham, and the furniture and effects thereof are stated to be the subject of an ante-nuptial and post-nuptial settlements. The President of the United States has sent a message of sympathy to Mrs. Grant, and afterwards issued a Proclamation ordering the suspension of business on the day of the funeral. The Governor of New York has also requested people to cease business on that day."

The proprietors of the *Bath Journal* must have experienced a Keene sense of enjoyment on reading the above.

Watt's Up Again.

(On a recent Fracas.)

LET eads delight with fists to fight,
To them 'tis nothing new,
Which if our Swells consider right,
Why—let 'em do it, too.
When well-bred Englishmen now let
Their angry passions rise,
The fashion has been lately set—
They black each other's eyes.

"THE GREAT LOAN LAND."—Egypt.

put, [the last of the year's Supply. Hand of the clock was on the quarter. A few words, charging Earl SPENCER with being accessory to the death of GORDON would suffice. Chairman hurried through the formula of putting the Vote, and had just declared it passed, when JOSEPH was discovered on his feet, with one thumb in armpit of waistcoat, and the other signalling to Chairman. But it was too late, the last Vote was through, and JOEY B. resumed his seat.

"You had a bad quarter of an hour," I said, to my friend. "How did you manage to keep down so long?"

"Held on with my hands to the bench," said JOSEPH, with melancholy smile. "Couldn't have done it else. But am glad the thing got through. A bargain's a bargain. They've behaved very well to us, and I wouldn't like to be the man to spoil their sport. Only I hope they won't try me so sharp again."

Business done.—Supply closed.



Mr. Sims Reeves (to comparatively youthful Professional, Signor R. Curcillo).
"Quite right to take a leaf out of my Upper-note Book. Don't make yourself too cheap!"

Thursday.—No one looking down upon the Treasury Bench and noting a young man sitting respectfully among his elders would imagine what a firebrand it is. It is true that the young man treats

his moustache with unnecessary vigour, and that W. H. SMITH, a man of peace though at the head of the War Office, shows a nervous disposition to induce Mr. CHAPLIN (or Colonel STANLEY (being moderately plump persons) to sit between him and the Secretary of State for India. These are, however, indications that must be sought for to be observed. To the average looker-on there is nothing in the appearance of RANDOLPH that suggests reason for the terror which fills the breast of Mr. WHITLEY as he looks in the direction of the Treasury Bench, or that makes CLAUD HAMILTON sit in the Gallery as offering means for speedy retreat in case of need.

Fact is there's been terrible row. RANDOLPH was to have gone down to Liverpool yesterday to address public meeting; took it for granted he was to be supported by Local Conservative Members. Discovered at last moment they didn't mean to go; whereupon explosion, disaster, and general break up of everything.

"If they think they're going to make a fool of me," said RANDOLPH, "they're mistaken. They don't come to much when they are put in one scale. I can get on without them, but they shan't snub me. I won't go to Liverpool at all, that's flat."

Nor did he. "He'll break us up, after all," said Sir MICHAEL, "after irretrievably ruining us before final stroke comes. Wouldn't have sold STAFFORD NORTHCOTE if I'd foreseen this. All living in state of terror. Don't know what a moment may bring forth. If we could only get him to go and govern the Congo, now—!"

Business done.—Medical Relief Bill passed in Lords, Post-Office Bill in Commons.

Friday.—WEMYSS had right good time of it to-night. In prodigious speech drew attention to nothing less than "the socialistic tendency, character, and effects of the legislation of the last fifteen years!" Majority of noble Lords immediately fled. PRIME MINISTER, obliged to remain, forlornly said, didn't know whether the speech was a funeral oration upon the late Government, or an expression of hope over the cradle of the new one. GRANVILLE hinted that the speech had taken seven months in preparation.

"They may guess what they like, and think what they like, TOBY," said WEMYSS, rubbing his hands, and smiling to himself. "I've had a high old time. What's the use of the House of Lords, if one can't, from time to time, insist upon making long speech to it?"

WOLFF not gone yet. In private letter SULTAN says,—"Am tired of their crying 'WOLFF! WOLFF!' and none comes." The Special Commissioner wandering in and out of House of Commons to-night, vaguely, full of business. LAWSON tells me it was WOLFF who wrote to-day's leader in *Standard* on RANDOLPH. But I really can't believe it.

Business done.—Criminal Law Amendment Bill in Committee.



“ MISUNDERSTOOD ! ”

“ THIS IS NOT A SMOKING CARRIAGE, IS IT ? ”

“ NO, MISS. YOU ’LL FIND A SMOKING CARRIAGE A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN ! ”

THE “ CLÔTURE ” AT LAST.

FAREWELL ! Farewell ! Shut up the well-worn portal !

There comes a closing-hour to all below,
And Parliaments—thank Heaven!—are not immortal,
The end is here ; let us arise and go.

The end of five long years of sound and fury
Whose true significance time must unfold,
Fiery heroics worthy of old Drury,
And broad buffooneries of *farceurs* bold.

Long loud logomachy, eternal chatter,
Prolix polemic prosily sustained,
With a most pienteous paucity of matter,
By foes Pantagruel-tongued and parrot-brained.

Now silence o’er the field of battle falleth,
The howl is hushed, and muffled is the cheer;
And echo unto echo no more calleth
In laughter loud or jubilant “Hear! Hear!”

Look up! Look up! O wise time-honoured
Warder,

How many a day of fight have you looked on;
How many a night of tumult and disorder!
Look up! The great protagonists are gone.

No more you’ll hear the chilly chimes of
morning
Clang through the charivari of debate,
Hibernian talk-floods every barrier scorning,
Fierce foaming like a Highland stream in
spate.

Parnellian eloquence clear, cold, and steely,
No longer you will have to hear—or check,

The bray of BIGGAR or the howl of HEALY
No more—ah, happy fate!—your ear will
reck.

Should BRADLAUGH come or go, not *you* he’ll
trouble,
With rule evaded or with vesture torn,
WARTON’S wind-bag or ASHMEAD-BARTLETT’S
bubble
Will vex your soul no longer night or morn.

For many-memoried and much-loved, you
vanish
For ever from the Stage you’ve graced so
long,
Yet *Punch* opines you’ll find it hard to banish
Some soft regrets born of affection strong.

So many years, so many scenes, so many
Great names and mighty mouths you’ve
seen and heard,
Not only zealot mad and tasteless zany,
Mannerless clown and posturer absurd.

For you DISRAELI’S wit has cornuscated,
For you BRIGHT’S mellow periods have out-
rolled,
And GLADSTONE, matched with peers, by
our-crowds baited,
Has whelmed them all in floods of vocal gold.

And lo! the old order changeth. Demos
draweth
Nearer and nearer to the place of power;
The enfranchised mob the imperial purple
paweth.
Is it dawn’s break, or do black night-clouds
lower?

Shall all henceforth be leather and prunella?
Will huckster mind and cockney manners
reign?

Or will “the old cause, the old name, the old
umbrella,”
Must our British manhood once again?

Who knows? But here begins the ungangued
transition,
We’re standing at the parting of the ways;
Closing with custom old and old tradition,
Names of the past, and lights of other days.

We turn to face the future, steadfast, cheerful.
Old England’s story is so full of change;
He hath mislearned its lessons who stands
fearful
Before the coming of the new and strange.

’Tis England yet! May her new path bear
roses
Of happiness and honour like the old.
But here one volume of her history closes,
One chapter of her chronicles is told.

Many just passed from out these walls will
never
Set foot again upon St. Stephen’s floor.
The Parliament of Eighty’s fled for ever.
Farewell, its ancient Warder! Close the
door!

A QUESTION FOR THE MONEY MARKET.—
It was said lately by a French Senator that
France would be made “the Laughing-Stock
of Europe.” There was immediate inquiry in
all large commercial and financial centres as
to the price at which this stock would be
issued. New jokes would be at a premium
within half an hour, but the quotations would
be more or less incorrect until authorised by
the old-established firm of JON MILLER &
Co., of the Funny Market.



THE "CLÔTURE" AT LAST.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS (to himself). "AH!—BEEN HERE, MAN AND BOY, FOR FIFTY YEAR. . . MANY A MERRY NIGHT WE'VE HAD, TOO. . . AH!—THE PLACE 'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN. . . WELL, WELL!" . . .
[Locks up the house, and exit.]

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



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A BANK HOLIDAY.

"WELL, JARVIS, YOU'VE BEATEN YOUR WIFE, YOU'VE HAD YOUR OWN HEAD BROKEN, AND YOUR EYES BLACKED, AND YOUR FRONT TEETH KNOCKED OUT, AND YOU SPENT THE NIGHT IN A POLICE CELL!"

"WELL, SIR JOHN, IT'S A POOR 'ART AS NEVER REJOICES!"

THE CONCERTS OF THE SEASON.

(A Musical Reporter's Growl.)

Oh! be joyful! For small mercies let us truly grateful be! With which sentiment I think my weary colleagues will agree. The distressing entertainments they have found so dread a bore For some months to come, at least, will be imposed on them no more. Ev'ry pianist, ev'ry vocalist is packing his portmanteau To convey to other climes his "execution" or "bel canto," (What a joy to think of tenors out at sea when there's a breeze on!) And we've heard the last, thank goodness! of the Concerts of the Season.

Wealthy idle *dilettanti*, who for lack of aught to do Lounge from concert-room to concert-room in quest of something new, Have no notion of the agonies that critics such as I Are compelled to suffer, year by year, from April to July; Of the pangs that are inflicted by the merciless sonata, By the cruel old *capriccio* and the truculent *toccata*, By the driven set to music, void of poetry or reason, That are drilled into our ears throughout the Concerts of the Season.

Every *matinée* that's "patronised" by dead-heads who applaud In return for their admissions, is no better than a fraud; For, themselves unknown, its givers on the fame of others trade, And the Artists on whose talents they depend are never paid. But you hear them sing the same old songs—you see the same old faces Reproduce the same old smiles and leers—the stereotyped grimaces That remind you of a popular buffoon who has a "wheeze" on, And enhance your detestation of the Concerts of the Season.

You are bidden to a Concert in Park Lane or Eaton Square, And what sort of entertainment do you have when you get there? Certain ballads of the day, vociferated out of tune, As, for instance, "Yours to-morrow," or "It cannot be too soon;"

SPORTING EVENTS.

SIR,—Coming events may cast their shadows before them, but some events leave their gloomy shadows behind them; and this is what Goodwood has done for yours, truly.

The Prince and the Duke of EDINBURGH retired within the Plantation with a certain chosen friend, who shall, out of motives of modesty and delicacy, be nameless—though far from being really so, in fact—in order to eat their Goodwood Steaks, and quaff the Goodwood Cup, in the composition of which brew some one I know, not a hundred miles away from the present writer, is absolutely unrivalled. "O Solitude, where are thy charms!" Not in the Plantation at Goodwood; for scarcely had we—I should say his Royal Highness, and His Royal Highness's Royal Brother—sat down to pick a bit, than we were surrounded by a swell mob of swell snobs, watching every mouthful, and hardly repressing a murmur of applause, when H.R.H. took a long deep pull at the Prize Cup. And when H.R.H. winked over the top of it at the Duke, and the Duke winked at their mutual friend, the Nameless One, and when, from the expression of the latter's countenance, it was seen by the crowd that there was precious little—how little, yet how precious!—left for him, they were almost frantic with delight. And this is what is called privacy for the Royal Party!

I am not in the humour to give the public any special tips about the Leger, but let me tell them this, that if anyone can be found to give the following prices for the

ST. LEGER—

300 to 1 agst Melton,
600 to 2 " Xaintrailles,
200 to 1 " Pepper and Salt,
800 to 4 " Child of the Mist,

you don't hesitate, but take 'em all, specially if you can get the odds in pounds to halfpence. *Adieu*, or, as I shall say the day before the Leger, *à demain*, or *à St. Leger-demain*, and perhaps with a little Legerdemain the trick may yet be done by

Yours sportively,
The Cell, PEEPER THE HERMIT.

"FIXTURES for this Month," read out poor HARDUP from his sporting paper, and then observed sadly, "I'm one of them. I can't go out of town, and my wife won't."

Then, a pianoforte solo full of scrambles, and of thumps, Long and wearisome enough to give an iron-clad the jumps; And you loathe the Herr or Signor who disports himself the keys on As the worst of your tormentors at the Concerts of the Season.

There's the noisome *fantasia*, that's spun out extremely thin, By another gifted alien on a squeaky violin; And the vile duet that ends with "Tra la la! we are so gay!" Which is always sung by sisters in a meekly stolid way; The *allegro* and *adagio* and *prestissimo con trio* Of that dismal soporific, the interminable *trio*, In an interval of which your hat and stick you wildly seize on, And escape, invoking curses on the Concerts of the Season.

If 'twere possible that I could be a Judge, let us suppose, With the power to inflict whatever penalties I chose, I'd imprison Ballad-Vocalists in dark and slimy vaults, Instrumental Variations should be dealt with as assaults, And the sentence I would pass upon inveterate offenders Would be this—quite irrespective of their ages or their genders—As an extra-heavy punishment for burglary or treason, A compulsory attendance on the Concerts of the Season.

JUST A FEW LINES.—Will there be a fusion of the London, Chatham & Dover with the Brighton and South-Eastern Companies? As "Two's Company and Three's none," if the S. E. is squared the idea's a Bright'un. All who love their Parisian jaunt, and their luncheon at the Calais buffet *en route*, will thank Mr. J. S. FORBES for the two daily services starting and arriving at reasonably convenient hours. We devoutly hope that these "Daily Services" will be religiously attended, especially on holidays. JOHN STAAT FORBES ought not to be satisfied until the L. C. & D. can do the distance, giving the S. E. a start and a beating. The South-Eastern does it in about eight hours,—but there is no Calais buffet for the poor sailor.



CAUTION TO SCOTCH HOTEL-KEEPERS.

THE TOURISTS "FLEE AWAY," AND THE McAUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE IS LEFT TO DEVOUR HIS OWN PROVISIONS.

[See recent complaints in Letters to the "Times."]

Sir Moses Montefiore.

Died, July 28, 1885, in his Hundred-and-First Year.

Is life worth living? To the querulous cry
Let this long record, lately closed, reply!
A century of service to mankind!
Pessimist cold and cynic blandly blind,
'Tis fitter comment on that query stale
Than sneers that pall and arguments that fail.
Long in the land his days, whose heart and hand
All high and human causes could command;
Long in the land his memory will abide
His country's treasure and his people's pride.

THE BRIDE'S TRAGEDY.

A DRAMA OF MODERN LIFE.

SCENE I.—*The Bride's Bower, in No. 3, Proserpine Gardens, W.*
DIAPHENIA (the Bride), on Sofa (s). Mrs. WILTON (her
Mamma).

Mrs. Wilton. Still weeping, DIAPHENIA! Can you not disclose
your sorrow to a mother? Has Madame FÉLISE not sent home your
things? Does your body not fit? Does not your skirt hang
properly?

Diaphenia. Away! Away!

[Weeps.]

Mrs. Wilton. Dear DIAPHENIA! Has he been unkind? Or do
you love another? Tell your own mother, and all shall be arranged.
Or are you jealous of anybody?

Diaphenia. No, it isn't that.

[Weeps.]

Mrs. Wilton. Have you any secret care?

Diaphenia. Oh, don't bother me, Mamma.

A LAY OF LAWN TENNIS.

(By a Lawn-Tennysoniennæ.)

WITH rackets poised against the foe,
We scorn the shining river;
Though other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever.

We roam the verdant lawn about,
Our skill seems unavailing;
For, sometimes in and sometimes out,
'Gainst fortune we are railing.

We chatter in our eager ways,
In merry girlish trebles;
We rush for many a ball that strays
Across the pathway pebbles.

We play upon the grassy plots,
The "Court" the garden covers;
We wear the blue forget-me-nots,
Like TENNYSON's young lovers.

We skip, we glide, with many a glance,
As swift as eager swallows;
And as the gay balls bound and dance,
The ardent player follows.

We murmur when the stern net bars
The ball, we shake our tresses;
We've played beneath the moon and stars,
As many a girl confesses.

And how to "screw" and "twist" we
know,
The "Service" too deliver:
For other games may come and go,
Lawn Tennis lives for ever.

ADVICE TO TOURISTS.—Where to go in
Scotland.—"Book agen." If you're a
party, and can be independent of arbitrary
Hotel rules, travel as Cook's Tourists, and
take the Tourist's Cook with you. Certainly
the Scotch Hotel-keeper for discourtesy,
incivility, and unaccommodativeness ought,
in the Land of Cakes, to "take the cake"
and eat it himself.

Enter REGINALD (her betrothed.)

Reginald. What, DIAPHENIA, again in tears! What cruelty of
Fate has befallen us? Morning, noon, and night my DIAPHENIA's
sorrow perplexes this sad heart. What can I do to comfort you?
I am no longer on speaking terms with any girl I ever met before
I was yours. I have presented all their photographs to the National
Portrait Gallery, where they are certain to be burned, on an early
occasion, with the rest of the collection. What more, what more
can I do, DIAPHENIA?

Diaphenia. Oh, willow, willow!

[Wails.]

Mrs. Wilton (aside). She is distraught!

Reginald (kneeling).

By all the vows that lovers make, and break,
By wedding favours, and by bridal cake,
By all the honeymoons that wax and wane,
By travelling-dresses and the tidal train,
Reveal, announce, divulge the nature of your pain!

Enter PAGE, bearing a parcel.

Page. Parcel for you, Miss.

[Exit.]

Diaphenia (opening parcel, and discovering a Travelling Clock and
a Silver Box). Again, again! The Curse!

[Tears her hair, and casts ashes on her head.]
Reginald (beating his breast). The Curse! What Curse? It's a
very nice Silver Box and a capital Travelling Clock!

Diaphenia. Ha! ha! ha! See how they come—see how they
come!

[She points wildly to a Parcels Delivery Cart and the Parcels
Postman in the Street.]

Mrs. Wilton (aside). Her reason totters!

Diaphenia (letting down her back hair, and leading REGINALD to
back drawing-room, where presents are displayed). See! See! See!
Here are travelling clocks for you, three score of them, and silver
boxes for you, five score and six. I have left more for myself.
Here's ormolu for you; that's for bedroom candlesticks, and here's

some for me. Oh, you must wear your armola with a difference! Here's ink-stands. I would give you some monkeys holding lamps, but they are out of fashion!

Reginald. Her wedding-presents have got on her nerves. Poor DIAPHENIA!

[Produces casket, with complete set of diamonds and sapphires.

Diaphenia (recovering herself). Dear, dear REGINALD, this is something like!

[Dries her tears. They embrace.

Mrs. Wilton. Bless you, REGINALD! Bless you, my children!

Curtain.

HARASSING THE HOVAS.

PITY the poor Malagasy,
In his semi-tropic ials,
For the Frenchman still persists in
His old buccanering style!

Yes, twelve million francs are asked for,
And the Hova now must quail;
Up at Antananarivo
Will be told the awesome tale.

"These proud natives must not beard us!"
Argues thus DE FREYCINET.

"We have right—we're highly moral—
Whatso'er the Saxon say!

"And, you see, we've got the men there,
And good General MIOT;
So for Tonkin sell we'll make up
By a glorious Hova-throw!"

But, suppose the plucky native
Be victorious, after all;
Or French voters turn out peaceful;
There'd be wormwood for the Gaul!

"LO! AND BEHOLD!"

It has been observed, with sincere regret,
that about Richmond and Twickenham
Old Father Thames is getting dreadfully
low. Can it be through the company he has
been keeping on River-Bank Holidays?
Very much afraid so. A French admirer of
Richmond wrote to Old Father Thames:—

"They are unkind to you, *mon père*,
Because you are not what you were.
You don't hear us abuse the Seine
Because there is a dearth of rain."

And Father Thames sent him this reply:—

"I'm not surprised; you're French, and so
Water with you is always *l'eau*."

There's life in the Old Boy yet. But
something ought to be done.

Hyde Park.

NOTICE.—To Noblemen and Gentlemen
frequenting the Row, all Rows forbidden
except Rows of Chairs. No Rowing in which
punching of heads is included, will be
permitted, though Rowing on the Serpentine
is allowed, but the Rowers will have to
pay for any damage done to the sculls.

No objection to pistols and coffee, but
fighting like coalheavers I will not have in
my Park, I swear I won't, by GEORGE.

TRUTH told a story last week of a
case of Faith-healing at Yeovil. The sub-
ject was one EMANUEL DAVEY. Was the
case substantiated by a body of evidence
sworn on oath, or by only one "Davey."



TROPICAL.

Maid (to Irish Milkman). "MISSIS SAYS SHE'S SURE THERE'S BEEN A GREAT DEAL O' WATER IN THE MILK LATELY, AND THAT IF—"

Pat. "AN' CAN YE WANDER AT IT, MY DEAR! SMALL BLAME TO THE COWS THIS THUR-ESTY WEATHER, POOR CRATURES!"

PERILS OF THE PAVEMENT.

SIR,—Can the rider of a bicycle be pulled up for driving furiously in the streets? He can; but, according to his Worship Mr. BUSHEY, he cannot be convicted of that offence in a Police Court, because in such case the Magistrate has no jurisdiction. If so, then, as sensibly suggested by Mr. HICKS, the HOME SECRETARY clearly ought during the recess to "prepare a Bill for the better regulation of street traffic with reference to vehicles of all descriptions." Yes, all; and particularly those in which reckless nursemaids, not minding where they push them, are accustomed to wheel heavy babies over the toes and against the shins of passengers, chiefly selecting old bachelor passengers. Wanted, a special provision to prohibit the furious driving of perambulators.

I am, Sir, yours sweetly,

A LOVER OF BABIES.

OUR ANNUAL "AUTUMN PUZZLE.—Where to Go?"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

I ASSIST AT AN ARBITRATION.



S the Long Vacation approaches, many of my friends, whose practice is larger even than my own, grow less zealous in the discharge of their forensic duties. This is certainly so in the case of PADDLECU, one of the aforesaid acquaintances whose work is on the largest possible scale. A few days since

my excellent and admirable Clerk ushered this prosperous individual into my humble Chambers with the extreme deference that PORTINGTON always shows to those whose fee-book's annual total is said to be written in more than three figures.

"The fact is," said my visitor, "I am in a big Arbitration Case that costs roughly a sovereign a minute. We have had over a hundred days of it already, and shall have as many more. So as there are sixty minutes in an hour, and we are supposed to be at it from 10 till 4, you will see that at the rate I have suggested, each sitting costs about £360. That's clear enough, isn't it?"

"Quite," I replied, "but what is the Arbitration all about, and what do you want me to do in it?"

"As to what it's about that's more than I can tell you—I don't think anyone knows—not even the Plaintiffs themselves. It's something about a building contract which failed or didn't fail, or wasn't paid for, or was interrupted before it became completed, or something or other like that. Then matters were complicated because there was something wrong in the soil or specification, or preliminary investigation, or agreement, or something of that kind. Now, as to yourself. All you will have to do is to take a note, and if they want you to do anything, why there'll be heaps of people to tell you what to do. I have an important engagement at Henley."

Thus instructed, I arrived the next morning at the Royal Courts at ten sharp, reflecting that if the Arbitration cost a sovereign a minute, it was of much importance that no time should be wasted. I found that one of the apartments usually occupied by a Judge with or without a Jury, had been most kindly placed at the disposal of those interested in *Long and Underpin v. The Improved Palace and People's Country-Seat Building Society*. The janitor at the glass-door allowed me to pass on my explaining who I was, and I entered. To my intense distress, on looking at the clock I noticed that it was ten minutes beyond the hour, so that if the Court had been waiting for me, I had already cost somebody two five-pound notes. I was relieved to discover that this was not the case, as, besides a most genial old Gentleman occupying a chair immediately beneath the Bench (who apparently was talking to a friend seated beside him) and a few Solicitors' Clerks, I was the sole occupant of the Hall of Justice. By degrees, however, the barristers' benches received recruits—"stuff" and "silk," but both in *muffs*.

"I do not wish to hurry you, Gentlemen," said the amiable veteran seated beneath the Bench, who, it now appeared, was no less a person than the Arbitrator, "but I think I should call your attention to the fact that it is nearly eleven, and we have not begun."

All the Counsel were most anxious to impress upon the Arbitrator that everything was being done with as much expedition as possible.

"That I do not doubt for a moment," replied the veteran with extreme courtesy. "And now, if you please, we will get to business."

Upon this a diligent search was made for the Witness who had been under examination on the previous day, and who now consequently was ready to be cross-examined. The Witness being found, the Counsel who was to question him was secured, and taken in hand by several legal advisers, who consulted with him as to the proper queries that should be put. The pile of exhibits finally having been ascertained to be in good working order, a start in real earnest was made.

This was satisfactory, remembering the pound-a-minute calculation. "Let me see, you have told us so-and-so, and so-and-so," began the Cross-examiner. The Witness nodded assent. "Well, isn't there an exhibit which shows the level?"

The Witness and the Arbitrator thought there was. So thought others.

"I think it was marked 99," said the Witness.

"I am under the impression it was 57," observed a Counsel remotely connected with the case, in courteous correction.

The Witness (equally courteous) had no doubt but that "57" was the number. Then a search was made among the exhibits, and "57" was found. It was not the right number, so "99" was tried and turned out to be correct. Upon this all parties smiled triumphantly at one another, and paused for a few moments to recover from their exertions. Again I thought of the pound-a-minute calculation.

"Now," said the Cross-examiner, peering into the plan with savage earnestness, "you say that the level is shown here," and he pointed to a spot in the plan.

"No," returned the Witness, "it is here." And then he added, politely, "But, pardon me, you are looking at the chart upside down. This is the top."

The mistake having been rectified, the cross-examination was cautiously continued.

"Well, the level was below the mud?"

At this point the Arbitrator, who had been following the proceedings until now with rather perfunctory attention, became gently excited, and seemed to take a personal interest in the mud.

"I suppose it is shown here?" he said, to the Witness, adding something technical about the "marsh level," which tended to prove that he knew all about it, and was doing his duty nobly.

"Has not this spot been photographed?" asked the Cross-examiner, after a few moments of consultation with his clients.

Then the "number game" recommenced, and guesses were made at the proper exhibit. On being ultimately found, it afforded some disappointment, as there was a difficulty in recognising in the picture the relative positions of mud, trees, water, and houses.

Of course all this took some time, and no one was sorry when the usual adjournment for luncheon occurred. Summing up the morning's work, I found, on referring to my notes, that just three questions had been asked and answered; but this, of course, did not include the queries as to charts and plans, which were much more numerous.

"Quite a gallop to-day," said one of the Solicitors, as we left the Court. "If we can only keep this rate up, we shall break the neck of the case before Christmas!"

After the refreshment interval (which I spent in the Bar dining-room, a sort of vault that might have served equally well for a workhouse kitchen or a military prison) I returned to my seat, and was soon followed by the other interested parties.

Once more the cross-examination commenced with its accompaniment of plans, photographs, and the like, and again the Counsel received further instructions before putting every new question. It reminded me of a game of chess played by one individual against a number of others acting in concert. After every answer of the questioned the questioner and his assistants conferred as to what should be the next query. It was distinctly slow and monotonous, and, at a pound a minute, seemed rather expensive.

With my left hand resting on a pile of legal authorities that I had brought into Court with me on the chance of requiring them, I somewhat lazily jotted down a *précis* of the proceedings. Suddenly the Cross-examiner addressed the Arbitrator in quite a new tone.

"Sir," said he, "I cannot help feeling that all we have been doing this morning and for many days before this morning is a farce, and nothing but a farce. The general impression of the public is that arbitration is cheaper than law. It is nothing of the sort, Sir, it is merely a dear and slovenly way of getting justice administered without a trained Judge and an intelligent Jury."

"Really, this is very indecent!" exclaimed an opposing Barrister. "Surely this inquiry has been conducted on the pleasantest possible terms. We are all a happy family."

"We are!" admitted the first speaker, "we are! But on public grounds I consider the system pernicious. But I do not say this to cause strife. I merely mention it, as I can now see a way of bringing the suit to a highly satisfactory conclusion. I am in a position to state that the Plaintiffs, Messrs. LONG and UNDERPIN, have proposed to and been accepted by the ladies representing the Defendant Company—two charming and accomplished Nieces. The cause, consequently, is at an end."

"Hallo!" said a voice near me, which I immediately recognised as PADDLECU's. "Just returned from Henley! You are making a nice row in your sleep!"

"In my sleep!" I exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

I looked round. Certainly the Court had resumed its usual calm, colourless appearance. The same Witness was still being cross-examined in the same leisurely fashion, the same Counsel was yet again consulting with the same clients before putting the same sort of query.

"But," I exclaimed, "there is to be a marriage!"

"Nonsense!" replied PADDLECU. "Why, what are you thinking about?"

"Why, that *Long and Underpin v. The Improved Palace and People's Country-Seat Building Society* is settled."

"That settled!" exclaimed PADDLECU; "why, it will last for years! You must have been dreaming!"

And I had!

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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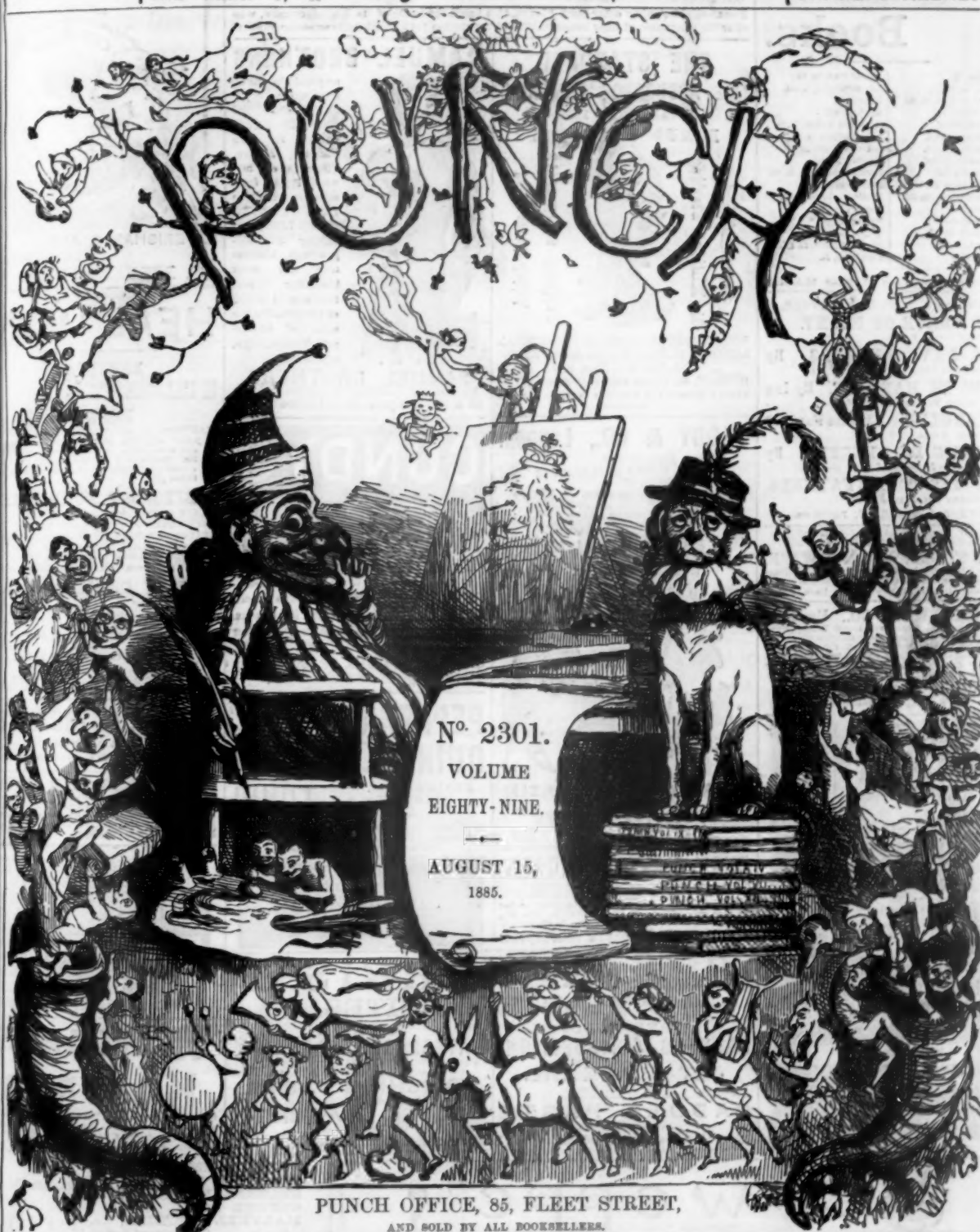
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is
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THE OYSTER AND THE GROUSE.



On a sweltering August afternoon,
As the SPEAKER dismissed the House,
A Native Oyster wept on the breast
Of a sympathetic old Grouse.

"Pity me, comrade," he sobbed, "for
deep

My mental anxieties are;
The dredging season commenced last
week.

Though this isn't a month with an R!

"In days less cruel and greedy than
these

I was safe while the Dog-Star shone;
I could fatten in peace and dreamily
gape

My subaqueous bed upon.
I could slumber, lulled by the lapping
wave,

Through the heat of an August day,
Or, whistling softly, the gambols watch
Of my innocent spat at play.

"But a law, which I cannot hesitate
To denounce as a licence to crime,

Permits the vile dredger to hyke me up
Just a month before my time.

This savage, indecent, gluttonous haste
To deprive me of life is due

To the basest of human propensities,
From the Oyster's point of view."

"Be of good comfort!" the Grouse
replied,

"My griefs are as great as thine;
The month that endangers thy precious
life

Is fatal to me and mine.
For our enemy, Man, at this time of
year,

Is bent upon shooting me down,
That he may devour my roasted re-
mains

At dinner with crumbs fried brown.

"The summertime through he has
chuckled with joy

To hear I was hardy and strong;

In the House, as the deadly Twelfth
drew nigh,

The debates he has deemed too long;
And now that the Session's chatter is
done—

A marvel of wasted breath—
He is off with his dogs and gillies and
gun

To the moors, to compass my death.

"We are one in our perils, my mollusc
friend,

We are one in our family woes,
For our toothsome bodies are coveted
now

By greedy, unscrupulous foes,
Who gloat on our fatness in leaders and
'pars'

With outbursts of fiendish glee,
And lick their lips at the hideous
thought

Of swallowing thee and me!"

"A curse upon science!" the Oyster
exclaimed,

As the tears his cheeks ran down,
"On the locomotive that brings us up
fresh

To the gormandising Town!
On the newspaper ghoul,—when I
think of them

I can never choose but weep,—
Who revel in gruesome forecasts that
we

Shall abound this year, and be cheap!"

Thus sadly, that August afternoon,
The Oyster did wail and whine,

While the brilliant eye of the Grouse
was dimmed

With unfamiliar brine.
But he who heard them lament was
glad,

And a smile illumined his face,
As he prophesied, "Natives a penny
apiece,

And Grouse at three shillings a
brace!"

THE OUTGOING GOVERNMENT TO THE SPEAKER.—"Mori-tories te salutant."

PAGES FROM A DIARY

Kept by the Acting-Assistant, Deputy Sub-Editor of the
Official Court Circular.

SUNDAY.—There are so many important facts omitted from the daily record of Royal doings with which I have the honour to be connected, that I have determined to make them public. For instance, although the *Circular* gives the name of the happy Divine selected for the enviable distinction of preaching before HER MAJESTY and the Royal Family, no mention is made of the character and effect of his sermon. It was twenty minutes long, and during the first quarter of an hour every occupant of the Queen's Pew was awake. It was only during the last five minutes that two Princes and a Princess (whose names are suppressed for obvious reasons) slumbered.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon) expressed much satisfaction with "vinegar-jam," a new sort of pickles, which H.R.H. has recently invented.

Monday.—The *Circular*, although announcing the fact that the QUEEN and Princess BEATRICE took a drive in the morning, omitted to mention that *Spot*, the favourite colley of H.R.H., was in attendance.

H.R.H. Prince HENRY of Battenberg spent a large portion of the morning in learning ten pages of *How to Speak English in a Fortnight*, by Professor SAUKKRAUT, of Berlin.

Prince CHRISTIAN (who stayed to luncheon) expressed much approval of a ten-pound pot of *pâté de foies gras* which had the honour of supplying H.R.H.'s entire meal.

Tuesday.—The QUEEN and the Princess BEATRICE took a drive in a pony-carriage. The *Circular* omitted to mention that the Mistress of the Kobes was accommodated with a seat on the box.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon) was graciously pleased to express his approval of the soup, fish, roast beef, and curried rabbit.

Wednesday.—The Prince and Princess of WALES took a cruise in their yacht, the *Aline*, accompanied by T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT, the Princess LOUISE, the Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg, Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who came on board in time for five o'clock tea), Prince and Princess of BATTENBERG, T.S.H. the Count and Countess VON PUMPERNICKEL, Baron RUMFELTSTEIN, Baron STULTZ, Count VON HOMBOURG, Prince SPOONNICKEL, Baron PRUGG, and the Marquis of LORNE. A large number of Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court were also honoured with an invitation. Owing to a breeze springing up, some of the company were accommodated with places on an accompanying Ryde and Portsmouth steamboat. The band of the Royal Marine Artillery were in attendance.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), expressed his approval of a superb dish of liver and bacon, a *plat* specially prepared for H.R.H.

Thursday.—This being the forty-first birthday of the Duke of EDINBURGH, H.R.H. called upon the Prince and Princess of WALES, the Duke and Duchess of CONNAUGHT, the Duchess of ALBANY, the Princess LOUISE, Marchioness of LORNE, the Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who was not at home), and a large number of H.R.H.'s friends and acquaintances. The birthday presents accepted by H.R.H. were more numerous than costly, with the exception of those offered by the Royal household, which were of the value sanctioned by precedent.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), was the only member of the Royal Family present at that meal. H.R.H. graciously shared the viands prepared for the members of the Royal Household.

Friday.—Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), inspected the Royal Kitchen, and spent a considerable time in examining the wine-cellar and larder, graciously testing their contents.

Saturday.—Prince and Princess HENRY of Battenberg accompanied one another to-day (the first time this week), for a walk. Two ladies and three equerries (on horseback) were in attendance. In the afternoon His Royal Highness proceeded to London, while the Princess accompanied Her Majesty in a closed pony carriage, to make some purchases in Ryde. The weather was inclement.

Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein (who stayed to luncheon), is suffering from indisposition.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"Now, JOHN, YOU MUST DECIDE WHERE IT'S TO BE! SHALL WE SAY SCARBOROUGH?" "No, THE JONESSES ARE THERE!"
 "FOLKESTONE!" "No. THAT'S WHERE THE BROWNS HAVE GONE TO!"
 "ILFRACOMBE, THEN!"
 "No, HANG IT!—THINK OF THE ROBINSONS ALL OVER THE PLACE!"
 [And so, ad infinitum, through every Seaside Resort in the three kingdoms.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE hasn't been for some time a better number of MACMILLAN'S *English Illustrated Magazine* than this one for August. Some of the illustrations are charming.

Beneath the Dark Shadow is the first instalment of a tale intended, like the *Fat Boy's* story, to make your flesh creep. Dropping into verse, we may say,—

The *English Illustrated Magazine*
 Is the cheapest that ever was seen;
 'Tis published each month by the far-famed MACMILLAN.
 It only costs sixpence, though well worth a shilling.

In the *Fortnightly* there is an article which we have read with great interest. It is on "The New Naturalism," and its Author is a Lilly, not the Jersey Lilly, but Mr. W. S. LILLY. Far as most Englishmen will go with him in his estimate of GORGON-ZOLA, yet I doubt whether eminent Surgeons, on the vivisectionist side, will allow some of his general assertions to pass unchallenged. Mr. Punch, whose tender heart bleeds at the idea of injuring even a black-beetle—ugh!—is in favour of Vivisection under certain stringent restrictions. If he were sure that he could confer on the whole human race, by vivisectioning *Toby*, such an inestimable boon as would make the performance of that painful operation a solemn and sacred duty, then, with *Toby's* consent, but not without, he would sacrifice his own feelings, and offer up *Toby* at the shrine of humanity. "What's the next article?" Oh, a most interesting one on the Newspaper Press in Paris.

In the same magazine Dr. MORRELL MACKENZIE'S *Rejoinder* to Dr. DONKIN—an unfortunate name, so suggestive of, "if I had a DONKIN what wouldn't go"—is brilliant and instructive. It introduces us to a "fabulating Laryngologist who has indicated the prophylactic," and who jealously gouts "the refuge for the destitute diagnos-

A PLAGUE OF ADJECTIVES.

"Fudge!" said Mr. Burchell.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

[Lord HARTINGTON, replying to Lord R. CHURCHILL'S attack upon Lord RIPON, said: "It is impossible to argue against adjectives such as those used by the noble Lord."]

ARGUE with Adjectives? No, my dear HARTINGTON, That is a task to drive common sense frantic, Harder than that of the besom-armed PARTINGTON Sweeping away at the foaming Atlantic. Fighting a locust-swarm's nothing at all to it, Epithets now have such superfection, No one, without an imperative call to it, Cares to encounter that plague of the nation. Public life now is a sort of a pillory, Where one must stand to be pelted with phrases; Sweeter to lie with a "weed" and dry Sillery, Eyes to the heavens and back to the daisies. Adjectives! Adjectives! Reason is sick of them, Every young nincompoop perched on a platform Thinks he's a Jove whilst he scatters the pick of them. Billingsgate only his equal in *that* form. Substantive statement, sound sense, and solidity. All seem superfluous, only the chatterer Insolent adjectives hurls with avidity; Statesman? Dear no! but a splendid mud-spatterer, Vulgar invective's the test of ability, With that crass mob who are sweet on denouncing, Chivalry's timid, and tame is civility, CLEON must now be eternally trouncing. Nouns may need *nouns*, verbs need handling with clarity, Hooroo for adjectives! they will enable A fellow to chuck over logic, taste, charity, Landing him safe in a Billingsgate-Babel. HARTINGTON yes, argument is mere vanity Tried on a CALLAN, a BIGGAR, a CHURCHILL, Only true "counter" for vulgar insanity The expletive simple of good Mr. Burchell!

Conquest and "Conveyance."

As touching an active Colonial policy, meaning the proposed conquest of Madagascar, the French Government declare that "Civilisation requires it of them, and when civilisation is in question France must be in the van." If France will seize upon the territory of people against their will, there is a van, well known at Bow Street, in which, were it possible, France ought to ride.

tionian." Then Dr. MACKENZIE playfully terms the stomach and the liver "scapegoats." It is quite a happy thought. "O my lungs and liver! O goroo, goroo!" Henceforth let the sufferer say, "I've a pain in my scapegoat;" or, "I think my scapegoat isn't acting properly," and so forth. Dr. DONKIN,

Though in a frenzy
 With Doctor MACKENZIE,

has our best thanks for having given the Rejoinderer One such a first-rate chance.

PROOF VERY POSITIVE.

THE following extract from the *Times* of the 4th inst. tells its own simple, yet mysterious tale, in a manner which argues such exceptional powers of weighing evidence on the part of the Reporter, that Mr. Punch would suggest that gentleman's immediate promotion to the Bench. He would, however, very much like to know what passed while the strange man Biggs was "put back?" How suggestive of a shilling story and title! With the present sequel of Mrs. Biggs "looking after Biggs" especially, think of it!

"At the Thames Police-court, THOMAS BIGGS, an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, was charged on his own confession with causing the death of his wife. Medical and other evidence having been given, Mr. LUSHINGTON had the prisoner put back, and in the afternoon his wife attended the court, which clearly proved there was no foundation for his statement, and on his promising to look after her husband in future, Mr. LUSHINGTON discharged him."

But who gave evidence that the person calling herself Mrs. Biggs was the Mrs. Biggs in question? Herself or her husband? However, if the Reporter was satisfied—he was there, and we weren't—that's everything—or nearly everything.



"THE TUG OF WAR."

(From a Randolphian point of view. Suggested by Mr. Harding Cox's well-known Picture.)

If the slaves of the Tram-car complain of their fourteen and a half hours of labour "in the open air" which their Chairman seemed to consider quite an attraction, what will be thought of the Jew tailors in the East End, who, during the busy season, are compelled, according to an article in the *P. M. G.*, to work sixteen hours a day, and this in anything but the open air. They get during this time two pounds a week. But not afterwards. The "bastards" toil from seven

A.M. to midnight. The bastards are those who keep them at it, poor bastards! And the "pressers" sometimes earn seven shillings a day, and they work till midnight too. We pity the pressers, and should like to tackle the oppressors.

SUGGESTION TO SOCIAL REFORMERS. — "*La protesté c'est le col.*" Corollary: — Prosecution is per-secution.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SPORTING. — Aug. 12. Licensing Day for Shooting Stars.

NEW READING. — Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape — CALLAN, eh?

ONE of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's latest speeches is very generally considered as Hull-tra Radical.

"HARD LINES."

"RICHARDSON'S SHOW!" Tram-car performances!

Those of the North Metropolitan Tram-cars Co. seem to be very hard lines. Mr. Richardson, the Chairman, did his best to show it was all right—more or less. But Muster

RICHARDSON'S Show wasn't quite satisfactory all round as it might have been, specially when the *Pall-Mall Gazette* ferret went to work to get at the truth about Tram-cars.

Over fourteen hours a day is a pretty good dose of it; and, if this is absolutely the case, then the Tram-car man's lot is not a happy one.

Adapting an old song of the over-worked slavey — it was *Caliban* who sang it in a Burlesque, by the Brothers Baorou, in *The Tempest*, before such liberties taken with the Bard shocked the dainty Critics — the Tram-car man might well sing, —

"From morn to night I work like a winkle,
Up and down and turn about
With scarce a minute for grub or drinkin'
And they seldom let me have a Sunday out."

Let us hope that this state of things will rapidly improve, without injury to the nine per cent dividend, and that the "Rider," to reduce the hours, and give the men more rest, may be as riders should be — carried by N.M. Tram-car Co.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 3.—“We are all enjoying our Bank Holiday,” said BOURKE, just now, in explanation of reason why certain Papers were not published.

Quite true: only, like our forefathers known to FROISSART, we are taking our pleasure sadly. House not very full, and everybody dead beat.

“Most curious thing,” said CHRISTOPHER SYKES, worn almost to a shadow with unremitting attendance upon Parliamentary duties,



J. B., the Polite Letter Writer.

“that we should make Bank Holiday for all the world, only omitting ourselves. Why shouldn't Hon. Members have their Bank Holiday like other working-men?”

“Yes,” said the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, “why shouldn't they go off on an excursion thirteen to a horse, seek the cool glades of Epping, or drink from what SHERBROOKE calls ‘airy bowl’ in ‘Appy Ampton’? Why shouldn't they, as they come home, stop at every public-house? Why shouldn't they

fill the streets with brawls when they reach Town, storm the public-houses at half-past twelve, beat their wives by way of greeting, wake in the morning with a headache that only more drink will cure, and resolve at least to make half a week of it? Why should there be one law for the poor and another for the rich? And why should both Houses of Parliament be debarred from the innocent joys and pleasures provided by LUBBOCK for the great body of the toiling masses?”

However, it's no use fighting against the law, and instead of taking a day in the country with the rest, here we are slaving away at the Criminal Law Amendment Bill. Got this through Committee by Ten o'clock; took up Scotch Secretary Bill, upon which LYON PLAYFAIR delivered luminous speech, in course of which, he observed that duties of proposed new Secretary were “like a Haggis.”

“Yes, but what's a Haggis like?” said ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, still athirst for information.

PLAYFAIR very properly took no notice of interruption. A man who didn't know a Haggis when he met one, was not worth devoting attention to.

Tuesday, 5.10 A.M.—Going home with the Milkman, having spent cheerful night with the Irish Labourer. Passed Bill through Committee. Don't know what it's about. Understand it's meant to help Parnellites in coming General Election. Anyhow, they insisted upon proceeding with it to-night, and of course we had to stay.

Might have got home twenty minutes ago, only for Infants' Bill. Don't know what this Bill was about, either. JOSEPH GILLIS says he believes it's a Bill to Put Down Infants, but isn't sure. BRIGGS looking in in the early morning, as is his custom, found HART DYKE asleep on two chairs in library, exhausted with the Irish Labourer.

“What's the matter now?” DYKE asked, waking when division-bell clanged.

“An infant crying for the light,
An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry,” said BRIGGS.

“Take it out of that,” said DYKE, handing BRIGGS a box of wax matches, and, turning over on his side, was fast asleep again.

Business done.—Up all night, winding up business.

Tuesday Night.—Ireland again, with small hours of the night given up to Scotland. PARFELL back after mysterious disappearance of over a week. Understood he was away trying some fresh experi-

ments with his hair. Quite expected to see him come in with crown shaved and hair otherwise cropped close. But adheres to earlier style of OSCAR WILDE. Whispered among the Boys that he's taken an oath neither to shave or cut his hair till JOSEPH GILLIS is made a Baronet.

“Why,” he asks, “should RANDOLPH get something for all his men, whilst I have nothing to bestow? JOSEPH GILLIS shall be a B.B.K. TIM HEALY shall be Attorney-General for Ireland; and as for SEXTON, he shall be appointed Commissioner to Chili, or some other place where it will take him long time to go out and back. Not going to have RANDOLPH crowing over me!”

At midnight House in Committee on Scotch Fisheries Bill. DE WORMS in charge.

“Oh!” said O'SHEA, looking in, and preparing to leave immediately. “WORMS and Fishing. How appropriate. Ground-bait, I suppose?”

“No,” said RAMSAY, wondering how he could make such a mistake; “Sea-Fisheries.”

Business done.—Several Bills advanced.

Wednesday.—Appropriation Bill on. On this Motion all kinds of subjects may be discussed. O'BRIEN took opportunity of calling attention to letter purporting to have been written by ERRINGTON to GRANVILLE on the subject of appointment of Archbishop of DUBLIN. ERRINGTON made capital and convincing reply. “How did the letter come into O'BRIEN's hands? It was either a forgery or was stolen.” More than this the new “barnet,” as O'BRIEN calls him, declined to say. JOSEPH GILLIS, with most judicial air, expressed his opinion that ERRINGTON had given no answer “because he really had none.” But, on the whole, O'BRIEN probably sorry he spoke. Not a nice thing to be fixed with alternative, however blandly put, of endeavour to make use of a letter that is either forged or stolen.

Honours of debate remained with PAT O'BRIEN. In very best oratorical manner, and mind full of glowing thoughts, after giving his opinion on the Errington affair, Sir PAT deviated into disquisition on the new Toy Democracy. Thence, naturally led into review

of the history of the MARLBOROUGHs, with respect to the historical tergiversation of the founder of the family. Sir PAT was inflexibly just. “One day,” he said, “this dual family were followers of WILLIAM. Another day they were followers of JAMES. “But,” he continued, in a voice of thunder, “we have had a woman in England—a SARAH—and I will ask whether the SARAH of former days has fallen away, and whether there ought not to be in the present day a feminine descendant of the great dukedom of MARLBOROUGH?” All this Sir PAT uttered, with his eye resting upon RANDOLPH, whose presence had evidently inspired this flight of eloquence. House



Sir P. O'Brien invokes the Divine Sarah.

roared with laughter. RAMSAY seriously puzzled.

“What's the man at?” he asked Sir GEORGE BALFOUR. “What's the Duke of MARLBOROUGH to do with the letter from ERRINGTON to GRANVILLE, that O'BRIEN says he's got; and who's SARAH? The man's clean daft, and what people are laughing at I don't know.”

The flood of Sir PAT's eloquence stopped by accidental dropping into bad language. Gliding naturally from the Great SARAH to question before the House, drew graphic picture of Attorney-General for Ireland kissing O'BRIEN on both cheeks, and asking him to attack “those damned Whigs.” SPEAKER, trying to look as if he hadn't been laughing, gravely interposed. Sir PAT, knowing he'd put his foot in it, hastily withdrew the remark, and presently brought remarkable oration to a close.

“I do not,” said RANDOLPH, “know a more delightful or interesting speaker than Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN. When he rises to address the House he has no notion of what he is going to say; and when he sits down his audience have not the least idea of what he has meant to say.”

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read Third Time.

Thursday.—Couldn't make out the other day what RANDOLPH was at. “TOBY, old man,” says he, “wish you'd look up in Mangnall's Questions, or somewhere else, how many Viceroy's there are. I'm busy with these Indian figures, and don't want to get mixed.”

"Can find only three," I told him later. "There's Ireland, India, and Canada."

"Dear me," says RANDOLPH, "only three! And I've gone and used one up already. However, must make the best of what remains."

This all dark to me at the time. Understand it now. RANDOLPH came on to-night with Indian Budget. For first hour toiled along through mazes of figures, which few listened to, and fewer still



A RIFON CURRY A LA SURPRISE.

Randolf Jabberwockahoy (the new Indian "Chef," addressing Lord Ripon). "I think, Sahib, I've made it hot enough for you?"

understood. When he got to end, RANDOLPH took off his coat, carefully folded it up, put it down on seat behind, frowned on Grand Cross to let him know he'd better not be up to any larks when his back was turned, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and went for Lord Ripon.

Nobody expected this, least of all RIFON, who at the moment was placidly dressing for dinner.

"Ha! Ha!" cried RANDOLPH, dancing round stuffed figure of ex-Viceroy. "Clumsy!" (and he bunged up one eye). "Stupid!" (and he fetched him one on the conk). "A crime!" (the other eye closed); "and a blunder" (final blow laid ex-Viceroy on his back). All this of course in a Parliamentary sense.

"I think that rather astonished them, Tony," he said, after it was all over. "Fun of it was, they never thought what was coming. Worst of it is, I'm using them up so fast, and supply strictly limited. Knocked over two Viceroys within a week. Shall save up LONSDALE for a bit."

Business done.—Indian Budget brought in.

Friday.—A quiet night. Very few here, and these in low spirits. Criminal Law Amendment Bill being discussed, with one eye on the Housing of the Working Classes Bill. If Criminal Law Amendment Bill were disposed of before half-past twelve, 't'other would come on. But if talk can be kept up till 12:30, must stand over. So opponents of the Housing of the Working Classes Bill talked at length on Criminal Law Amendment Bill up to half-past twelve. When clock struck half hour, talk suddenly collapsed. Criminal Law Amendment Bill passed; Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed over. That's how we sometimes do work in the House of Commons.

HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS.—A large Clock, with Westminster Chimes, was presented to the Princess BEATRICE by the Queen's and Her Royal Highness's "dressers." Very nice of the dressers; what did the kitchen-table send?

VERY SIMPLE REMEDY.—"Cannot something be done," Truth asked last week "to stop the perpetually recurring 'suicide from Highgate Archway'?" Certainly. Take down the Archway.

OFF THE STAGE.—When an inimitable Actor has retired, anyone may abuse him, in his absence of course, without fear of contradiction, because there will be no one to take his part.

An eminent Theologian said he was perfectly acquainted with the *Summa* of St. Thomas, but he had never heard of "*St. Martin's Summa*." This Theologian has much to learn.

HIGH-SKY-HIGH COMPLIMENTS.

"THE Emperor, determined to do fitting honour to his august visitor, not only ordered the celebrated old Prussian family dinner-service, and Rosoco dessert plates to be brought hurriedly from Berlin, but had every picture, excepting only those of the Austrian Kaiser and his fair Consort, much to the surprise of the attentive proprietor of the Badeschloss, ruthlessly swept from the walls of his temporary drawing-room."—*Gastien Correspondent*.

En suite.—From a Distinguished Invalid's Diary.

9 A.M.—Took the waters. Feel as fresh as ever. Fancy calling this place *Bad-Gastein*! I call it good Gastein, and the more gas turned on the better.—N.B. I'll keep that joke for the gala dinner this afternoon. That reminds me. Must receive him becomingly. Will go and see what sort of quarters they have given him at the Straubinger.

10 A.M.—Have had all the matting, bedroom-carpet, and oil-cloth taken up, and have telegraphed to Potsdam for the Great FREDERICK'S Imperial sheeting. Have also ordered front of Hotel to be painted Prussian blue, picked out with Hapsburg eagles, and the Waiters and Proprietor to appear at breakfast in the full-dress uniform of the 73rd Pomeranian Radetzki Dragoons. Think that's neat. Walk back, wearing a Hungarian leopard-skin wrapscal, and am heartily cheered.

11 A.M.—Don't half like the look of the entrance-hall and staircase. Have telegraphed to Potsdam for two dozen double-lounged *dos-a-dos* Imperial ottomans, and for the great chandelier from the Opera-house at Hamburg. Dear me—here they are! and I've not yet picked out my uniform. I think a Silesian Grenadier Drum-major (drum and all) will surprise them. Capital idea! I'll try it.

2 P.M.—They have come, but owing to FRANCIS-JOSEPH being disguised, which I didn't expect, as a trumpeter of the White Cuirassiers (BISMARCK'S OWN) in undress, I embraced the coachman by mistake. This has produced a splendid ovation, but hope it won't affect the money market. Empress ELIZABETH very gracious. Offered her a complete set of ball-room curtains from Babelsberg. Pleased, I think, and surprised. Ha! here's dinner.

6 P.M.—Dinner great success. Compliment implied in family soup-tureen almost seen without explanation. Dessert over. Have put on several loose Austrian sabretashes, and insisted on walking over and seeing them off. Crowd enthusiastic. Empress still charming. Promised her a dozen loo-tables and the whole of the fourth-storey furniture at Stolzenfels. FRANCIS-JOSEPH unrecognisable as a North German Port Admiral. However, directed by THUR, managed to embrace him this time. Off at last. Excitement quite affecting. Have sent soup-tureen and two potato-dishes after them by special courier on horseback. Everybody touched to hysterics. To the Badeschloss again by a back way quietly. Interesting day.

OFFICIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

THE ever glib and youthful Secretary of State for India, the other day in his place in Parliament, solemnly, and with a serious sense of his responsibility as a Minister of the Crown, described the necessity he was under of introducing a Budget with a deficit of a million and a half, as "hard lines." Here are some more handy and elegant phrases for him.

Reply to a late Indian Secretary, who has charged him with imperilling the destinies of the Empire by a persistent pursuance of his present policy.—Yah! get out! You're another!

Peroration of stirring and patriotic speech insisting on the paramount value of India as an integral portion of the British Empire.—Now mind, no error. I tell you what it is: the Country has got a pot of money on it!

Specimen of satiric political threat addressed to aged Members of the Front Opposition Bench who have intimated their intention of prolonging a debate.—Look here! If you old duffers don't shut up, why, I'm blessed if I won't take the whole lot of you with my left hand.—There! Oh!

Passing reference to Lord Ripon.—He's a blooming Viceroy, he is!

But examples need not be continued. It must be obvious, from the above specimens, what a hemely turn may be given to the debates of the future if new Members will only take a leaf out of the Member for Woodstock's latest Parliamentary Play-ground Note-Book.

QUESTION FOR THIS WEDNESDAY.—Was Mr. WILK canonised when he was raised to the Upper House, and called "St. Oswald"?

WHEN is a Bird from the Moore at this season of the year not so dear as Grouse? When it's a little Cheeper.



MUSIC AT HOME. (IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.)

Herr Bémolaki (by request). "AON, IF YOUR LATTYSHIP SHALL CRACIOUSLY BERMIT, I SHALL BLAY FOR YOU MY RONTTO ANTANTINO GABRIOCIOSO IN F MOLL!"

Noble Hostess. "OH, THAT WILL BE VERY NICE! I'M AFRAID THE PIANO IS NOT IN FIRST-RATE ORDER, BY THE BYE. OUR TURNER DIED A FEW YEARS AGO, AND WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIND ANOTHER!"

ONE WARNING MORE!

WARNING? What wealthy citizen should need it?
True public spirit would anticipate
The Censor's cry, not stiffly scorn to heed it.
How long must Bumble-palsied London wait,

Despite plain decency and common sense,
The crass caprice of callous opulence?

Æsthetic argument, of course, falls blunted
On our true Babylonian Pachyderm.
True, Little Pedlington might be affronted,
And Hole-cum-Corner Philistines might squirm,

At being thought oblivious of the duty
Of paying civic reverence to Beauty.

But your true Cockney Cæsus smiles superior
Upon the sentimental claims of Taste;
What matters it if London's grey exterior
Be one huge sacrifice to greed—and paste,
So gold in swollen coffers is piled quicker,
Thanks to the Stucco-fiend and the Bill-Sticker?

No, no, our "Citizen of no mean City"
Shares not the pride of Athens or old Rome;
He does not care (Shame murmurs, "More's the pity!")
To have a grand or decorative home.

What interest has he in dome or tower—
Unless as conduit for a Danie shower?

Pass that! Our London Millionnaires care little,
Finding their City briek, to leave it stone.

Who of them e'en contributes jot or tittle
To make the huge Metropolis stand alone
In splendour, as in spread of mile on mile?
Great Midas, no! That's not at all their style.

But cleanliness, and safety? There you'd think
Their stodgy slow Batavian souls might lighten:

To have it made a midden or a sink
You'd hope might sicken them, or, if not, frighten.

Bah! Would you know how greed can blind and harden,
Good Stranger, go and look at Covent Garden!

Take civet with you, take carbolic acid,
And then—nose-pinching—gaze upon the scene

BALFOUR can contemplate with patience placid.

Noblesse oblige? How very, very green
He must be who conceives that lofty station—
In London—brings a sense of obligation!

Stale almost as its smells the old old story
Of foul Mud-Salad Market! Very like!

Wrong, spite of stout attack, too oft grows hoary
Before 'tis felled; but Right must strike and strike.

What are we waiting for, with rising gorge?
MUDFORD'S convenience—or the Cholera Scourge?

He will not shrink, or spare, or huckster slowly.

What make you, Muckrake, with your filth-clogged broom?
A garbage-bed for him? A task unholy!

One warning more! If in this gathering gloom
Mephitic, foul, he rise, grim shape of Fate,
Vain pleadings, Muckrake; they will come too late.

Fast or Breakfast?

Do the various complainants against the despotism of the "Autocrat of the Scotch Breakfast-Table" really mean to say that the extensive Licensed Victualler, so called, will allow them no breakfast except at *table d'hôte* times, and refuses to allow them to be served with a mess of porridge, or a roll and an egg, or a slice of ham and a cup of tea or coffee, at their own hours? Can the tourist in the Land of Cakes obtain no cake except just when that imperious and bloated Bung pleases? If so, any traveller contemplating a tour in Scotland had better be provided with a portable spirit-stove and supply of provisions, so as to constitute himself his own "Cook's Tourist."

QUESTIONABLE COMPARATIVE.—The present PREMIER has credit for getting on better than the former did with Foreign Powers. Why? Is Lord SALISBURY a greater person than the Grand Old One? Yes, they say he is a *persona grata*.



ONE WARNING MORE!

SCENE—Mud-Salad Market.

MR. PUNCH (*Inspector of Nuisances*). "NOW, THEN, MY NOBLE STICK-IN-THE-MUD, I'VE TOLD YOU TO CLEAR UP THIS PLACE LONG AGO. WAKE UP, OR IT WILL BE TOO LATE!"



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AN "HONOURABLE ADJUSTMENT."



OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE.

* * A contribution towards the next illustrated work on English Manners and Customs by the Author of *John Bull et son fils*.

BRER WOLFF TACKLES OLD MAN TURKEY-BUZZARD.

"The PORTER is likely to proceed with excessive caution in the negotiations with Sir H. D. WOLFF."—*Standard*.

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy, "how did Brer Wolff get on with Brer Alligator, after all?"

"Who? Brer Wolff?" queried the old nigger vaguely, as though not quite seeing the bearings of the question.

"Well, Uncle REMUS, you know you said that Brer Bison and Brer Fox and old Brer Hare and Brer Coon agreed to send Brer Wolff to take the measure of Brer Alligator's back and mouth, and—"

"Co'se I did, honey, co'se I did," interrupted the old man. "But bress grashus, honey, gig attar gate don't allers mean staitin' fo' home."

"Didn't Brer Wolff go, after all, then?" asked the little boy.

"Did'n' say dat nudder, honey," responded Uncle REMUS. "But dat sheep-skin wut I tell yer Brer Wolff wrop hisself up in sorter did'n' quite cover him, en de udder beastesses dey look at him mighty suspicious like, dey did, en Brer Wolff he up'n sez ter Brer Fox, sezee, 'Seems ter me dey sorter spishun sump'n,' sezee. En dis kinder tarrify Brer Wolff, en he skasely knew w'at he gwinter do."

"And was Brer Fox terrified, also?" asked the little boy.

"Bress grashus, honey, dat he was'n. Who? Him? You dunno nuthin' 'tall 'bout Brer Fox ef dat's de way you puttin' him down. Seem like nuthin' wouldn't tarrify Brer Fox, he wuz jes' as peart ez a circus pony all de time, he wuz. But Brer Bison, en Old Brer Hare, en Brer Coon, dey palaver longer wunner nudder like dey ain't quite see der way thro' der goober patch; en Miss Meadows, she look on, en Gran' Ole Man Rabbit, he lay low en watch. Gran' Ole Man Rabbit, he ain't say ennything skasely, kase he sorter nussin up his voice, ez wuz monstus weak longer much palaversomeness. But his eyes mighty sharp still, en dey ain't miss mos' nuffin'."

"Bout dis yer time Brer Pig he cut up didos like he useter, en mos' people 'spect ez Brer Bison, en Ole Man Hare, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon ud des come down on Brer Pig kerblam, en make him feel sorter splimmy-splammy, like dey allers say dey'd do if dey only had der own way wid Brer Pig."

"And did they?" asked the little boy.

"Not dey, honey," returned the old man, with scornful emphasis. "Soon's dey get de power derselves dey cool off like po'in spring water on one er des yer biggity fires. Brer Fox he done get mighty famillious like wid Brer Pig, en fus things you know dey wuz hail-

fellers, kaze Brer Pig he say Brer Fox ain't bin bodderin him like dem udder bees's; en Brer Fox he 'low ez mos ev Brer Pig's didos wuz all erlong er Gran' Ole Man Rabbit en his gang. Dio yer raise a lotter toof-chompin' mong de udder beastesses. But Brer Fox he ain't keer. En Brer Bison, en Ole Man Hare, en Brer Coon feel sorter skeer'd. But Brer Fox he ain't keer. En ez fer Miss Sally, ez useter back up Brer Fox, she let out like she'd knock de natal stuffin' outer him wid her 'brella, cos' he'd done gone en disgraced der ole fambly. But Brer Fox he aint keer."

"But about Brer Wolff and Brer Alligator, Uncle REMUS?" asked the little boy, with youthful persistency.

"Dat's des w'at I wur gwinter tell yer 'bout!" said the old man, calmly. "All dis yer scumflishing wid wunner nudder tuk time, en Brer Wolff he tuk time, en sorter primped hisself up, 'fore he sot out ter see Brer Alligator en Brer Turkey-Buzzard."

"Brer Turkey-Buzzard?" queried the little boy, in surprise.

"Co'se honey," replied Uncle REMUS, "Brer Turkey-Buzzard he mighty artful, en he had a sorter hitch onter Brer Alligator's tail. Gran' Ole Man Rabbit he ain't bin sorter nabersome wid Brer Turkey-Buzzard nohow, but Brer Wolff ez wanted to bridle Brer Alligator like wat I tell yer afore, he 'low he'd drop in en see Brer Turkey-Buzzard fust, en ax 'em Howdy, en kinder see how de land lay. Brer Turkey-Buzzard he mighty smart he is, en he aint de one ter run fis' en foot at no Tar Baby, he aint, en so he sorter smile en wink his eye, lippity-clippity, en den he lay low en wait for Brer Wolff ter come round de cornder."

"En now you'd better lay low too, honey, en you'll see sumpin' wun time ernudder," concluded Uncle REMUS for this time.

From the Saucy "Sunbeam."

COMING on board, the Axe-Minister warmly hugged the owner of the *Sunbeam*, exclaiming, "Em-Brassey moi!" Merry ANDREW CLARK said he'd heard this before. Mr. GLADSTONE is gradually recovering tone, but the partial loss of voice, if it continues, would at Election time still render him *hoarse de combat*. He is now on the *Sunbeam*, cruising. Mr. GLADSTONE going about—(he often has to "go about")—on a *Sunbeam*, sounds like the Yankee who went round the world on a flash of greased lightning. When he gets well, he will once again have a voice in the affairs of the nation. His umbrella will be re-covered about the same time as his voice. Merry ANDREW CLARK is one of the lifes and souls of the party.



A REMINDER.

Old Lady. "NOW, PORTER, YOU'RE QUITE SURE YOU'VE PUT ALL MY LUGGAGE IN—THE BIG PORTMANTLE AND—"

Porter. "ALL RIGHT, MUM."

Old Lady. "AND YOU'RE CERTAIN I'VE NOT LEFT ANYTHING BEHIND—"

Porter. "NO, MUM, NOT EVEN A COPPER!"

MAJESTY AND MAGIC.

SOME interest, in the face of the present aspect of affairs in Eastern Europe, has naturally enough attached itself to what, under usual circumstances, would have been a very commonplace event. It appears that "by special decree of the SULTAN," a French charlatan who had appealed, through his Embassy, against the prohibition of his public performances by the Constantinople Police Authorities, was the other day appointed "Court Conjurer in Ordinary to His Majesty," with a salary, official dress, several orders in paste, and other perquisites, as befitting his important position.

The report states that the SULTAN, having expressed a wish to see the *prestidigitateur* in question, and witness a specimen of his *leger-de-main* off-hand, the latter, happening to commence his entertainment by the familiar appeal to his audience "to lend him half-a-crown," His Majesty was not only so keenly touched with sympathy at this immediate effort to borrow, but was, moreover, put into such excellent good-humour when it was discovered that not a notable in the apartment had a single halfpenny in his pocket, that he ordered the Minister of the Household to draw up the necessary form of investiture on the spot, and dispatched the Financial Adviser to the Imperial Treasury forthwith with a polite autograph-letter to the British Ambassador, asking for the loan of the required sum "on the usual terms."

After a slight delay, which, involving some awkward pauses, at one time threatened to cause a little uneasiness in the distinguished circle, the money, arrived with the kindly meant, but significant, message "that it must really be the last," and the familiar experiment was proceeded with. The trick is too well known to need any description, suffice it to say the accustomed feats of wrapping up the half-crown in a handkerchief, firing it from a gun, and eventually cutting it out of a prepared orange, were dexterously performed, and gave infinite delight to the attentive and highly cultivated audience.

The only hitch occurred when the Minister of Finance, who, thinking he was holding up the half-crown in a box which really contained two guinea-pigs, a canary, a cup of hot coffee, and the nine of spades, by some mishap let the well loaded casket slip down his sleeve, and, evidently not noticing what he had done,

excused himself for leaving the room suddenly on the plea that "he had just seen a friend waiting for him on the other side of the way," through the palace window. At the conclusion, however, much to the surprise of everybody who had noted this little incident, the money was found safe enough inside the fruit, from which it was cut by the SULTAN himself, who instantly put it into his own pocket, at the same time graciously observing he should keep it as a special memento of the great pleasure the whole performance had afforded him.

The making of a plum-pudding in an Imperial *hatt* next followed, and before he left, the versatile entertainer promised, at the special request of His Majesty, on a subsequent occasion, to make the Russian Minister, HALIM PASHA, and several other objectionable Court functionaries, disappear permanently under a canvas extinguisher.

The SULTAN seemed highly gratified by this announcement, and after conversing cheerfully for some time with those about him as to the possibility of introducing *leger-de-main* into the Naval and Military accounts, and of "improving" the Budget on the same mysterious lines, took his departure, privately, and unattended, for the *Ra-hat-la-khoum* quarter.

(EX-) "COMMUNICATED."—Excommunication, in Norfolk, at a place called Saham Toney (ever in possession of the *Tony Lumpkin* family?) is not "according to COCKER" by any means, but "according to COKE,"—specially if the Clergyman finds himself out of his reckoning with his Bishop.

THE only Ecclesiastical Establishment in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S New Republic would probably be the famous Order of "The Monks of the Screw."

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.



Brae-mar.

THE mist is on the distant hills,
The presage of the noon-day heat,
The murmur of the mountain rills
On all the air is silver sweet.
The yellow gorse-bush is ablaze,
The heather rolls a purple sea;

The glory of the August days
Is with us upon moor and lea.

The grouse are calling in the ling,
Where yonder tufts of heather rise,
Or, whirling on impulsive wing,
Look black against the clear blue skies.
A shot! The old cock topples down,
The first to rise and first to fall;
Or, haply blazing at "the brown,"
The eager sportsman misses all.

No matter. Breast the coming hill,
Next time take steady aim and true,
And well we know the bag shall fill,
Or ere there falls the evening dew.
Far better this than Rotten Row,
Or all the wrangles of the House,
To walk where Norland breezes blow
In August, and to slay the grouse.

There's a new life in the moorland air,
Far dearer this than foreign lands,

And wot we Cleveland hills
are fair,

Where Guisbrough's ancient abbey stands.
No sight more beautiful
we crave,

Than this our eager eyes
desire;

For lo! on yonder watchet
wave,

The white sails flash
'twixt sea and sky.



For-far.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 16.



A LIBERAL GARDEN PARTY IN A CONSERVATORY AT WOODEN DOLLIS HILL.

Our Artist, having gone away for a holiday, has forgotten to send us either the Picture itself or the names of the persons in it, but has forwarded a "Pictorial Key," which we publish. We offer a Prize of one of *Mr. Punch's* Half-Yearly Volumes to anyone who, within ten days from the date of publication, scores the largest number of correct guesses at the names of the Members of Parliament intended to be represented in the above Key.

IZAAK WALTON'S COMPLETE(LY) DONE ANGLER.

Ghost of PISCATOR.

Ghost of VIATOR.

Viator. Whither away, Master? A good morning to you! I have stretched my legs to catch the train to Tottenham, and here I find you with rod and basket, as of old.

Piscator. Faith, Scholar, I have even been too long an angler with NERO, in the lake of darkness, and would fain take a chub, Tottenham way, and see mine old haunts.

Viator. Then have with you, Master; and I do mind me of pretty MAUDLIN that hereabouts would sing us, "Come, Shepherds, deck your heads!"

Piscator. Ay, Scholar, methinks MAUDLIN was the Siren that led thee to the River Lea more than all my wisdom. But here we are got to Tottenham, and to the waterside.

Viator. Oh, oh, Master, what place is this, and what smell cometh to my nostrils? See, see, Master, here be no chub, but two dead dogs and one departed cat!

Piscator. In sooth, Scholar, the country seemeth strange, and no man may live, nor fish neither, hard, by such an open sewer. Can this be the Lea! Nay, Scholars, this is no place for honest anglers more. But hither walks CORYDON. Let us ask him what makes this blackness in the water, and the smell that abides here, as they say frankincense and myrrh do cling, more sweetly, to the shores of the blessed Arabia. What ho, CORYDON, what cheer?

*Corydon.** Sir, the condition of the River Lea is something really fearful. From Tottenham downwards the water is a mere open sewer, emitting the most noxious exhalations. Boating and bathing have ceased, and the River is now only a danger to the neighbourhood.

Piscator. Say you so? And what maketh that it should be so?

Corydon. Ah, Master, the drainage of Tottenham is turned bodily into the stream, and, in spite of Local Boards, the nuisance continues unaltered.

Piscator. And why right they not this wrong; for, marry, the poor folk here will die, and a pestilence be bred, if ye live not more cleanly.

Corydon. Sir, no man knows this better than the Tottenham Authorities themselves, who cause a horrible, disgusting nuisance to the dwellers on the Lea. They simply sow disease broadcast among thousands of helpless people, to save the expenditure of a certain sum of money.

Piscator. Penny wise, and pound foolish—penny wise, and pound foolish! Soon shall we have the Great Plague here again, and none to blame but the chuckle-headed "Authorities," my Masters! Come away, Scholars, come away. The silver Lea is bedraggled. 'Tis no place for peaceful ghosts, that would be quiet, and go a-fishing.

[They vanish.]

* Not being a ghost, *Corydon* does not talk in the style of 1670.

LIBERAL CRY FOR THE COMING ELECTION.—"Umbrellas to Mend!"

PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT.

MY LONG PROFESSIONAL SERVICES RECEIVE RECOGNITION.



HAVING given the amount of work that pours into my chambers very careful consideration, I recently came to the conclusion, that in spite of its satisfactory vastness, I yet had some little leisure to devote to an appointment of a quasi-judicial character. Looking about me, the first eligible post

that attracted my attention was a Deputy Coronership, which was offered to me on the top of a drag at Epsom during the last race but one on the Derby Day. I had accompanied the party, of which the Coroner was one, to the meeting in question in the hope of settling the matter off-hand. As a rule I am decidedly averse to the race-course, but consented to appear on this occasion for the purpose I have already avowed. The Coroner, who had been a little reserved during the earlier part of the day, became most friendly after luncheon, and pressed me, with tears in his eyes, to accept the appointment. Seeing that he was suffering under some excitement (he was wearing a false nose and had decorated his hat with small Dutch dolls), I thought it better to say I would send my reply on the following morning, by post, so that he might have a written record of my approval. This seemed to please him deeply. Indeed, he wept like a child for five minutes, and then succumbed to a heavy slumber. However, the matter came to nought, as my emotional friend qualified shortly afterwards for Hanwell.

Rather out of spirits at my failure to the Deputy Coronership, I entered one morning, just before the Long, the Court presided over by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, and to my surprise, found my friend and quondam school-fellow, HARTMAN, seated on the Bench beside his Lordship. "Conkey," (so we used to call HARTMAN at Westminster) seemed as astonished to see me as I was to recognise him. He hurriedly joined me in the corridor. "Hullo," he cried, shaking me violently by the hand, "what brings you here?"

I was pleased at his recognition, as some of the juniors who had been doing nothing particular all the morning in the Court, had followed me out, and having seen HARTMAN on the Bench were much impressed that I should be on familiar terms with a person of such evident distinction. So I explained that I had come over from another court, having a few minutes of leisure. I trusted that my friend would be taken for some great lawyer conversant with my marked forensic ability—say for, instance, the Lord Chief Justice of the United States.

"Indeed!" said Conkey. "But what made you put on a wig and gown? Are you a Barrister?"

This question showed such lamentable ignorance on HARTMAN's part that I thought it well to hurry him away. I was not sorry, being *en garçon* (my wife and children were enjoying a few weeks of ozone at Herne Bay) when he subsequently asked me to dine with him at his Club. During dinner I explained my position, and told him my hopes and fears about obtaining an appointment.

"I say," he exclaimed suddenly, "couldn't old DENDLEKINS help you? He's not half a bad chap."

I replied that I had already made an application, with accompanying testimonials, to his Lordship, and had been answered with a curt acknowledgment of receipt. Judging by reference to tradition I did not expect much, consequently, from Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS.

"Look here: you come down to my box on the 12th, and I will see what I can do for you," impulsively cried my friend, and although I argued that I was an indifferent sportsman, he would take no refusal.

Somewhat to my trepidation the first person that I met at the hospitable board at Highmoor was Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, who had managed to devote a portion of his vacation to the chase of the wily grouse. Thanks to HARTMAN's kindness I was seated next his Lordship, who was most gracious, telling me several mirth-provoking stories, until, by one of my remarks showing a deep knowledge of the intricacies of scientific law (it was a definition of a contingent remainder), it suddenly occurred to him that I must be a member of the Profession to which he himself belonged. I admitted the impeachment, when Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS immediately assumed a haughty demeanour and answered all my further questions in monosyllables.

When we had got to the coffee-and-cigars stage of our dinner, HART-

MAN, seeing that the relations between his Lordship and myself were strained, called upon me to show how I could balance a cork on a wine-glass, with the assistance of two pendent fruit-forks. This I declined to do, thinking that it was rather beneath my dignity, until urged by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS, who, it appeared, although extremely fond of sleight-of-hand tricks, was but an indifferent amateur conjuror. My feat was loudly applauded, especially by his Lordship, who practised it under my direction for some time, wishing, as he said, to become proficient in the art himself.

"Oh, Judge," cried HARTMAN, "SNOUT (that's what we used to call BRIEFLESS at Westminster) knows lots of games like that. Draw him out, and make him show you the whole bag o' tricks."

After this his Lordship was more cordial, and before retiring to rest condescended to say that "he was pleased to have met me, the more especially as the imitation tallow-dip converted out of a section of an apple and a split almond was new to him and very ingenious."

I got up early, very early, the next morning, as I wished (being, as I have already said, an indifferent sportsman) to have a little private practice with my gun before I joined the more experienced votaries of Diana. As I walked along I noticed that another member of the house-party seemed to have the same purpose. He was apparently undersized and fat, but as his back was turned towards me, and I am rather short-sighted, I failed to recognise him. Suddenly he came to a wood, raised his gun, and fired. Then he hurried up to the spot where his quarry had fallen, and peered into the bushes. Seemingly much moved by the sight that met his view, without touching the victim of his skill, he quickly retraced his steps, and seated himself under a tree, evidently suffering from extreme agitation. Curious to learn what had so moved him, I approached the bushes. Horrified too at the sight, I gently raised the slaughtered creature in my arms, and approached the guilty one. We recognised one another, and he turned pale. I was profoundly shocked.

"Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS," I said at last, solemnly, "it is my painful duty to denounce you as a vulpicide!"

"My dear Mr. BRIEFLESS, it was purely accidental, I can assure you," explained the Judge, in a voice broken with emotion.

"I do not require your assurance, my Lord," I returned, more in sorrow than in anger, and taking a sort of painful pleasure in summing up, as it were, against his Lordship, continued gravely: "but both you and I know that by the unwritten but traditional common law of this realm of England, one who shoots a fox is considered more guilty, more to be shunned and hated, than he who shoots a man."

"True, very true," admitted his Lordship, with a shudder.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS, this is a case both you and I, as members of a noble profession, must hush up. The Bench and the Bar have, from time immemorial, been on terms of the utmost cordiality, and you and I must keep up the tradition."

I was silent and unmoved. I looked out into the distance sternly.

"Mr. BRIEFLESS," continued his Lordship, after a painful pause, "I have been reading the testimonials you were good enough to forward to me, and—"

"My Lord," I interrupted, "no appeal from the Bench to the Bar has ever failed to meet with a response. For the honour of the profession this tragedy must be a secret between us."

I have nothing more to say, save that owing to the arduous professional duties additionally imposed upon me by my recent appointment by Mr. Justice DENDLEKINS to a Deputy-Assistant-Revising-Barristership, I may be unable, for a very considerable time to come (a period that will undoubtedly include the whole of the Long Vacation), to give any attention to literary composition.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

A Little Change Wanted.

SOME Somebodies (no matter who, we read it in the *Daily Telegraph's* fashionable news) have left Town for Cadlands, on a visit to Lady Somebody Else. "Cadlands!" what a name! Cockneydom is nothing in comparison with it. Is the shubbery at Cadlands called "The Snobbery"? Why not change it at once, and, in order to

break it gently, previous to altering it entirely, call it "Arry-on-the-'ll"? But "Cadlands"! Lands of Cads! No, no; reform it altogether!

THE EGYPTIAN LOAN.



The Joint Guarantee—by the Fowls!

Celibacy of the ERMINE.—It appears that great difficulty is experienced on Circuit by the Sages of the Law in working the new system of "single Judges." Matrifamilias is naturally rejoiced to hear that an arrangement so objectionable as that of the single Judges system doesn't answer.

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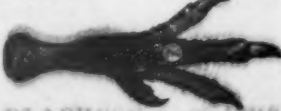
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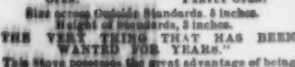
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WANTED.

Customer. "LAMP NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRICE! WHY, THE LAMP FORMS PART OF THE MACHINE IN THE PICTURE!"

Bicycle-Maker. "Yes, Sir; BUT A LADY IS ALSO INCLUDED IN THE PICTURE, AND WE DON'T GIVE ONE WITH THE MACHINE!"

DEPRESSION.

THERE was a little Earl, and he had a little gun,
And some paper bullets looking much like lead—lead—lead,
And he said, "I know a rig that shall dish each little Whig,
And strike each noisy Rad upon the head—head—head."

And this funny little Earl had a funny little bag,
Which he labelled "Commission upon Trade—Trade—Trade;"
And he said, "I'll pop away, and the people all will say,
Why what a wondrous Bag he has made—made—made!"

And he popped and pepped and popped; but the birds in cover stopped,

That is, except the young ones, who went cheep—cheep—cheep!
But the old ones—which seemed strange—kept most sily out of range,

And at the puzzled sportsman took a peep—peep—peep!

Then that funny little Earl, he tried every little dodge,
He sprinkled chaff, he took a pinch of salt—salt—salt,
Yet the sly old birds—how queer!—were not tempted to come near,
But at respectful distance made a halt—halt—halt.

Then that funny little Earl was exceedingly depressed;
But they who saw the spectacle did laugh—laugh—laugh;
For the little Earl forgot paper pellets are not shot,
And old birds cannot be caught with salt or chaff—chaff—chaff.

NUGGE AND OLD HOBBY.

LAST Saturday the Rev. Mr. NUGGE crowned a *Rosière* at Walworth. ARRY heard of it, and was disgusted. "What's rosey 'air?" he asked. "Why not call her 'carrots' at once?" By the way, has Mr. NUGGE ever been interviewed? If anyone ought to be trotted out, it is a New Gee.

BEER!

(After Calverley, by Churchill.)

"We defeated the late Government in an attempt to place a heavy tax on Beer; and I hold that great national drink, which sustains the powers, and reinvigorates, in times of exhaustion, our labouring population, is quite as much the food of the people as the bread which the Radicals accuse the Tory Party of wishing to tax."—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at *Wimborne*.

So, to proceed! To tax the people's Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Rad mind has a vile and vital fault,
It's passion for the people is but spurious.
Love you, yet tax your liquor! An assault
Upon your pleasures that must make you furious!
Increase the price of Beer? The mere suggestion
Brings British Liberty at once in question.

Believe me, they are scoundrels in a body,
Who'd lay so vile an impost your poor backs on;
They do not touch the wine of Lord TOM NODDY,
But your "Four-half" would lay a heavy tax on.
Not Claret, or Champagne, or Whisky-toddy,
No, but the favourite swizzle of the Saxon,
That blessed boon that all your woes can scatter,
And make you happier, wiser, stronger, fatter!

Does not the lone and labouring soul find Heaven,
It's only Heaven, in a pewter pot?
And shall that paradise from you be riven?
No by great King GAMBRINUS it shall not.
Our legislative grandmothers are given
To back up WILFRID LAWSON's washy rot;
Fanaticism their cold breasts has cankered,
Thralls of the Tank who'd rob you of the Tankard.

Beer is the People's Food; (That's cogent, very.)
Awake ye, Rustics; Londoners, awake!
They'd make the Chinese herb, the Turkish berry
Your only drink; because you cannot take,
Like the rich Radicals, to Port or Sherry.
Arise! JON's bitter bondage from you shake.
Take the true Tory—that is Me!—for Tutor,
And find your true Palladium—the Pewter!

BOTANY FOR BEGINNERS.—A (1) Member of the Umbelliferous Order: Mr. GLADSTONE.

"AND IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

CERTAINLY, as any door-nail. Mr. JOSEPH HATTON has killed him in *John Needham's Double*, which we highly recommend. The "Shilling Dreadful" has beaten the old-fashioned three-volume novel out of the field of sensational literature. There is no room for tall writing, or mere padding, when a real good story has to be told in two hundred small pages of print large enough to defy twilight and railway-carriage lamps. This, to a traveller who can read in a train is a very great thing, specially if the novel itself is one calculated to keep him awake for a couple of hours on the stretch. *John Needham's Double* achieves the feat. It begins with a slow movement, gradually it increases in intensity and the reader cannot turn over the pages quick enough to satisfy his curiosity. Whether there was any necessity for the author to bring in JOHN SADLER's story, and to found his novel upon it, is what we are unable to decide, though the plan certainly gives such an air of reality to the romance, that you feel you are reading the true solution of the mystery of JOHN SADLER's supposed suicide told under fictitious names. The title, *John Needham's Double*, does not sound sensational, being suggestive of a story about Whist, with which, however, it has nothing on earth to do. The climax, given with true dramatic energy, brings down the curtain on a very strong situation. With a very little working up, for there is a "love interest" ready to hand, it ought to be turned into a strong sensation drama, which, should the acting and dialogue be equal to the construction, might keep a theatre going for a year. We compliment Mr. JOSEPHUS Junior on the *Double*, hope he'll make it a treble and the rub, and so we take our hat off to Mr. HATTON.

FROM A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S POINT OF VIEW.—"Necessity the Mother of Invention?" My dear Sir, it's nothing of the sort. Invention is the Mother of Necessity—at any rate, as far as we are concerned."

"I DON'T CARE A RAP!"

Sung by the Funny Little RANDOLPH, the Star Comique, at the Grand Fête, Canford Manor, Wimborne.



Oh ain't I a chap? Why, I don't care a rap
For consistency, justice, or sense;
I go in for bunkum, and bounce, and clap-trap;
The effect of it's truly immense!
When out on the stump I belabour and thump,
And scatter unlimited dirt,
Cold reason may suit your pragmatical pump,
But give me the demagogue squirt!
The critics may chide, and my Party
Rebel at my rantipole play;
I don't care a rap for such people;
But what will the Governor say?

Lord SALISBURY doubtless my game has an eye on,
I put the old bloke in a fidget;
But now I'm the Monster Comique, the great Lion,
Who late was a nondescript Midget.
They can't put me down since I've taken the Town,
My performance is now all the rage.
The fogies may fret and the big-wigs may frown,
But I'm the Great Star of the Stage.
The papers may slate, and my rivals
Fitch into my style day by day;
I don't care a rap for such people;
But what will the Governor say?

It's rare fun, by Jingo! I
Give 'em hot stingo,
That's just what the public
Enjoy;
They don't want your high-
polite rational lingo,
And Sweetness and Light'll
Soon eloy.
Not logical riddles, but smart
taradiddles,
They like, and almost under-
stand;
That's why with the Mob I'm
the first of First Fiddles,
And lead the Conservative
Band!
True patriots may sigh,
and sage thinkers
Make moan at my mounte-
bank play;
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But what will the Go-
vernor say?
It's nice, if it's naughty!
I'm regular rorty,
And if the Mob should feel a
doubt,
They say, "He's so young!"
—though I'm handy on
forty—
And scruples are put to the
rout.
And so I can slang, tumble,
trick, sing slap-bang,
And play up high larks with
the truth;
A cove may bid facts and good
manners go hang
If he only has smartness and
youth.
Grave Statesmen may
mourn at my cantripa,
Plain cits in hot shame
turn away,
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But what will the Go-
vernor say?
Yah! Booh! I can juggle,
grimace, and sling muck;
And what if the critics should
chide?
Rain runs not so fast off the
back of a duck
As honest reproach from my
hide.
A fig for the Papers! I'll
still out my capers,
And slangy young Scorchers
like Me
Of Britain's fair future are
bound to be shapers,
A prospect to fill you with
glee!
Houp-là! Here be "nuts"
for Aunt "Sally!"
Old Tories distrust my
new way;
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But—what will the Go-
vernor say?

MINISTERIAL MATHEMATICS.

It is whispered that, in
order if possible to conciliate
the Parnellite Ring, one of the
principal difficulties of which
the Government propose to
attempt the solution during
the Recess, will be the pro-
blem:—How to square the
Irish Circle.

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

HAVING found dear old Streetley such a reglar pairidice of a place last year, I natrally sort its cool seekwestwed stream for annother weak's rapshur this here year. Not as I ackshally went down there on speck. Noing how full it ginerally is, I rites down to a old frend of mine at the "Bull," to no if there was room for us, and his anser was, "No, ROBERT, not for no-boddy, for wen a littel Baby was born last week, Docter said as he didn't no where they could put it, the place was so full, and as bad luck wood have it, it was Twins!"

Howsumever, I mussent complain, for, as BROWN trewly says, a man shoold see as much of the world as possibel, it inlarges his high dears and rubs off his little prejew-dishes, so faling dear old Streetley we've got to gentlemanly Marlow—Great Marlow, please, not little Marlow—and a Hed Waiter as ain't pleased with Marlow must be as ard to please as we find many a gent is as gets a grand dinner without paying nothink for it, and yet grumbels and growls at everythink.

Marlow seems to have got everythink as any resonabel olliday maker can want to make him appy. It's got a Bridge, and a Church, and a Tea gardens, and a Abby, and a Shop where you can buy a Bottel of Wine for 1s. 3d.—witch altho it doesn't suit me may possibly suit others, there's no telling wot sum peepel won't drink if you give it a forren name and say as the QUEEN often haves it—and a Lock, where the Tems Conservatifs only charges you 3d. for a return ticket, that's cheap enuff I sposes, and a Wear, that ain't of much use now, coz it's Dangerous, but I dessey it was wunco—and ewen wears must wear out sum day or they woodn't be called such names—and glorious Woods right up to the werry tops of the mountanes, where, one of the jolly yung watermen told me, as they grows most of the timber for the British Navey, witch I can esily beleve as I seed many trees amost as big round as I ham. He says it's coz they grows so prehus slow as makes the Second Lord of the Hadmiralty so long a bilding the Ion Clads, and the reason why they don't grow quicker is coz the soil is all Marl oh! but I don't somhow phansay as my young frend is strickly trewthful. Boatmen is like Marines, they is much more partickler in wot's told to them than in wot they tells to hothera. Then we has lots of lovely Swons, as gracefull as dubble skull yung ladya, but I ain't yet seen none of them with 2 neeks, so praps they all keeps lower down at Bolter's Lock, witch wood seem to be the nat'ral place for 'em. My yung frend told me as there is a mith, I think he called it, tho' I think I shoold call it even a shorter name, that formerly, wen the monks at Bisham, close by, killed some swans, they sent a cupple of 'em to a Lord of the Manner about 4 miles off, to Cook'em! but of coarse he didn't know as he was a torking to a Hed Waiter; much a Lord wood know about cooking Swans! He also had the imperance to say that, if I wanted a change nex year, he thort that Bray, or Monkey Island, wood jest about suit me. No more of my munney does that jewwenile waterman git out of me, so he'll find his chari rather a xpensif article.

We've got butifol rooms in the Hi Street, but we ain't got no number to our ouse yet. They begun numbring of 'em some time ago. They begun at No. 5 on both sides of the way and went on to No. 18, wen they stopt, but is xpected to go on agin soon. The hole place is so scrowged that



REBATEMENT.

Old Lady (a little hard of hearing). "EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS! IT'S MONSTROUS! I KNOW THE VALUE OF THESE ARTICLES, AND NEVER PAID MORE THAN SEVENTEEN—"

Shopman (shouting). "I SAID EIGHT SHILLINGS, MA'AM—NOT EIGHTEEN."

Old Lady. "OH—EIGHT SHILLINGS—FOR THESE! I COULDN'T THINK OF GIVING MORE THAN SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE!"

they turns their kitchens into dining-rooms, and our one bed-room goes up stares and then down stares, and has a jolly little winder in the slopin roof thats quite emusing, but theyre a goin to build 6 more nex year, in the back garding.

We has one blessing at eny rate, we ain't got not no Wapses, such as so teased our werry lives out at Streetley larst year, and yet I ain't quite appy, for their plaice is taken by swarms of flys. Not the poor armless flys as we gits in London, as is sattisfied with having a swim in the milk, and then committin suicide in the butter or the treecal. O no, but a nasty buzzing stingin fly as is allus a flying in your face and stickin on it and biting like a muskeeter as I've herd on in warious parts. I wunders what use they is. BROWN says as theyre ment to try your temper. If so, I'm sure they've tried mine enuff and can send in their report at wunco and dun with it. We're werry lucky again as regards music. We has no less than four pianys in the ouse, and wen 2 or 3 on 'em is a goin at wunco it's really werry emusin to try and make out the Toon.

Wun thing surprises me a good deal. I did think from what I had herd that this wasn't a



CAUTION.

Hansom Cab Driver (to Fare, who has admired the Horse). "YEE, SIR, 'E IS A BEAUTY! YOU SEE MY WIFE'S BROTHER IS COACHMAN TO LORD SPLASHBORD. MY LORD'S OUT O' TOWN. SO I PAYS A SMALL CONSIDERATION, AN' TAKES HIS STABLE IN TURN!"

[Lord Splashbord was the Fare!]

werry strict place as regards Sunday. But how much I were deceived. Why they're so werry partickler, that nobody aint allowed to go and sit in a garden by the side of the River on that day, as they are on every other, becuz it's Sunday. To be sure you can go to another wun across the way, but then you're expected to drink sumthink for the good of the ouse, and werry good their hold Ale is too. The pore Boatmen and the pore Towing Men don't find it mutch of a day of rest. I met wun of the latter a coming ome last Sunday, jolly hot and tired, but as merry as a grassopper. He told me he had had the best day's work he ever had. A sporting gent engaged him to tow him up the river, a matter of 12 miles, for eight shillings, and jest wen he was about a mile from the place he was a goin to, he asked him if he thort he coud race a rowboat that was aside of them, and he said yes he thort he coud, and he said if you beat him I'll give you a suverin, and he beat him by 6 lengths and he gave him 30/- witch he was a going to take ome to his wife and fammery after having evidently drunk the sporting Gent's heilth more than wunee. Wet a Sunday Tail! How butiful it armonizes with the shut up garden. But we is a rum set of peepie in some respects. We stranes at lots of Nats—witch I don't at all wunder at, as they cannt be werry nice things to swaller—and we swallers things as is as near a approach to Cammels as pore humane natur will allow of.

ROBERT.

SHAKESPEARIAN.—*Motto for the Badminton Series on Sport.*—"Please it your grace to be advertised." *Henry VI., Second Part, Act IV., sc. 9.*

LONDON, under the President of the Board of Works, may be recorded hereafter as "*Consule Plunket.*" [Only an *Ædile*, but no matter.]

LAWN-Tennis and all similar games owe their existence to the ancient *jeu de paume*, which was played in the palmy days of Tennis.

SAFETY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

VOLUNTEER Coast Defence Association! Capital idea!

"BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,"

sang the patriot Poet. But times have altered, and local camps of Naval Artillery at the important points along our sea-coast, where Volunteers are instructed in submarine mining and torpedo practice, as well as drill, gunnery, and rifle exercise, will be "bulwarks" that may come in handy one of these days. There has been talk of the enemy, in time of war, shelling our sea-ports and watering-places. It is not this particular sort of "shells" that the myriad migrants to the sea-side at this season desire to "gather from day to day." Let these myriads only think how unpleasant it would be to have an enemy in the offing, with the exact range of the esplanade and the bathing-machines, and nobody near to divert their attention with a few tentative torpedoes, and *Mr. Punch* is confident they will be ready with their sympathy, and, if need be, something more substantial, for the Volunteer Coast Defence Association.

NEW FORM OF ADVERTISEMENT.—Visitors to the Inventories are now tattoo'd every evening till further notice. At an early hour the tattoo is only on one spot, but, before half-past ten, the order of the night is, "Tattoo all over!" This latest addition to the Inventions is entirely due to the fertile brain of Mr. SOMERS VINE, in whose honour the grateful Directors are thinking of re-naming this part of Kensington "Somers' Town." If the fact of your having been to the Inventories is doubted, you have now only to bare your left arm—where the traditional strawberry mark is preserved—and exhibit the tattoo of the Inventories. The gates will be thrown open. "Pass Tattoo and all's well," and you can enjoy yourself till, instead of tattoo, you say "Ta-ta!" and go home.

A HINT FOR HIPPOPHAGISTS.—Mares'-tail Soup.

BRADSHAW'S FUN.



'Tis many years since, in the Handy-volume Series, was published after its appearance in *M. Punch's* collection, *The Guide to Bradshaw* with its specimen pages. *Bradshaw's Guide* has grown stouter and of course older, but otherwise he is unchanged, and for real wit, humour, and genuine practical joking, it still remains without, as far as we can ascertain, a rival worthy of consideration. Unchanged, yes, in character, but there is in the Time-tables such a development of racy fun, that shows how our Guide, Philosopher, and Friend takes life, how he enjoys it, and how anxious he is that others should enjoy it too. All that was true when our *Guide to Bradshaw* first appeared is equally true now, only, perhaps, that in some instances the humour is less subtle, and its effect more immediately apparent.

The notion of *Bradshaw's Guide* advertising himself on his own cover as "Officially every month," and announcing that his Time-tables are from the official Time-tables of all the Railways throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, is specially humorous when taken in conjunction with the fact that all the Railways in Great Britain do not acknowledge *Bradshaw's Guide* as in any way their Official Representative. The Directors, may, if they like, bind *Bradshaw's Guide* and keep the volumes on their shelves, but they themselves refuse to be bound by *Bradshaw*.

Bradshaw,—no matter who the proprietors may be,—there must always be an ideal *Bradshaw* who is the moving spirit, the Puck, of the whole affair,—*Bradshaw*, then, must have chuckled immensely to himself when he announced on the outside of the *Guide*, in small capitals, that these Official Tables were "SPECIALLY ARRANGED" for himself and his readers.

"Specially arranged" trains they indeed are, if unofficial, and unrecognised by Railway Authority in spite of what *Bradshaw* may say. What is to prevent *Bradshaw* and his staff of Compilers—all practical jokers, representing *Joe Miller* and *his Men*—from just making any Time-tables they like, trusting to their imagination for the facts?—and what is to stop them from not only specially, but fancifully arranging the trains on a Go-as-you-please sort of plan, names of places, routes, and time being no object, but simply putting them all together for the mere fun of the thing, and out of pure "divilment, bedad!"?

Once more we give an ideal *Joe Miller Bradshaw Time-Table*, in which trains are specially arranged to run on the above-mentioned

lines, everything being specially arranged, nothing guaranteed, and pick and choose where you like:—

SCARBOROUGH, HEREFORD, EXETER, RICHMOND, BEAUMARIS, DOVER, NORWICH, CAMBRIDGE, EDINBURGH, DAWLISH, &c.

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160 Bamberough	11 0	6 35	11 40	..	8 16	10 12
250 Victoria, L. C. & D. (dep.)	7 5	8 16	10 12
See 170 and 171 Clapham Junction	6 0	8 16	10 12
Loop Line. (For other Trains, see Margate.)	Ash Green	morn. 10 1	morn. 10 1
	Ash White
	Brompton	3 7
	Waterloo	11 0
	Brighton	3 50
	270 Edinburgh	aft. 6 33	morn. 10 1
	494 Newcastle	7 17
	Southampton	6 2
Cornhill, Bouvrie, & Bedford St. Line.	Bogie
	Bentley	1 22
	Chapman & Hall	Stop!!
	Bradbury & Agnew	7 0
	Smith & Elder	Once a Month
Fares.	1 el. 2 el.
0 3 10 0	Sheepbridge	10 36
3 6 6 3	Half-Past-Tenby	10 by 6
50 7 0 5	Birmingham	10 0
0 8 3 9	York .. (See p. 50)	..	8 13
10 0 100 6	Beverley
10 6 2 6	Harris

The above will serve as a suggestion for the next issue of *Bradshaw*, just to keep the fun going in the Tourist Season. *Vive la Joie! Vice Bradshaw! Hooray for Hanwell!*



HOLIDAY TIME.

TRIUMPHAL TRAM-CAR, DRAWN BY OVER-WORKED SLAVES.



ALTRUISM.

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE?"

Small Boy. "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"

WAITING A WAR-CRY;

OR, WHAT WILL HE SAY NEXT?

WHAT will he say? A wise old bird and wary,
With manifold mimetic power of throat,
The Gamecock's crow, the trill of the Canary,
The Eagle's war-shriek and the Cuckoo's note,
All come alike and easy to his throttle,
To whom the Mocking Bird and Whistling Crow
Are as an Oxford don to ARISTOTLE.

What will he say? The bird-world waits to know.

All Nephelo-Coocgyia's in a flurry,
There is a ceaseless whirr of worrying wings,
As when a grouse-brood, scuttling hurry-scurry,
Seeds through the rustling heather, or upsprings
The plummy pheasant 'midst the yellowing bracken,
Cackle and clapperclaw go on all round,
Nor will beaks rest or aimless shindy slacken
Until the Bird-King's fugal-flutings sound.

Epops is silent! Kites and Crows are scuffling,
The Jackdaw chatters, and the Raven croaks;
Pigeons and Doves their blameless plumes are ruffling,
And interchanging ineffective strokes.
The Wanton Woodcock and the Daring Duckling
Wage noisy war. But Epops silent sits.
What is he doing? O'er the conflict chuckling,
Or, like the Laureate's owl, "warming his wits?"

Of what, they wonder, is the Old Bird thinking,
Sitting in solemn silence on his perch.
Means he to lead them on and fight "like winking,"
Or out the fray and leave them in the lurch?
They want a Cry! He who has raised so many,
Will he shout forth one more, with victory fraught?
They'd give much more than the proverbial penny,
That plumed host, to read the Old Bird's thought.

The Jackdaw prates. Who cares for Tharrelides?
The Raven croaks—unto the *Times*—who notes?

The quid nunc Magpies scandalise—quid rides?

Mother Gamp's goose-flock strain their outstretched throats

In ominous and awe-awaking hissing;

All Cuckoo-Cloudland is astir with fuss;

But from the chorus one clear note is missing.

Why sits the Oracle in silence thus?

Is he excogitating something novel?

A war-cry that shall rally, rouse, affright,

At which the opposing hosts shall pale and grovel,

When Cuckoo-Land goes rushing to the fight?

Whilst he is dumb the world of beaks and feathers

With veering winds and voices vain is vexed:

His Cry has led it in all ways and weathers.

Now they need rallying. What will he say next?

Raisinae Warning.

"AN OLD FRUIT-IMPORTER" writes to the *Times* with respect to Valencia Raisins. He says:—"I know of nothing more likely than sun-dried raisins to have the microbes of cholera superinduced upon them, and thus import this dire disease." The fruit of Valencia will probably, after this revelation, have no *raison d'être* at the British Grocer's. But how about the Spanish Onion? How about Spanish Liquorice? It would be satisfactory to know what is and what is not microbaceous.

A CRYING SHAME.—The Manchester City Council have decided that newspapers shall not be hawked about by shouting vendors in the pleasant place in which they reside on Sunday. So for the future the Sabbath in those parts will be "Sootier" than ever. Travellers are warned, therefore, that if they expect to post themselves up in the daily news in Manchester between Saturday and Monday, they will be trusting to a broken read.

CESAR AND COMMERCE.—Why do Free-Traders refuse to join the Trade Commission? Free Trade, like CESAR's wife, must not even be suspected.



“WHAT’S HIS NEXT ‘CRY’?”



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SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Boatman securing a lively-hood.



A Sail over the Bay.

A MANIFEST CORRECTION.

SIR,—In last week's Number I saw your clever Artist's satirical, political, adaptation of Mr. HARDING Cox's well known picture, *The Tug of War*, and it struck me, as it must have struck you, as an old Oppidan, that just now the true reading, from an Etonian point of view, would be



"The 'Tug' of Warre,"

which will be intelligible to everyone who has been brought up in the cool cloisters of "Henry's holy shade."

Yours, with my classic motto,
DUM CRAMBO CRAMBO!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, August 10th.—MILLTOWN coming rapidly to the front. DENMAN growing jealous; threatens to be urged on to fresh endeavours to keep himself in view. Haven't forgotten how the other day MILLTOWN drove GRANVILLE nearly mad by assuming charge of Medical Relief Bill. Now discovers fresh Irish grievance. In State papers it appears this realm is alluded to as Great Britain. Should be "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." This, it seems, is the secret sorrow that consumes Ireland and keeps it in constant revolt. Bad harvests a mere trifle; coercion a flea-bite; grand jury laws a joy; and the day's absence from duty without leave of a rural postman, to which JOSEPH GILLIS called attention the other day, is not worth mentioning. The root of Ireland's grief is this ignoring of her name in State papers.

Markies much moved at the discovery. Glad to do anything to meet the case. Would the Education Department supply him with substantives and adjectives suitable for the expression of his noble friend's ideas? Or would his noble friend aid the Government in this great enterprise by his linguistic and grammatical acquirements? MILLTOWN, much pleased at this frank reception of his ideas, said he would think it over.

After this seems waste of time for Commons to go on with Land Purchase Bill, originally designed for amelioration of condition of Ireland. If MILLTOWN's suggestion be carried out, this and much else superfluous. Nevertheless Irish Land Purchase Bill proceeded with—in truth sat up all night with. TIM HEALY back after too long absence. Quite a changed man. Really affecting in his deference to BRACE, his patronage of HART-DYKE, and his politeness towards his "Hon. and learned friend" the Attorney-General for Ireland. Late Attorney-General for Ireland hearing TIM's honeyed phrases addressed to HART-DYKE lays his forefinger on side of his nose and ejaculates "Walker!" TREVELYAN looks on grimly, and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN prophesies that the truce won't last into next Session. In the meantime it's very pleasant by comparison with what used to be. *Business done.*—Housing of Working Classes Bill read Second Time. Irish Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—House gradually reaching stage at which final disappearance imminent. Not enough Members to form quorum when SPEAKER arrived to take Chair. Must be forty Members present, or British Constitution go to the dogs. SPEAKER cast eagle eye around empty benches. "One—two—three—" he began to count, and got on admirably up to sixteen. Then, with a sweep of his cocked-hat in the direction of Strangers' Gallery, beginning to fill, he touched himself on the breast, and, in a voice that defied contradiction, said, "Forty!"

WARTON jumped up, but remembering who was responsible for conduct of business, sharply sat down again, took a pinch of snuff, and occupied himself with the Orders. TIM HEALY took short measures with JOSEPH GILLIS. Before my friend could quite grasp the situation, TIM had him by the elbow, and led him forth.

"But—but—" JOEY B. stuttered, "there ain't forty there!"

"No," said TIM, severely. "But there soon will be."

"That's all very well," said JOSEPH, whose keen mental eye had pierced the solecism; "and so are your hobnobbing with RANDOLPH, your meetings behind the Chair, and your confabulations on the Terrace. But if it means that I am to miss an opportunity of Counting Out the House at Four o'Clock, it won't do, TIM HEALY. Never had such a chance before; all these years I've waited for it. Fancy how riled the Government would be losing a day just now, upsetting everybody's plans, and putting off Prorogation. Might be standing now in corner of Palace Yard watching Members hurry down, and see their faces when they find the House is up. Treaties and that sort of thing all very well; but I'll have my rights!"

Never saw JOEY B. so angry. Business, once started, went on steadily enough. A lot of Members who came down yesterday with speeches on Second Reading of Housing of Working Classes Bill, and then bowled out, now produced their manuscript, and had good time of it. Didn't much matter; nobody listened. They might as well talk on this subject as any other to fill up time. Once, towards Eleven o'Clock, BURKE came in, stood for a moment at the Bar, looked round, and quickly disappeared. Imposing spectacle whilst he remained, his pocket-handkerchief hanging dangerously far out of his breast-pocket, and his hair wonderfully and fearfully built up.

"BURKE and HARE," EDWARD CLARKE whispered to CHARLES RUSSELL, his professional mind running on criminal cases. *Business done.*—Nearly all.

Wednesday.—In both Houses Votes of Thanks moved to the Soldiers and Sailors who fought in the Soudan. Attendance necessarily small; but proceedings most hearty.

"The campaign," said HARTINGTON, "has proved that the ancient courage of our soldiers and sailors has in no degree deteriorated. It has proved that the intelligence, the resources, and the knowledge of their profession, alike of officers and men, have considerably increased. It has proved, also, how wide and varied are the military resources of the British Crown, and that for the purposes of war, as well as for the purposes of peace, the British Empire is not only a name, but a reality."

So say all of us, with one cheer more, and a thought of proud regret for those whose ears are stopped to praise or blame, and who lie, some in nameless graves, in the wastes of the sad Soudan.

Never saw a man in such distress as BRYCE. Found him in quiet corner of library this afternoon, with eyes red, weeping and sobbing still.

"Come, come," I said. "Cheer up. Can't have you chortling in the library of the House of Commons. If you want to weep, you must hire a room somewhere, paying rent in advance. Besides, what's the matter with you? You're not crying, I suppose, because this Parliament is coming to an end? What is it?"

"The Infant Bill," he sobbed.

"The Infant Bill? What's the matter with him? Is he dead? Has he got the croup, or the chicken-pox? Is he teething, measles, fever, or whooping-coughing? I sympathise with you as a young father. But really, you know, you mustn't bring your private griefs here. Come into the House now, to hear SEXTON. This is his last chance, and he's making the most of it. Three speeches already, and evidently good for another half dozen."

Turned out there was a mistake somewhere. The Infant Bill is not a young BRYCE in extremis, but the measure with which, last week, the House was sitting up till Four o'Clock in the morning. It seems OSKLOV has been playing wicked uncle with legislative fledgling. Last night, BRYCE being momentarily out of the

House when the Bill was called on, ONSLOW took an opportunity of smothering the babe; got further progress deferred till day of prorogation, which is equivalent to throwing it out. Hence these tears of BRYCE. ONSLOW judiciously keeps out of sight.

Business done.—Final preparation for prorogation.



Bourke and Hair.

ling of adjectives. Reads lecture to GOURLEY and then answers question.

Deathless Infant Bill turns up again, and wants to get into Committee. Observing that he was a father himself, FIFTH asked whether anything could be done for the Infant.

"No," said the SPEAKER. "It might go further, and fare worse. Let it stop where it is. Have Black Rod in in a minute." Black Rod



came in to time, bowing himself up the House, and, inviting Members to go and hear Commission read, bows himself out backward.

"I suppose," RANDOLPH whispered, looking yearningly towards the dignity, "there would be a great row in the newspapers if I were to run round, lie down on the floor in the path of Black Rod as he steps back, and see what would happen?"

"Well, yes," said BRACE. "Capital idea. But not sure how it would be taken. Better wait till next year, when you won't be in office, and can do what you like."

Really funny in the Lords. Five figures dressed in red gowns and crowned with cocked-hats, packed in row before the table. Thought

I knew that broad visage in the middle, with three-cornered hat cocked humorously over the right ear. Just going up to him, meaning to give him a whack on the shoulder, and call "Hullo, JOHNNIE!" in his ear, when he moved his head. Good gracious! It wasn't TOOLE at all, but GIFFARD, Lord Chancellor.

Well, he's just like what JOHNNIE would be under same circumstances.

DISRAELI simply delicious—not, of course, BENJAMIN, but his brother, who holds honourable position in House as Clerk. His business to communicate the Royal assent—and this is how it's done: D. stands at one side of the table, and another Clerk, whom we'll call C., stands on the other side. C. takes up a Bill, and bows to the five cloaked figures on the wool-

sack. D. does the same. C. calls out name of Bill, and bows again. D. bows, and then, half turning his head towards the *canaille* at the Bar, literally chuckles at them the words, "*La reine le veut*." Very shocking thing for gentlemen who daily breathe air of House of Lords to have to notice SPEAKER and the Commons. But must be done, and D. does it with more eloquence than his brother ever showed. He begins in wearied, vexed tone. As the list of Bills proceeds—and to everyone he must needs chant "*La reine le veut*"—his voice deepens in melancholy, and his manner in depression. He hardly turns his head at all at last, and I believe if there'd been another Bill to-day he would have died.

Members troop back to their own chamber. The SPEAKER making believe that nobody's been to the Lords but himself, reads out the Speech all had heard and then—"good bye!" Members form a *queue*, and, filing before the SPEAKER, shake hands and pass away, some of them never to return.

"But you'll come back with the snowdrops, TOBY, old man," said RANDOLPH, pressing my paw. "Barks knows when it has a good Member, and is not inclined to change. You'll find GLADSTONE and me here, too. He came to me before he set out Norwaying, and grasping my hand, said, 'I don't say good bye, my Lord, but au revoir.'"

Business done.—All.



A COLLARABLE IMITATION.

"So sorry you've lost your Voice!"



DEPARTING SHADOWS

LOG OF THE "SUNBEAM."

HERE I am at Greenhithe. Feel like "hardy Norseman" whose "house of yore was on the foaming wave." ANDREW CLARK says I am "an 'oarse man, without my voice." He means it well, as a joke, I think. Small crowd assembled to see me off. Humorous local Radical wishes me "sure profit and quick return" from voyage. Want to make short speech—ANDREW CLARK (why is he here?) tells crowd that I've "entirely lost the use of my voice." ANDREW takes me by arm, and hustles me into boat.

On "Sunbeam."—Nice, but small. Wonder if I shall feel more sea-sick than on *Pembroke Castle*. ANDREW CLARK says, "Very likely" and reminds me of what an "excessively bad sailor" I am. Wish he wouldn't say so in presence of crew.

Mouth of Thames.—BRASSEY says it's "blowing half a gale outside." Then don't let's go outside. BRASSEY says he won't. Anchors off Nore for night. If vessel tosses like this when there's only half a gale and we're in Thames, sincerely hope I shall be preserved from a whole gale in North Sea.

Cabin.—Luxuriously appointed Cabin. Thoughtful of Lady BRASSEY to put handsomely bound copy of *Voyage of "Sunbeam"* on my table. In glancing over it, see the yacht has been to Honolulu. Why not go to Honolulu now? And escape General Election!

Speak to Steersman about it. How the ship does roll! Steersman never heard of Honolulu. ANDREW CLARK says I mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, and takes me away.

ANDREW orders me below—says too much sea-air bad for my voice. They've put him (why on earth did BRASSEY invite him?) in cabin next door to mine. Heard me last night denouncing SALISBURY in my sleep, and came in and woke me up, and told me I should "lose my voice altogether if I went on in that way, and where would Liberal Party be then?" Argument cogent, but unpleasant.

In North Sea.—Wish I were on dry land. How it does pitch! Oh, for an hour of Downing Street now! And to think of the "Stopgaps" enjoying themselves in my vacant place!

CLARK says "must not pursue these thoughts." Must try and "forget politics." Well, then, why not go to Honolulu? BRASSEY says "he doesn't mind." ANDREW very unpleasant—says "he's surprised at my indecision and vacillation"—(reminds me of the Soudan debates)—and "didn't I know when I started that we were bound for coast of Norway?"

Try to soften ANDREW. Take him aside, and ask him, as a personal favour, when we get to Norway, to put me ashore on banks of some desolate Fiord, where I can wander away, and be never heard of more.

ANDREW says I mustn't talk any more, even to him, and shuts me up in my cabin. Hate being shut up by anyone. Very seldom happens.

Second Day Out.—Wish BRASSEY wouldn't always be trying to explain all about "that little slip of the half-million," as he calls it. Tells me it was NORTHBROOK's fault, really, and "it shan't occur again." Says, almost weeping, that he's bought a *Colenso's Arithmetic*, and hopes to be able to add up Admiralty accounts quite nicely by time our voyage ends.

Evening.—Regular hurricane. Wonder if BRASSEY knows how to make a raft? Might do me good to go and ask him. I will.

Find BRASSEY sitting on companion hatchway (not quite sure of term, but sounds nautical), adding up some figures on a slate. Says "he's been having a good cry." Try to cheer him up by telling him a "good cry" is just what is wanted for November Elections. Seems glad to see me, and says "he doesn't think he has quite explained the real way in which that little slip of the half-million happened." Retire hastily to cabin, and look myself in.

In Port, Somewhere in Denmark.—Thank heaven, that's over! Denmark. Forgot to bring a *Hamlet* with me. Hope I shall have a lot of hamlets with me when I get back my voice. Feel more comfortable. Perhaps BRASSEY was right in inviting ANDREW CLARK. Wouldn't have done it myself. Propose to BRASSEY to call on King of DENMARK, and coach him up on facts of Penjdeh Arbitration business. BRASSEY suggests doing it coming back. Says, as it's quite calm now, per-



A CANDID INQUIRER.

"I SAY, JOHN, IS THERE ANYTHING I HAVEN'T TASTED?"

"NO, SIR, I THINK NOT—EXCEPT WATER!"

haps I would like to hear "exact state of the case about that little slip of the half-million?"

Make polite excuse, and hurry off to ANDREW. Propose to him that we should pop up Baltic and meet CLARK in Finland somewhere. ANDREW very cold about it. Says "CLARK won't care two straws about seeing us as, we haven't got TENNYSON on board," and gives me some new medicine to take. Nastier than ever! Yes,—why on earth did BRASSEY ask CLARK here?

Speak to BRASSEY privately. Ask him to put ANDREW in irons for a short time. BRASSEY doesn't like to. What's the good of being a Sea-Lord, if you're afraid of a Doctor? ANDREW says, "Rather be a Se-mon—an able Se-mon—than a Sea-Lord." Must say SEMON did my throat lot of good. ANDREW recommended him. Nice of ANDREW. BRASSEY, recurring to my remark about Sea-Lord, says "he's not a Sea-Lord now," and adds that "he's really afraid I haven't yet quite grasped the principle upon which that little slip—"

Escape to masthead. Spend first happy time on board over perusal of pocket edition of *Gleanings*.

Near Norway.—Much better. Take opportunity (when ANDREW CLARK gone on shore) to sound Ship's-Cook on how he intends voting in November. Says he "hain't made up his mind yet." What will decide him, I ask? He replies, "It's according as his Skipper tells him to vote," and winks. Give him copy of Corrupt Practices Act, and make short address to Sailors generally on duty of voting for Liberals. Steersman comes down to listen, and vessel nearly wrecked. BRASSEY very angry. Soothe him by saying that the error about the half-million "is of no consequence." BRASSEY seems immensely relieved.

ANDREW comes on board. "Then comes my fit again!" Tell him I've made a speech to Sailors, and try to make him take humorous view of the matter by calling it a "feat on the fiord." ANDREW threatens to "turn Tory" if I do this sort of thing again, and says he won't be responsible for consequences. Well, he'll have greater freedom if he has less responsibility, I tell him.

After a Week's Cruising.—Feel quite myself again! Hurrah! Asked BRASSEY why Tory Party is like an Irishman who takes farm of evicted tenant? "Because it wants Protection." Riddle poor, but shows I'm better. Wire to CHAMBERLAIN that my "vocal powers quite restored." He wires back that in that case our Party will soon be "restored to power," and "will I give 'em another Midlothian campaign?" Think on the whole that I will.

[And let us hope his health will be equal to it.]

SONG OF A SLOW MOVEMENT.

(By a Suburban Citizen.)



S, waiting for my
'bus, I stand,
About five-thirty,
frequent, fast,
The vehicles whirl
westward, past
The southern kerb-
stone of the
Strand.

In matting-basket
borne, I fetch
Down home, per-
chance, a bit of
fish,
And serve, mean-
while, against my
wish,
Some lively limner
for a sketch.

A 'bus all red and
gold comes on!
Mine likewise
bears those col-
ours bright.
Cab following cab
impedes my
sight—
I fail to read—the
'bus is gone!

'Twixt lazy craw-
lers, and before
The heads of
horses, risking
wreck,

My omnibus ere I can cheek,
I dash, at hazard, o'er and o'er.
It suits the classes who can pay
— Cab-hire, to have—I envy not
The millionnaires their happier
lot—
A cab at elbow all their way.

But let blue ROBERT intervene,
So far as is in fairness meet,
And bid the Crawlers on his
beat
Crawl on with gangways clear
between.

CARDSTEPS JOTTINGS.

De Mortuis.

THE *Cardsteps Chronicle* was very badly in want of a smart Reporter when young STYLE appeared in the little town. Cardsteps is not a town wherein much interest is taken in anything; all England rang with the massacre of Berber before we learnt the news, and when it arrived there were so few of us aware of the locality of Berber, that it faded into nothing before the bellman's announcement of the discovery of a purse on the sands the previous evening.

But even in Cardsteps it was thought that the *Chronicle* was behind the times. GARDEN, who was Editor, Reporter, and Advertising Canvasser, was universally allowed to be brilliant, but eccentric. Strangers might ask in vain for proofs of the former, but as a sign of his eccentricity he could be pointed out sound asleep under alcoholic influence on a bench on the parade six afternoons of the week. On the Sunday he remained in bed all day, exposing himself thereby to the awful penalties of an excommunication, that is if a certain Norfolk Parson were his rector. Then the landlord of the "Gunboat" stopped his credit, alleging that his account had run quite long enough. Unluckily, he took this step on a publishing day, and GARDEN, smarting under his wrongs, and suffering from an unquenchable thirst, denounced the "Gunboat" as the home of smugglers, and spoke of the landlord as being the most dangerous foe the Coast Guard had to contend with.

It was a spirited article, and sent the journal up no less than ten copies, but if it hadn't been for the proprietor promptly ordering three dozen bottles of soda-water, a demand which for a while utterly paralysed the resources of the "Gunboat," an action for libel could not have been avoided.

The climax came when the grocer's daughter was married to a lawyer from London. Everybody put on their best clothes, and attended the ceremony; everybody yearned to see their names in print as having been present at the smartest wedding known for years; and with this aim everybody treated GARDEN with such

liberal cordiality that he fell that night into the hands of an alien policeman, and was ensconced in the lock-up, when he should have been at his desk. The paper appeared without a word as to the marriage. Public opinion then unmistakably said that GARDEN must go. He went, and a complimentary banquet was given to him as a fellow-townsmen, and a man of letters. The evening ended with four fights, and to this day the purveyor of the feast does not know whom to sue for the meal.

STYLE drifted into Cardsteps at the very nick of time. The Mayor of the adjacent town of Tugedom was just dead, and STYLE, in a humble way, had been a personal friend of the deceased official, and was necessarily well qualified to write his obituary. Moreover, his coat was singularly shiny, his linen was particularly frayed; and although his boots were scarcely calculated to keep the water out, it was astonishing, on a wet day, what a quantity they retained.

It was with a light heart that the proprietor left his young recruit to write a two-column article on the late Mayor, and to bring out the current number of the *Cardsteps Chronicle*. He was less cheerful when he read his own paper the next morning. Dubiousness changed to positive certainty, when he encountered his subscribers; and when the Mayor's relatives—the deceased was a wine-and-spirit merchant, in a large way of business, and always good for half a column a week—sent over a letter brimful of rage, withdrawing the firm's advertisement for ever, absolute wrath seized the proprietor, and he sent for his subordinate. STYLE apologetically said that what he had written was entirely from his personal knowledge.

"But you have said that 'to shock his personal vanity it was only necessary to allude to the wart on the left side of his nose.'"

"Perfectly true; it used to make him mad."

"But you oughtn't to have said so. And then you remark 'his ostentatious liberality in public was only equalled by his private niggardliness.'"

"That's also true; he used to pretty nearly starve his family and servants."

"But such things should never be printed. What right have you to state that 'though the ostensible cause of death is given as bronchitis, it is an undoubted fact that it was in the main due to excessive consumption of his own goods'?"

"What right? The doctor told me so himself. It is eighteen months since he said the old fool was drinking himself to death."

"Now, once and for all understand me, or else you'll follow GARDEN. Attack the living as much as you like, when they deserve it, when they don't agree with our views, or don't advertise in our paper. But remember *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

STYLE accordingly set to work on the *de mortuis* line, and his eulogy on the village idiot would have been excessively fulsome if applied to a BURNS or a BYRON. And he did not scruple to attack the living. His description of his proprietor's foremost opponent on the Local Board as "a verminiferous black-beetle wriggling on the point of a pin," was considered a masterpiece of delicate humour by all save the gentleman of whom it was written, who, meeting the proprietor of the *Chronicle* at the Railway Station, first knocked his hat over his eyes, and then kicked him down the steps with such vigour that he was in bed for three weeks. During this period STYLE had full control over the paper, and upheld his master's views with such loyal zeal, that on every publication day little crowds used to waylay the doctor, and shake thick sticks with a scornful air when they gathered that his patient would not be yet out and about.

But it was kindness that caused STYLE's downfall. The city which domineered over this part of the country, the City of St. Precincts, had, in addition to one of the noblest cathedrals in England, an elegant and commodious county gaol. Great had been the excitement, even the pulse of Cardsteps had fully throbbled, over a local murder, and when the doer of the deed had been sentenced to be hanged, great was the rivalry, and fierce the competition to obtain a view of the execution. By some means the *Chronicle* got a ticket, and STYLE naturally undertook the task of reporting the scene. His article was really admirable. His description of the gloomy fastness, of the doomed man's walk to the scaffold, of his frightened eyes, of his blanched face, was a model of word-painting.

Able, too, had STYLE retold the story of the murder; the mad-dened ruffian's beating his wife's head in with the poker, his holding his infant baby on the fire, his cutting his three elder children's throats from ear to ear, and his smothering his aged mother, were all gems of crime-pictures. And then STYLE concluded—"But let us throw no stone at the man who this morning expiated for his crime with his life on the scaffold. Those who knew him best will long miss his hearty genial ways, his honest ringing laugh. An admirable son, a devoted husband, and a loving father has passed away from us. Let us remember his best qualities, and forget his little faults and weaknesses. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

That brought the proprietor from his bed, and sent STYLE out of the county. We hear nothing positive of him now at Cardsteps, but it is rumoured that he is either attached to the poetry staff of a great tooth-powder-making firm, or engaged on making the fortune of a London newspaper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

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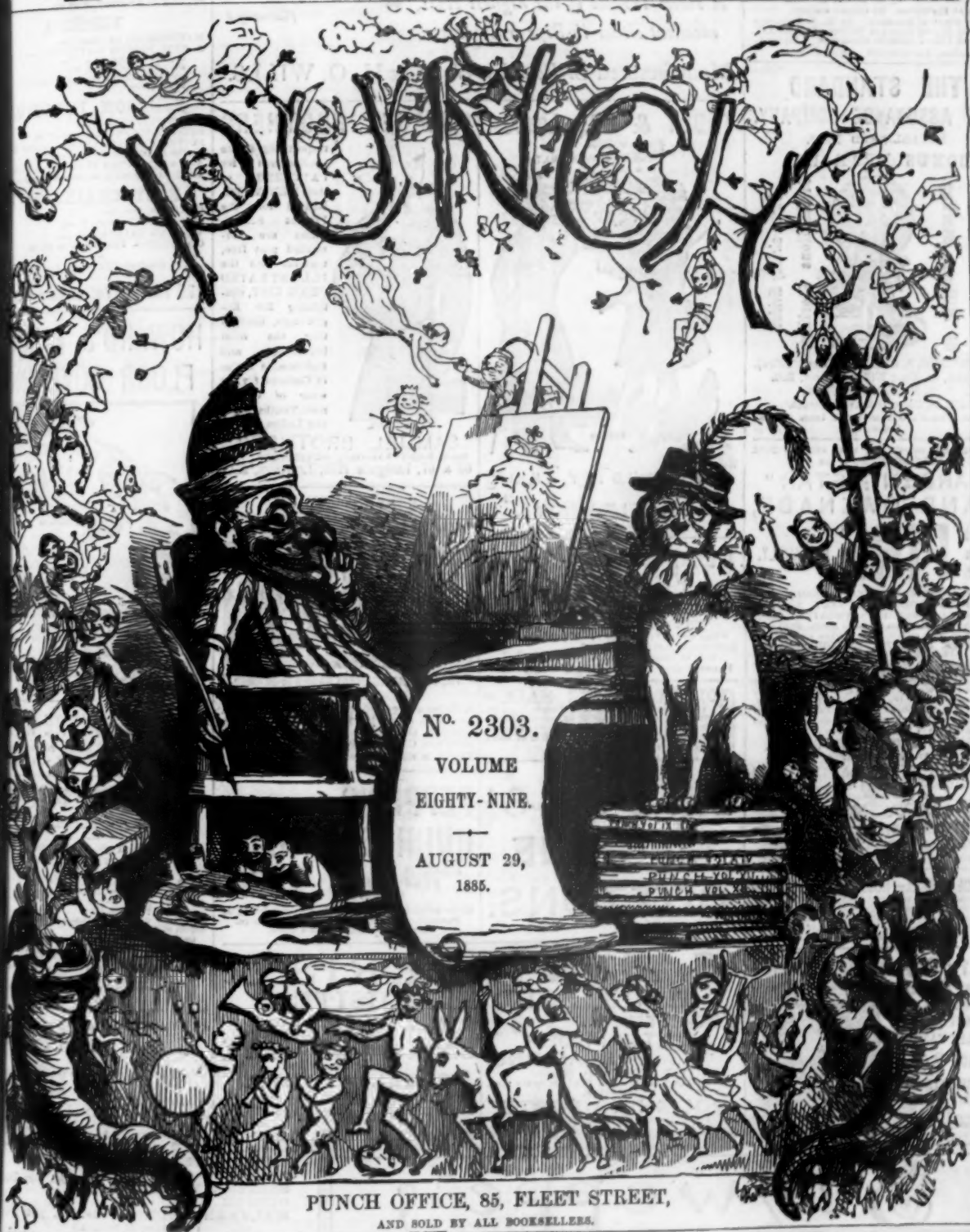
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VERY WELL OUT OF IT;

Or, Finishing Up at Portsmouth.

THE Lords of the Admiralty, whose recent heroic movements in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth have been duly chronicled in the columns of the daily Press, again continued and finally concluded their exciting tour of inspection yesterday, under even still more novel and interesting conditions. It having been arranged that, in addition to their previous experiences, all more or less calculated to familiarise them with the practical details of their official work, they should still further be subjected to the personal inconvenience attendant on a night-attack by an enemy "supposed to be in full force, supported by a torpedo squadron on three sides;" their Lordships, after having retired to rest at their several hotels, were suddenly roused, and hurried off with scarcely time to dress comfortably, in one or two steam pinnaces, waiting to take them to the scene of action.

This feat was courteously but efficiently accomplished by the controller, who, notwithstanding the apparent lack of interest shown by some of the official party, who were at first huddled rather sleepily and unceremoniously into the stern, managed by the judicious use of the electric-light and steam-whistle combined with the cold morning air, and an occasional wash of spray, to excite their flagging interest in the nature of the important manœuvre in which they found themselves engaged.

The attack having been, after a good two hours' heavy shrapnel practice in the dark, "repulsed," their Lordships, who were now fairly awake, expressed their entire satisfaction with the proceedings, and were about to return to their respective hotels to finish their night's rest, when the Admiral, who had prepared a pleasant surprise for them, in the shape of a morning cruise in the new patent "rocking" vessel, *Tumbler*, designed for the purpose of accustoming Admirals on the Half-Pay List to recover, in any emergency, the use of their sea-legs, cleverly intercepted them.

Taken at a brisk rate some ten miles out and home again, their Lordships, who were thus enabled before breakfast to experience all the sensations common to a severe Channel passage, on leaving the ingeniously-contrived craft, again expressed their entire satisfaction, and were looking anxiously for some conveyance to carry them in the direction of the town, when they were met by the Surveyor of Dockyards, who at once suggested an inspection of the proposed site for the Marine Bowling-Green, about which there had been considerable difference of opinion, and which happened to be not more than two miles and a half distant from the spot where they had been landed.

On their way to the proposed site their Lordships had, moreover, the opportunity of trying the new Macpherson iron-clad fire-escape, that in action is meant to facilitate the safety of combatants leaving a sinking ship, and in time of peace can be utilised as a series of *douche* baths, supplied with hot or cold water as inclination or necessity may direct.

Their Lordships having experienced the efficacy of this admirable new invention in both capacities, the First Lord, who said he thought that he might possibly be recalled to town immediately, was about to signal by heliograph for a four-wheeler from Upnor, when the official party were again taken off bodily, though this time

not without some slight protest, to inspect the bursting of obsolete muzzle-loaders by the new heavy ordnance charges at the open practice-grounds at the back of Whale Island. Having witnessed these interesting experiments for some considerable time in a somnolent condition, it was now announced to their Lordships, who had to be awakened with a fog-signal, that the *Enchantress* was in sight, upon which, after they had expressed the greatest satisfaction at this intelligence, they made a hurried rally for the landing-stage, and, spite the almost active intervention of the Colonel, acting as deputy-director of works, who obstinately insisted on their seeing some mortar practice, managed ultimately, after a prolonged altercation ending in a somewhat unseemly scuffle, to get once again safely on board their own yacht.

Their Lordships attended the official dinner given by the Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the evening, but left early, in several batches, for unknown destinations, without leaving any addresses. The proposed "supplementary night surprise," planned for their special entertainment after the conclusion of the Seamen and Marines Orphan Asylum Ball, will, it is rumoured, in consequence possibly hang fire.

A DISENCHANTED CASTLE.

"To be Sold" an old Castle of feudal renown;
For its Lords, well-a-day! in the world have gone down;
And their latest descendant, who
haply can't let,
Has concluded to sell it for what
he can get.



On View.

It dates back to the dark days, on
History's page,
Of the bows, and the bills, and
the battle-axe age.
'Tis a massive, stone-built, medi-
eval stronghold,
And a family seat, and it's now
to be sold!

It bears bulwarks and battle-
ments, turrets and towers,
That stand, fast as live rocks, all the storms and the showers,
On its walls there's a "weeping-stone," no one knows why,
Which is dry in damp weather, and dripping in dry.

It has dungeons, a chamber where murder, of yore,
Hath left blood-stains, which won't be washed out of the floor,
And a room with a secret that ne'er must be known,
As 'twould carry a terrible curse were it "blown."

Up and down the grand staircase, at times to be seen,
A spectral "Green Lady" walks, gruesome and green,
Which betokens that somebody's going to die;
'Tis a notice to quit—a memento mori.

There's a ban on the building; the tale goes that ne'er
Within those old walls will be born a male heir
Till a spell shall be broken; and, sooth, it appears
No such boy has been born there for five hundred years.



Tobacco and Spirit.



The Castle Spectre.

This ancestral old Keep, with the broad lands that lie
All around it, Sir GORGIOUS MIDAS may buy,
Though he drop all his aitches, he'll be a fine host,
Lay wagers, lay wine down,—will he lay the Ghost?

Oh, the weeping-stone, then will it weep any more?
Will the stains still refuse to come out of the floor?
Will the Green Lady warn the smug Millionnaire?
And how about GORGIOUS MIDAS's heir?

BUMBLE TO THE BEEFEATER.



I've been reading in the paper, Mr. Beefeater, as how The LORD CHAMBERLAIN is having of a game with you jest now, And is doing of his best to make you look a rummy card, Much more like a prison-warder than a Yeoman of the Guard.

'Twas the Liberals—or BOBBY LOWE at least—as I've heard say, In a fit of public-spirited economy one day On the 'andsome silver badge upon your arm who made a pounce, And then sold it to a silversmith at four-and-two the hounce.

Shortly arter, bit by bit, they took away your swagger olo'es, First your doublet, then your ruff, and then your plummy damask hose, Gave you bluchers for to wear, instead of brilliant buckle shoes, Put you into vulgar trousers and a pennytenshal blouse.

Last of all, I'm told, the Chamberlain—a Tory, by the way— Has deprived you of your velvet cap, that used to look so gay, And bestowed on you a "pattern-hat" some Army-tailor chose, Sech as farmers sticks up on a pole to scare away the crows.

Wrongs like yours, my ill-used Yeoman, BUMBLE's sympathy may claim, And he pities you sincerely in your sorrow and your shame; But you ain't the honly tiptop hinstitooshun in the land Upon which the low hiconoclask has laid his sordid hand.

Look at Me! Why, bless your 'cart, it ain't so wery long ago That my duds was jest as spiff as any London had to show; I looked down with 'aughty scorn upon the Harmy and Perlice, And was quite as big a toff as what the Frenchies call a "Sweess."

But them fellers in the Press, as always prates about Reform, For porochial hinstitooshuns made it most uncommon warm, And partiklerly for me and other Beedles, whom they classed With "the useless, bloated relics of a quaint barbaric past."

I was wrote of as "the stupidest anomaly e'er seen," And a vile anakrinizzum—whatsoever that may mean— Till the Vestrymen got frightened, and decided it was best That the splendours of the Beadle should be totally suppressed.

So they cruelly despoiled me of my three-eaped rockylors, Of the buckles and the "shorts" that on my nether-man I wore,

Of the hat, thrice-cooked and laced with gold, that was my special pride, And the silver-topped rattan with which the boys I used to hide.

Thus transformed into the despicable hobbeek that you see, I stand gazing on the picter of the swell I used to be; And I feels conwincsed Old England must be going to the dogs, When her Beefeaters and Beedles has to wear sech common togs.

"VILLANY TRIUMPHANT."

In the new melodrama, *Hoodman Blind*, at the Princess's Theatre, the Villain of the piece obtains the entire sympathy of the audience in consequence of the vengeance meted out to him by the hero. One of the Authors (Mr. JONES) some little while ago lectured and wrote about the Mission of the Dramatist, which seemed in his opinion to be closely allied to that of the preacher. So be it. But surely this is a new departure? Villany is accustomed to be hissed through three Acts of a piece while employed in successful fraud, and in the fourth to die, defeated in the end, amidst the jeers of a scornful and exultant Gallery. But with Mr. JONES's *Hoodman Blind* as a model, the end of a play will be in future something like the following, which we publish as a guide for young dramatists in general, and Messrs. BOCCICAULT, SIMS, and MERRITT in particular:—

SCENE—The Zoological Gardens. Enter Villain, exultingly. He looks at his Watch.

Villain. In ten minutes' time she will be here, and then away to Italy with his bride, and a fortune of ten thousand a year! How my plans have prospered! The poison I provided disposed of my uncle, the fire I kindled burnt my mother, and the mine I exploded blew to atoms my grandfather. It was a clever thought to scuttle the ship, forge those wills, and destroy that marriage-register! (Enter Hero in the dress of a Keeper.) Here she comes—at last!

Hero (confronting Villain). Yes, at last! Face to face! Your hour has arrived, RALPH BLACKHEART, and you cannot escape!

Villain (trembling). What right have you to stop me?

Hero. Because I am—(throwing off false whiskers, &c.)—ARTHUR TURNIPOT the Avenger!

Villain (aghast). ARTHUR TURNIPOT!

Hero (repeating). The Avenger! And now meet your fate! [Opens cage containing Lions. Villain fights them.]

Villain (breathless after killing his last Lioness). Have you no mercy?

Hero. None. And now for the serpents!

[Opens glass-cases. Terrible encounter with poisonous Reptiles.]

Villain (wounded, weary, but still the conqueror). Once more, mercy! [Applause from audience.]

Hero. Never! Let me see how you like the wild Elephants!

[Opens Wild Elephant-house. The infuriated animals trample upon Villain.]

Villain (gasping). Have you no heart? See, I still live! Surely it is time for forgiveness!

[Renewed applause from audience.]

Hero. No! Lions, Cobras, Jumbos, all powerless to kill you. Then but one course is open to me. Police!

Enter Constable, who seizes Villain and takes him into custody.

Villain (struggling). In the hands of the law! My name dishonoured, my memory a disgrace! Never! (Suddenly takes poison.) I can but die! (Turns up his eyes to the flies.) Forgiveness!

[Dies. Immense applause from the audience.]

Hero (embracing Heroine, who has rushed in). My own, my love! Never to part again!

[Dead silence from the audience. Curtain. Loud calls for the Villain, who is enthusiastically cheered on his appearance. MORAL.—Doubtful!

EN?—The representatives of the Shipping Interest speak of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as a "reckless politician." Can this be because he is in favour of a "wreck-less" policy?

THE ROWERS ON THE LEA.

(AIR—"The Miller on the Dec.")

THREE went a party forth to row
Upon the River Lea;
They started off as blithe as larks,
And sang most merrilee;
And this the burden of their song
For ever used to be—
"We envy nobody in the world,
But don't they envy we!"

"You're wrong, my friends!" the
Boatman cried,

"As wrong as wrong can be;
No boating now is to be had
Upon the River Lea,
The fishing too has gone to grief,
The anglers sniff—and flee;
And why? Because the stream's a
sewer.

As you will shortly see."

The party laughed in merry scorn,
They took a boat so free;
"We love to row," they all declared,
"Whate'er the water be,
No noisome odours shall prevent
Our vespertine spree;
It is the Londoner's delight,
This limpid River Lea!"

Alas! Within a brief half-hour,
They sang, but not in glee,
"We envy folk upon the bank,
But they don't envy we!
For why? We feel inclined to faint,
We're sick as sick can be;
We've all got germs of Typhoid from
This rowing on the Lea!"

THE S. A. MANŒUVRES.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

A BRISK engagement has occurred
between the Derby Corps of the Sal-
vation Army and a body of insurgents.
There seems to have been serious
fighting.

Army accused of making an undue
use of their band in kicking up a row.
Summonses issued against some of
them for disturbing the peace; the
Authorities not recognising their claim
to belligerent rights.

Last night the Corps made another
demonstration. Were followed to the
market-place by tag-rag-and-bobtail,
whose movement was, in the mean-
while, confined to a reconnaissance.

The Salvationeers, arriving on that
ground, one of their mounted officers
shook a stick at the police. Signal for
commencement of hostilities. The
Corps immediately charged by the mob,
their drum smashed, their infantry
bonneted, their cavalry pulled to the
ground, and their squad in general
scattered. Corps fallen back on bar-
racks, bombarded by crowd, flinging
addled eggs and dead cats, throwing
stones and smashing windows. Tre-
mendous uproar.

The élite of the Salvation Army
constitute a crack regiment, entitled
the "Salvation Life Guards."

Have the Salvationist forces any
"Sappers and Miners"? We are not
aware, but their silly and ridiculous
demonstrations tend altogether to sap
and undermine, if not to revolt, every
idea of reverence. Their perform-
ances in the streets with their ban-
ners, drums, and tambourine girls
are, in fact, only fit for a Booth.
Well—save us from the Salvationists!

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Modern (Irish) Version.

Titania... HIBERNIA. Bottom... "THE STUPID PARTY." Puck... Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.



Bottom sings:—

SING in the Liberal nest! A lark
The Cuckoo thus to play!
With the Rad Sparrow, which doth mark
But dares not say me nay.

For, indeed, what can his vaunted wit now avail against what he deems but, as it were, a foolish
bird? Can he give me the lie, though he cry "Cuckoo!" never so?

Titania. I pray thee, gentle Party, sing again!

Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note,
So is my mind resolved with thee to vote,
And thy fair promises perforce do move me
To swear that—for awhile at least—I love thee.

Bottom. Methinks, Mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth,
reason and love keep little company together nowadays. But I can gloze upon occasion.

Titania. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Puck. Ah! these two are now at one!—

I foresee no end of fun!
For those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

[Winks.]

VERB. SAP.!

If Sir RICHARD CROSS, our new Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary, had stopped it at the outset,
we should have been spared the spectacle of an eminent Cardinal, an Archbishop, some Bishops, and
Clergy, all with their fingers in a mud-pie. Scarcely a journal appears without some report, or para-
graph, about Societies for the Protection of Girls, while so-called "religious papers" recommend the
establishment everywhere of Vigilance Committees. If this state of things continues, we shall need
several well-organised Societies for the Protection of Men to guard "man, poor man," against such
evil-speaking, lying, slandering, and black-mailing, as will be engendered by these Schools for
Scandal called Vigilance Committees. But who is to watch these irresponsible spies? Undoubtedly
the Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary, with the Public Prosecutor, wide-awake for once, at his elbow.
Vigilance Committees can only exist where the Law is powerless. The public has been favoured with
some very clear expositions of the moral views of these self-elected Custodians, and the Armstrong
case afforded sufficient ground for the intervention of the Strong Arm of the Law.



NE PLUS ULTRA.

"ONLY FANCY, GRANDPAPA, I MADE THIRTEEN MISTAKES IN MY FRENCH EXERCISE!"

"OH, I DARE SAY I SHOULD HAVE MADE MORE, MY DARLING!"

"OH NO, YOU WOULDN'T! THERE WERE ONLY THIRTEEN WORDS!"

THE TALE OF A WHALE.

I stood by Waterloo Bridge the other afternoon, watching the argosies of British commerce passing swiftly to and fro on the water highway of the world, feeling pride in the spectacle, yet regret that a parsimonious and pusillanimous Government permitted these vessels to venture afar without any protection. Here were trim, taut steamers, with low hulls and rakish funnels, bound with fifty or sixty human lives, and at least a dozen or two of bottled beer, for Pimlico Pier. There larger craft, but still built in the same beautiful lines, were preparing for further and more dangerous journeys; the passengers on which were fully prepared for the time and difficulties before them, for while some, braving the fierce high winds which on the calmest day elsewhere for ever swirl and sway round the Cathedral of St. Paul, were purchasing boxes of fuses, so as not to be dependent on the fickle match for their ignition of tobacco, others, mindful of the long and weary delays that would inevitably ensue ere they bumped Blackwall Pier, stepped on board with a perfect library in the shape of the day's *Daily Telegraph*. A sight calculated to arouse one's pride, yet at the same time bitter regret, when one thought what havoc, in case of war, a few fast cruisers might inflict on this superb fleet.

I stood not alone regarding this scene. Passionately fond of the sea as I am, ever since my people, calling a spade a spade, had called me a young rake, and had sent me to the Hoe of Plymouth, there to sink or swim, I yet do not monopolise all regard for the ocean, and I soon became aware of a figure by my side contemplating the busy movements of the magnificent vessels. He was an old man, in a faded blue suit, with red half-closed eyes, a bulbous nose, and blotchy cheeks, which at once betrayed his calling. Show me such a man anywhere, and I would at once say that he was accustomed to an ocean—of liquor.

"Purty, ain't it?" he asked, commencing the conversation, and my heart at once warmed towards the old familiar accents which betokened a man acquainted with the three seas. Yes, all the great

seas—the C. C. C. I returned in the affirmative, and he went on:—"But, lawks, what a deal of fuss is made about these 'ere tin kettles, for that they are nothing more or less! Ah, it was a bit different when we had sailing vessels, and didn't know nothing about these 'ere craft. Steam, they says, was in its infancy then. Well, I only wishes that infant had been entrusted to the care of a baby farm."

Such sentiments, so similar to those which I have promulgated so often in public and private, at once induced me to ask this son of the sea whether he had any objection to join me in a friendly glass. "None whatever; he would join me in several," was his eminently sailorly reply, and then, with the keen true instinct of a mariner who knows upon what little chances his dangerous calling turns, added, "and in smokes." So saying, he led the way to a neighbouring hostelry frequented by seamen, the very name of which, "The Romanocian," smacked of the sea. And those who were refreshing themselves within spoke in nautical phrases, alluding to having been half seas over the night before, and of having had a storm with their wives, and of feeling perfect wrecks this day; their favourite hero and heroine were *Captain Crosstree* and *Dolly Mayflower*, but as I never once heard the command given, "Starboard," so did I never hear anyone order "Port."

Having placed refreshments before and within my friend, he commenced,—

"They scientific coves and folks up at the Admiralty talks about the superior rate of progression that is obtained nowadays by steam. But it makes one ill to hear them a going on. Now how long do you suppose it takes one of them vessels to get down to Southend Pier?"

I answered—"Five, six, seven hours, as the case might be."

"Exactly. There you have it in a moment with your calculating figure-head. Well, I have sailed it—sailed it in three-quarters of an hour! You may well look surprised; but what I am telling you's Gospel truth. It is some many years ago now, and there's me and my mate, JOE BLOCKLEY, one of the smartest lads that ever handled a tiller or a till—rather too smart, the Judge, a land-lubbing chap in a wig, said over the latter job as he give him two with,—and he

MOCK HEROICS WITH A VENGEANCE!

Post (piping)—

OF ROCHEFORT's wrath, to England direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, Gutter-Goddess, sing!
That wrath nor sense nor justice can restrain,
Whose limbs unburied on the Nile's sad shore
Dog KITCHENER and vulture WOLSELEY tore.
Since hulking Ajax with Theraites strove,
There never was so great a row, by Jove!
How rise the frenzied howls, the feline squalls
(Which euphemistic *Temps* "polemic" calls),
The heaven-assaulting oaths (which none will heed)
That SALISBURY shall fall and LYONS bleed;
The wailings womanish, the yells hysterical,
Moved by suspicious mad and hopes chimerical!
Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, commenced the foul mud-shower;
How rowdy ROCHEFORT foul contagion spread,
And half the Paris Press went off its head!

Muse (interrupting)—

Not if I know it, Bardling. Nay, not I!
Excuse me! I have other fish to fry.
What matter showers of undeserved abuse,
Or the fierce hissings of a frantic goose?
Egregious HENRI, of the addled brain,
May curse BRITANNIA or myself in vain.
We may be, like Æneas, "forced by fate,"
But not by baby-ROCHEFORT's babbling hate!

A Short Way with Voters.

"C. S. M.," writing to the *Times*, says he would "legalise bribery to the extent of making it lawful to pay a Voter not to vote," on the ground that "A man who is willing to accept such a bribe is unfit to have a vote." This would be "buying off the barbarians" with a vengeance, and suggests novel developments in legislation. "Your money or your Vote—which will you have?" says the Candidate, in effect, to a possible elector, and the latter's choice decides his electoral fitness, and, possibly, the chance of the would-be M.P. Whether he who accepts such an offer should be paid for being unfit, or whether he who makes it is fit to "have the Vote," of those who are not bought off, are questions which "C. S. M." does not tackle. Perhaps our new electoral Daniel will "come to judgment" again.

sailed from London Bridge one day in one of the liveliest craft that ever gladdened the eyes of a real, genuine salt. (Certainly I will, and enough after that.) Well, we weren't long in getting into the Pool. But the Pool ain't what it was, is it, Sir?"

Seeing it was expected of me, I answered in the negative.

"Pool!" he continued; "Pool! I remember when one could pick 'em up at thirty shillings a time, and last night I had to divide one of four-and-six. But to get back to the voyage. As soon as we got into the Pool, we saw that for the best part of our voyage, which was to Barking Creek, we should have a head-wind. Not that we cared, for we were, as I said before, in one of the tautest crafts that was ever afloat. From her upper stern-piece to her transom she was a marvel. When she had got her moonraker, her lee-brails, and her stanchions all afloat, you couldn't have imagined a prettier sight, and than her jib-halliards and her trysail no better lines ever cut through the water. But then we were almost a-calm. Joe cast anxious looks at the compasses—the Goat and Compasses, for he owed a small score there, and was afraid that they might put off in a boat and ask for it, but we were spared that danger by getting under the weather-bow of a coal-barge who had lost her spinnaker-boom in a late gale. Still we got no forarder. We was a-sitting idly there, and thinking maybe how foolish we had been to leave our homes, for sailors thinks at times, when suddenly we felt a shock.

"What's that?" sang out I.

"How the devil should I know?" sung out he; and with this mutual confidence I leant forward aft to see what it was, but in a moment afterwards I was in the bottom of the boat, and we were tearing down the river far quicker than even in my wildest dreams I had believed it possible to go. Talk of steamers—bah! Talk of railway trains—we beat one which was going down to Erith by ten miles in eleven. Lawks, I confess now how frightened we both were, for you see there was the wind dead agin us, and there were we going at a rate of speed which I can't think can have been less than seventy knots an hour.

"Everything, of course, going agin a head-wind at this rate was carried away, off flew our boom, away in the air went the gaff, over went the companion. How things did fly past us. Say Jaak Robinson! and we was at Greenhithe, we had not time to yell when we had cut an emigrant ship in two, and down she went with all hands. Eh, it would have been a pitiful sight could we have seen it, for the poor folks had all their little worldly possessions on board, it being just before quarter-day, and they a-moving all their possessions unbeknown to their Landlord, from Gravesend over to Tilbury in Essex, but we was down Long Reach pretty nigh before we were through the two halves of the dinghy, for such was the rig of the emigrants' ship, then the Chapman and the Mucking Lights, like the two posts of a narrow gate, and Southend Pier was right upon us.

"So rapid had been our flight, that the breath was knocked right out of Joe, and he fell heavily on the tiller, shoving it hard a-starboard. That saved our lives. The boat slowly obeyed the helm, and a slant of air coming from the Medway drove us straight on to Leigh shore. It is not often that a sailor cares for a lee-shore; but if ever two men did bless one, those two men were Joe and myself. We gazed at each other silently, and I could see Joe's face was all white and strained as if with great pain, which, seeing as how he had hit the tiller with his funny bone, was not to be wondered at. As for myself, I don't know how I looked. Certainly, one doesn't get tippie like it every day, but I didn't feel so comfortable as I do now.

"What water is there?" I asked Joe, hoarsely. I know it was hoarsely, having done little for a week before but spend the profits of our last cruise on gin. "Three foot," he answered.

"Thank Heavens!" I could not help exclaiming, for I knew that we only drew six inches, and were safe when we struck, but not hard, as one would on a beach, but soft, as on the mud. We both jumped overboard as we were, and examined the keel of our craft from the vangs to the buntlines. And what do you think it was all about, this 'ere sailing express against the wind, and striking when we had no business to strike?" I could give no guess, enthralled as I had been in this tale of the sea.

"Why, the weather had been a bit stormy for some time, which always drives birds and fishes up the river. And what we hit in the Pool was a whopping big porpoise. The keel of our boat was a bit gone, and the iron had got entangled with that porpoise's fins, and he had had to drag us the whole way down. Swims fast they always do; with the agony of the pain he swam doubly quick. We took him ashore easy enough, for he was spent now, and each of us had a pair of boots made out of his skin, which mine only went to be soled and heeled last Tuesday, or I would show them to you as a proof of my story. So when folks talk of steam, I think of my ride on a porpoise, which I have never told anyone before, and don't fancy I shall find anybody likely to listen to me again. Good day, Sir."

"Good day!" And I sat pondering over the strange weird adventures encountered by men of the sea, just as other guests didn't sit, but stood up and walked about, profanely wondering why the disappearance of my old truthful salt had been simultaneous with the disappearance of their umbrellas and walking-sticks!

THE AMATEUR YACHTSMAN.

A Nautical Song of the Period.



I'm bad when
at Sea, yet
it's pleasant
to me
To charter a
Yacht and go
sailing,

But please understand I ne'er lose sight of land,
Though hardier sailors are railing.
If only the ship, that's the Yacht, wouldn't dip,
And heel up and down and roll over,
And wobble about till I want to get out,
I'd think myself fairly in clover.

But, bless you! my craft, though the wind is abaft,
Will stagger when meeting the ripple,
Until a man feels both his head and his heels
Reversed as if full of his tippie.
In vain my blue serge when from seas we emerge,
Though dressed as a nautical dandy;
I can't keep my legs, and I call out for "pegs"
Of rum, or of soda and brandy.

A Yacht is a thing, they say, fit for a king,
And still it is not to my liking;
My short pedigree does not smack of the Sea,—
I can't pose a bit like a Viking.
It's all very well when there isn't a swell,
But when that comes on I must toddle
And go down below, for a bit of a blow
Upsets my un-nautical noddle.

BRITANNIA may rule her own waves,—I'm a fool
To try the same game, but, believe me,
Though catching it hot, yet to give up my "Yot"
Would certainly terribly grieve me.
You see, it's the rage, like the Amateur Stage,
Or Coaching, Lawn-Tennis, or Hunting;
So, though I'm so queer, I go Yachting each year,
And hoist on the Solent my bunting.

Strictly Impartial.

A CASUAL Correspondent sends us the following extract from the Gloucester Citizen:—

"LOUISA SANDERS, of Mitre Street, was charged, &c., &c.—P.C. CRIFFS proved the case, and was sent to prison for seven days."

We omit the particulars charged against LOUISA SANDERS, as, whatever it was, the unfortunate Policeman CRIFFS had to suffer for it. In future he will think twice before proving a charge.

SUGGESTION FOR COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERT PROGRAMME.—Out of compliment to the vicinity of Mud-Salad Market, play the Overture to *Muck-beth*. Pity that to conduct it you haven't got a second Signor COSTER.



WHO WOULDN'T BE A DRAWING-MASTER!

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TOURIST.

"Oh, where shall we go?" That's the annual cry
Of your regular commonplace Tourist. Then why
Should this Tourist of Tourists not raise it?
A right thorough-going, untiring globe-trotter,
No poor Paterfamilias he just to potter,
No 'ARRY whose verdict is "Margit's my motter!"
No Matron long balanced 'twixt colder and hotter.
The world is his home. He surveys it,
Like *Pistol* of old, as his oyster, a thing
To be opened up, prior to gulping. His fling
He must have, our unlimited Tourist.
Attired, like a gentleman taking the air,
In a suit of check ditto, the usual pair
Of long-sighted *lorgnons*, perusing with care
His guide-books and maps, take a look at him there
As *Autolyceus* sharp though—to doubt it who'll dare?—
With motives the highest and purest.
Still, if any small "unconsidered trifles"
Of land lie about, which one's rum and one's rifles
May help to "snap up," why, one's scruples one stifles,
Or how would the world get along?
In the race of land-grabbing 'tis fatal to lag,
The last in the field get the least of the swag.
No prior possessor who lets his tongue wag,
No "harmless hidalgo" uplifting a flag,
No friend of humanity—wanting a gag—
Who prattles of right and of wrong,
May stop that grave goddess called "National Progress,"
Whom prudes and precisians regard as an ogress,
But whose most majestic stride,
In spite of all humanitarian rumpusses,
Is steady and sweeping as *HADRIAN'S* "compasses."
Our Tourist looks forth far and wide,
Like *Little Billee* from the main-top, and "spots"
Most "commanding" sites, most "desirable" lots,
Charming "sea-side resorts," many snug "building-plots,"
And he says, with a confident smile, and

A wink of the eye, "I'm prospecting! I see
There's still many a place will do nicely for me,
Full many a land-nook as snug as can be,
And many a tight little island.
Where shall I go next? Well my excellent friends
My reply to your query must be 'That depends!'
I have catholic tastes, and to further my ends
I may have to be rather ubiquitous.
I'm not at all greedy, you've all had your share.
I come in for the scraps, what my neighbours can spare,
Just a little bit here and a little bit there,
Can anything be *less* iniquitous?"
Why no, to be sure, there is room for us all,
To check the stout Teuton *JOHN BULL* has no call,
But—those who are blindest are nearest a fall,
And those who see sharpest securest.
Trespass? A game he, of course, will not try on,
And therefore won't mind if the old British Lion
Should keep a quite friendly but vigilant eye on
This most Irrepressible Tourist!

OUT OF THE WEY!

THAT pretty little stream, the Wey, is, it appears, earning the name of "the Styx of Surrey." That is a pity. Many a disciple of old *ISAAC* has passed many a happy hour watching the "bobbing of the float" in the bright river that meanders through the green Surrey meadows—though sometimes that delightful "bob" is somewhat spoilt by the neighbouring "tanner," with his ancient but not fish-like (or fish-liked) savour.

"There were three jolly Anglers, they
Went fishing for the roach on the banks of the Wey.
And they went down to supper at the sign of the 'Parrot,'
And they had boiled beef without any carrot,"

as we once heard a trio of warbling *Waltonians* piping pleasantly as they plodded towards Guildford. Where there's a will there's a way, and the will of the genial Guildfordites ought to be to make their Wey clean and clear—though straight it can never be, thanks to sweet Nature's happy love of the serpentine.



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" TOURIST.

B-SM-RCK. "H'M!—HA!—WHERE SHALL I GO NEXT?"



ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1900



SEA-SIDE PUZZLE.

SEA COMING IN RAPIDLY. ONLY ONE HORSE TO DRAG THEM ALL UP. WHAT ARE YOU TO DO!

"A ONE-GUNNER."

(By the Old Salt, Peter.)

"SHIVER my Timbers!" was, of yore,
 JACK's usual imprecation,
 When wooden walls fenced England's shore
 'Gainst every foreign nation.
 But heart-of-oak by ironclads
 Has since been superseded;
 So now then, "Pierce my Plates!"
 tight lads,
 Sing out, when song is needed.
 For, with some pounds of dynamite,
 We're told, a shell, boys, loaded,
 When 'gainst a vessel fired aright,
 Is by the shock exploded.
 Slap, bang, the thickest armour-
 coat
 A gap, through, crashes wide in.
 Therefore, if not ashore, afloat,
 May JACK shout, "Smash my
 Side in!"

A boat with but a single gun
 Will be in a position
 To send a *Minotaur*, at one
 Long shot, to swift perdition.
 Right down she goes, all hands
 are lost,
 The waves above them whirling;
 And oh, my Lords, but count the
 cost:
 Some half a million sterling!
 Oh, think of that, as you intend
 To strengthen England's Navy,
 Lest you build ships but to descend
 To JONES whom JACK names
 DAVEY.
 One trial, e'en might test the
 fact;
 Its proof needs no harangue;
 Whether, as vouched for, 'tis
 exact,
 Or that bomb all a "banger."

JUST ANOTHER SNIFF.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "J. B. G.," wrote to the *Times* to show that in Mud Salad Market everything that is possible to be done has been, in his opinion, done, and that Covent Garden is as near an Eden as anything in this metropolitan world can be. He did not deny that "during the day the market is, more or less, strewn with vegetable matter"—evidently to him a mere trifle. But he airily adds, "If strangers to the neighbourhood were to visit it after business is over, they would be surprised at its cleanliness, and on Sundays they would not know the place."
 Yes, only "strangers to the neighbourhood" would be likely to visit

it "after business is over," and then they wouldn't come a second time in a hurry. "On Sundays they would not know the place"—how could they, if they were "strangers?" But visit it during business hours, be there on any Friday night and Saturday morning, or on most mornings for the matter of that, and how the stranger will revel in the delights with which three out of his five senses will be regaled. How pleased he will be to be detained in this Garden of sweet odours by the obstructing carts, specially if his Cabman has chosen this route as the shortest and quickest between anywhere and a Railway Station. How full of charming excitement, too, is the attempt at landing at any of the Hotel-doors, and what a store of fun may be laid by for pantomime time from the presence of vegetable slides on the pavement. And on the ornaments of speech!

"The refuse of the market is swept up and carted away every evening," says this same letter-writer to the *Times*. So it ought to be. But where is it carted to? Bedford Street? Garrick Street? and some of the other favoured streets round about, to await parochial action?

Mud-saled may be very nice for late breakfast or early lunch, but Mr. Punch, speaking from experience of having had it occasionally served up under his bold Roman nose, is inclined to fancy that a great liking for the delicacy must be quite an acquired taste. Luckily, Mr. Punch can "hold his own" anywhere, and he did (as regards his nose) on these occasions. But could he hold his peace?

The Duke, we hear, is going to enlarge the Garden—some of the old hotels are coming down. Good—but will enlarging the Garden diminish the nuisance? If fruit, flowers, and vegetables must be mixed, treble the space, and let the market be carried on under such conditions as will make one condition—its present one—impossible.

There has been, we are glad to hear, some improvement. Fortunate indeed is it that there is no epidemic; but we can answer for one thing, in view of the letters we receive from "round and about that quarter," that there are no end of "complaints."

A Cry from Kent.

PROSPERITY'S fled from our gardens and grounds;

How spindly our vines and how scanty our crops!

Wealth may be "advancing by leaps and by bounds,"

It certainly isn't by Hops!



A NEW CAREER.

[It would seem to be true, then, what we read in the Papers, about Lord Napier of Magdala and others concerting measures for the employment of Officers retired from the Army.]

Visitor (at the *Northsea Hotel*). "HOW IS THIS, WAITER! CAN'T I HAVE MY BOOTS PROPERLY CLEANED HERE?"

Waiter. "VERY SORRY, SIR. 'THE BOOTS' BEING AWAY FOR HIS 'OLIDAY, THE RETIRED GENERAL OFFICER——"

Visitor (losing patience). "CONFOUND THE GENERAL!—HE OVERCOOKED MY CHOP YESTERDAY—BUT DOES HE CLEAN THE——"

Waiter. "MASTER SAYS, SIR, AS THE GENERAL IS A RUININ' OF US!—HE COMES 'ERE WITH A FUN'-RATE RECOMMENDATION FROM THE DOCK—HE CAN'T WAIT AT TABLE, 'CAUSE HE WILL TALK!—THEN MASTER GIVES HIM THE PLATE TO CLEAN, BUT HE SCRATCHES THE SPOONS AN' SPOILS THE SILVER, AN' NOW THERE'S YOUR BOOTS."—(A crash is heard.)—"THERE, SIR! I LEFT HIM A SCRUBBIN' THE 'ALL-LAMP—I DO BELIEVE HE'S GONE AN' BROKE——"

[Rushes off!]

THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

SEVERAL of my friends and me has just got votes for the first time, and as we don't know what on earth to do with 'em, we have all agreed to write to you, as the People's true friend, to ask for your kind advice on the matter.

There's two gentlemen a coming round among us, as polite as you please, and a telling of us that it all depends upon us, and such as us, whether we are all to be so much better off than we was afore, or ever so much worse. The first one is our Squire, and he tells us that the late Government has brought things to that pass that all the Landlords and many of the Farmers of the Country is all a being ruined, and that the only thing to save them and enable them to raise our wages, is to put a tax upon Foreign Corn and Foreign Meat. But when we labourers gets a talking together, we don't see as there's much signs of ruin up at the Hall, and if our wages are only a going to be raised if bread and meat is to be made dearer, we don't see that we shall be much bettered by that, but we think we see who will. Then comes the other Gent, who's a stranger to us, and he tells us that up to the present time the Landlords have had all the plums out of the pudding that our labour makes the land produce, and left us only just enough of the remainder to keep body and soul together, which we know by bitter experience to be about true, and that if the land will not produce three profits, of which the Landlords have the Lion's share, it will certainly produce two, of which the Labourer must have one, for though it is quite possible to do without Landlords, it's quite impossible to do without us. And he tells us something as makes us open our eyes as well as our ears, and that is, that a Mr.

KING has tried a experiment on a Farm in Wiltshire, which is something like this. He took a Farm of about 400 acres, that was out of cultivation, at about 18/s. per acre rent, and he let the Labourers choose two of their number to manage the Farm with his Bailiff, and he stocked the Farm for them, and he told them that the first charge on the Farm should be their wages, and the second charge should be the rent, and the third charge should be a fair interest on the cost of stocking the Farm, and that anything left should be divided among them; and at the end of the year they each of them received seven golden sovereigns, and each had his goose for Michaelmas Day! And he has since taken another Farm to be managed on the same terms. And he says that the whole secret of his success lies in this one fact: that "no man will work for a master as he will work for himself." And we all says, one and all, that truer words was never spoke by mortal man! It's common sense and it's human nature. We all believe that men don't do it in any other condition of life, and why should Agricultural Labourers at say 14/s. a week be expected to set a sort of angelic example to all the rest of the world? We say at once that they don't, and we may as well add that they won't.

Now then, Sir, we wants you to tell us whether we can trust that what these two gentlemen tells us is true. 1st. Whether if we votes for Squire he will, by getting a tax on Foreign corn and meat, get our wages raised higher than the increased price we shall have to pay for our bread and meat and beer. Secondly. Whether, if we votes for the stranger gent, we shall ever have the opportunity of so improving our condition, by getting, besides our wages, a share of what the land will produce in consequence of our harder and heartier and willinger labour, as to make our lives much more worth living than they are now, by the knowledge that we shall have something to

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 17.



THE INS AND OUTS AT THE SPEAKER'S LEVÉE. A RETROSPECT.

look forward to at the end of every year, which would most likely enable us to put by a few pounds for a rainy day.

We are told that though you devote yourself principally to fun and good-natured chaff, that on serious matters you can be as serious as Parson himself, and this is a very serious question indeed for thousands of us poor fellows, which we ask you to be kind enough to answer.

Signed for self and friends,

A AGRICULTURAL LABOURER.

Mr. Punch's Reply.

FELLOW LABOURERS!

MR. PUNCH is much pleased that you should have sought his advice under the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed.

Mr. Punch eschews mere Party Politics. But your questions soar into a far higher region, namely, the consideration of the comparative prosperity and contentment of the millions of men who devote their lives to the cultivation of the soil of our beloved country. An ordinary Judge generally declines to give his reasons for his judgment, but as Mr. Punch is the one Judge from whose decisions there is no appeal, he gives his unanswerable reasons for his irrevocable judgment.

1st. If not only your Squire, but all the Squires in the United Kingdom were to be made Members of Parliament, they would be utterly unable to put a Tax upon the Food of the People without creating a revolution.

So your Squire's statement is mere bunkum, and is not therefore to be believed.

Secondly, Mr. Punch has inquired into the interesting account of the experiment of the Patriot King, and has every reason to believe in its truth. And as what he has done, others, under

similar conditions, can do, the Stranger, if elected, will, it is to be hoped, imitate the example he has praised so highly, and go and do likewise.

If, therefore, your inquiries lead you to place implicit trust in the Stranger, then there can be no question as to which way your true interest should prompt you to vote.

(Signed)

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street.

Mem. for Holiday Makers.

Do you wish pale London waifs shall, for a season,
By the sea or midst the meadows green be sunned?
Lose no time then in dispatching cash—in reason—
Unto "THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND."
MR. SAMUEL A. BARNETT, will himself, I
Am persuaded take your money with delight;
So to No. 1 in Adam Street, Adelphi,
Let each kindly children-lover send his mite.

Odde and Even.

It was wired from Christiania that Mr. GLADSTONE had arrived at Odde, and visited the "Sjæggedalsfors." What is the pronunciation of this word in Norwegian As She Is Spoke? Very Odde-looking. But no doubt, with his usual love of impartiality, our Mr. GLADSTONE turned his attention to both sides, and, having exhausted the Sjæggedalsfors, gave up an equal amount of time to the "Sjæggedals-against," and reserved his judgment.

FITZDOTTEREL ; OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be."

CANTO I.—POISSONS D'AVRIL.

BORN on the first of April were they both,
My—may I call them heroes? Our tale's threshold
Presents a stumbling-block. I should be loth
To seem invidious! May one fiction's mesh hold
Two heroes! Is Romance's law of growth
Thus violated? Let me take a fresh hold
Upon my theme, which promises some trouble—
Hippocrene sometimes leads to seeing double
As well as mere "four-half."—To carry on
A sentence thus from one verse to another
Looks awkward, but the business I'm upon
Involves a deal of incidental bother
Of that sort. I would emulate Byron.
(Please shift the accent.) Critics raise a pother
About *Don Juan*, but I mean to equal
That masterpiece. You'll see it in the sequel.
A whole three-volume Novel writ in rhyme
I rather think should crown a Bard with glory.
WHISTLECRAFT's wit shall be eclipsed this time,
Beppe, old PULCI's *Morgante Maggiore*
Will not be in it. The idea's sublime,
But somehow in the course of a long story
The Muse is apt to get a little murky
In meaning, and in measure somewhat jerky.
And yet this metre gives such splendid scope
For every sort of showy cleverness;
Tart epigram and transcendental trope;
And if I sometimes get into a mess
With limping-lame line-endings, still I hope
To make, at least, as shining a success
Of novel-writing on this novel plan,
As with the Government of Hindostan.
Therefore, here goes! Where was I? Oh, I know:
April was hovering 'twixt a smile and tear,
(That's new and striking) when death hovered low
Betwixt two cradles and a single bier.
Old *Janus Vita* had been huffed, and so
His mood was at the moment rather queer.
He has a temper, *Mors*, and if you vex it
He's very apt to hurry on your exit.
'Tis best to be on pleasant terms with him.
Or with your plans he plays at pitch-and-toss;
Politeness costs you little—'tis his whim.
Ave, te salutamus Thanatos!
Comes very easy. If my meaning's dim,
And you to catch my drift are at a loss,
Know that—in verse—you can't get through a story
Without some Latin and much allegory.
Death is like Woman, wanton and capricious,
In fact I think those artists medieval
In making *Mors* a male were injudicious.
Mighty is Art, but one must not receive all
Its types and figures, howe'er delicious,
Without investigation. I believe all
The naughty tricks Mortality plays the Human
Confirm my theory—that Death's a Woman!
One of the babes above referred to sprang
From an old race with this peculiarity;
It was its changeless destiny to *Hang!*—
A most unenviable racial rarity.
It seemed a gallows shame—that sounds like slang!—
For one may say, with no great stretch of charity,
Scarce more than half of them entirely merited
The dismal destiny they all inherited.
Many an old FITZDOTTEREL no doubt
Deserved to dance on nothing, and exhibit
His struggling form, amidst the Mob's mad shout,
On Tudor scaffold or on Georgian gibbet;
But caught like *ABSOLOM*? lassoed by a scout?
Choked by a necktie which had charmed *Bean TINKET*?
These—all Fitzdotterel endings—seemed to be
Exceedingly bad jokes of Destiny!

So thought old EDELWEISS, a learned Teuton,
Who made heredity his favourite study.
Invited once Fitzdotterel moors to shoot on,
His powers of miss, his visage round and ruddy,
His learning, worthy of LAPLACE or NEWTON,
And a sweet knack of brewing whiskey-toddy,
Endeared him so to the then heir, Lord ROMILLY,
That ever afterward the two loved chummily.
Between his love for ROMILLY, and his yearning
To see his philosophic theories verified,
EDELWEISS halted. Strange that Love and Learning
Antagonise. The Teuton was quite terrified
To feel his curiosity keen and burning
(By self-reproach's flagellation scarified)
To learn if ROMILLY too would *hang*, contend
With his affection for his "noble friend."
And now that point was settled. ROMILLY's throat
Caught by a falling telegraph wire—enough!
EDELWEISS dropped a tear, and made a note;
(Humanity is made of mingled stuff.)
In that same hour the Lady GILDAGROAT
Gave birth to a new heir. The Teuton tough
Murmured "*Ach Himmel!*" Hope grim fate mayn't
trouble 'em.
But *Donnerwetter!*—this renews the problem!"
It did, and in a complicated form;
For that same night, in the same Inn, was born
Another boy! A frightful thunderstorm
Broke o'er the town. The Nurses, who had torn
The infants from their cradles snug and warm,
Hid in a cellar! On the following morn
They sallied forth, cheeks pale and wild eyes fixed.
For in their fright the babies had got mixed!
"An old stock incident," the reader cries.
Why, yes; but a romance is like a salad,
Not in the ingredients the skilled art lies,
But in the mixing. Novel, Play, Bab-Ballad
Of this most commonplace of mysteries
Have made their use; I felt that I call had
To show how Genius handled it. I'm twitted
With—(Here two hundred stanzas are omitted!)
*True, they are full of fine mixed lore; they hop
From CLEOPATRA's cheek to ZOROASTER,
Slip from Biology to learned BOPE,
But Genius, though of many things a master,
Seems ignorant of one thing—where to stop.
For one small edifice of lath and plaster
Ten miles of scaffolding sense should not ask,
So here the scissors ply their needful task.)*
But to resume. FITZDOTTEREL's fated heir
And an old German Socialist's last son,
Both born in the same hour, a storm, a scare!—
Sure, here's material for mystery, fun,
And high romance! Well, all shall have their share
As well I hope to prove ere I have done,
Say, in six books and seven hundred pages,
(Cut down at times, like trees or workmen's wages!)

Our Odd Whimbleton.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—"Interiors and Exteriors, No. 16." The term for guessing the names of the figures in this "pictorial key," expired on Saturday, the 22nd, inclusive. The result of the shooting will be duly announced, and the prize awarded for the most successful shots.

A HINT.—The Shipowners of all nationalities have made a representation to their several Ministers in Egypt with respect to the light-dues at present levied by the Egyptian Government. Surely, they ought to be satisfied with light dues, unless they can get them made lighter. But better leave well alone.

OUR JON CHAMBERLAIN—Partner JON—is still bent on saving life at sea. He must get his facts all right, or he'll find himself at sea, which we should much regret. To him will be applied that line about the sheer hulk, *Tom Bowline*, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be known as "The darling of his screw."

WHAT intimate connection is there between the Lungs of London and the Lights of the Metropolis.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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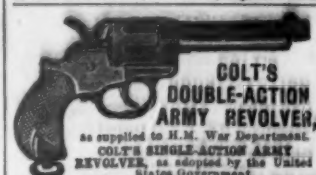
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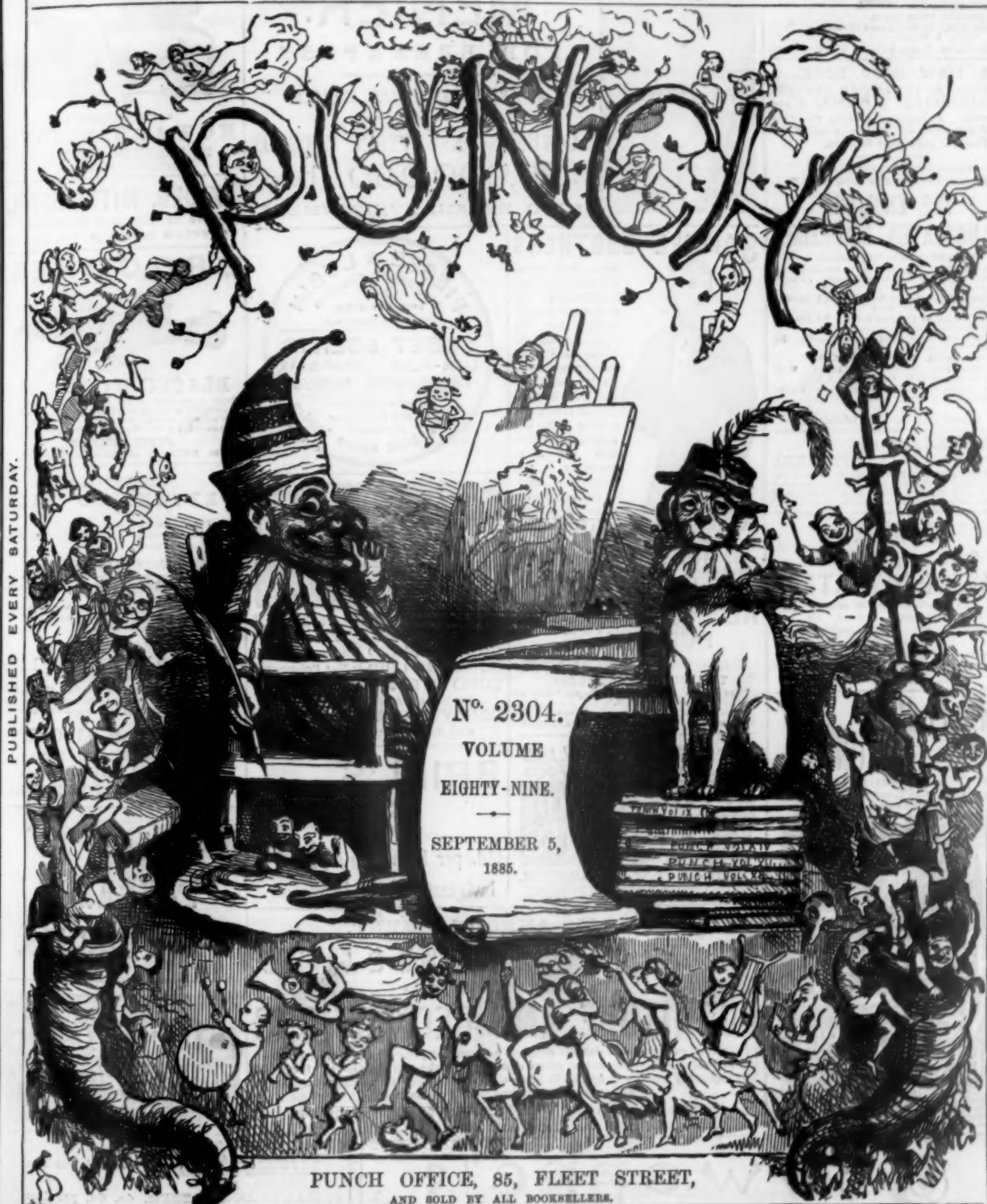
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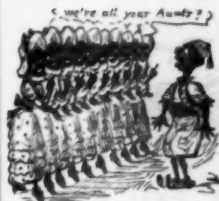
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Ten-ants of a Moor.



Young Birds are very forward.



Feathered Game.



Ground Game.



Begging a White Haro.



Knocking over a Blackcock.



A Hot Corner.



Mixed Bags.

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE MYSTERIOUS PENINSULA IN THE ST. JAMES'S PARK.

The History of its Past.—From my childhood I had watched a spot with awe. In maturer years I had heard that it was the home of all sorts of wild animals—the head-quarters of the English Acclimatisation Society. A friend of mine had told me (he was a member of the Council, or something) that the presents to the distinguished Association to which he had the honour to belong had been crushed down and down until, at last, the whole of the "exhibits" in the gardens consisted of three Storks and an Elk. It was at this time that new blood, so to speak, was poured into the body by the Rajah of Bongorpoor (I cannot vouch for the exact name) suddenly presenting the Institution with a full-grown man-eating tiger. It was at this point that my friend (he was a dashing Major of Yeomanry Cavalry) thought it expedient to resign. So I lost the thread of the peninsular story. I knew not what became of the Acclimatisation Society, or the Rajah of Bongorpoor, or last, but not least, the full-grown man-eating tiger.

Geography of the Place.—It was surrounded by water, save where a narrow isthmus of lawn joined it to the mainland. I tried to enter the gates. They were locked and padlocked. I could see in the distance a pretty cottage covered with the most luxuriant creepers, this dwelling was in its turn protected by rails and chained gates. Evidently there was no approaching it by land. Then I looked round and saw how well it was defended. On the south was the Horse Guards, with its two quaint pieces of ordnance and garrison of Cavalry Foot. On the west, in support, I noticed Wellington Barracks.

As I passed that Home of the Soldier I had seen a gallant band of Volunteer Commanders going through a mimic battle, with the assistance of about two dozen and a half of Second Coldstream Guardsmen. I had also watched a very energetic Captain of the Reserve of Officers doing absolutely marvels in the shape of company drill with the aid of two sergeants, four privates, three drummers, and a pioneer. Were the peninsula in danger, the assistance of this powerful force of "military" could be secured at a moment's notice. It was hopeless to attempt to force an entrance from the land; so I abandoned the idea with a heart full of bitterness!

The Chimney and its Uses.—Then I tried to discover the character of the place from afar off. The shrubbery was so thick that I could see nothing—save a high factory chimney! To what did that chimney belong? I had seen a similar chimney at the Woking Cemetery, and the chimney there was attached to a Crematorium! Was the chimney in the Peninsula in the St. James's Park used for a similar purpose? I thought of the full-sized man-eating tiger, and wondered if any park-keepers had been sacrificed. The remains of the tiger's meals could not be buried without infringing a statute dealing with London Churchyards, so perhaps the Crematorium had been utilised to cheat of his fees that useful functionary, the Coroner.

Traces of the Acclimatised Animals.—Leaving the terribly suggestive chimney for the moment, I carefully examined the lawn in front of the peninsula. To my relief I found that the Storks had escaped. There were three of them looking very white and scared, but still alive. They seemed to have had some terrible experience that had turned their feathers from coal to snow in a single night. And it appeared to me (it might have been only the effect of my heated imagination) that they could if they wished "a tale unfold" of the fate of the luckless Elk. What had become of that animal? Had it fallen a victim to the man-eater?

On the Trace of the Tiger.—I seated myself on a bench beside a little boy who was reading a book. Feeling rather like Mr. HENRY IRVING in the *Dream of Eugene Aram*, I asked him a question.

"Have you heard," I said, pleasantly, for I wished to conciliate the lad,—"have you heard that that enclosure contains a tiger?"

He got up in terror, looked at me with horror, and fled. No doubt he questioned my sanity, and imagined I was ripe for a padded room in the "Sanatorium" at Virginia Water, and the business-like bounty of the late Professor HOLLOWAY, of happy Pill and Ointment memory. I could not tell him I was merely an explorer attempting to clear up a very painful mystery.

An Expedition on the Lake.—I determined upon reaching the peninsula by water. I noticed a deserted boat-house absolutely covered with heavy foliage. In a few minutes I was paddling a canoe and moving to the south. Some vigorous strokes, and, leaving the many 'ARRYS and 'ARRIETS disporting themselves on the water behind me, I prepared to shoot the Suspension Bridge. As usual, that scientific structure was lined with schoolboys ready to scoff and pelt those who passed beneath it. I set my teeth, ducked my head,—and was clear! A few pebbles fell plashing into the lake near me as I passed, but soon I was within measurable distance of the land of my search. Again I vigorously propelled my frail craft until, with a scurrrch, it was brought to a sudden stop by an obstruction in the water. *The peninsula was protected by a chain!*

Possible Solution of the Mystery.—As I was leaving it suddenly occurred to me that this place might be "preserved" for the Royal Ranger's shooting. Every Park has its Royal Ranger, and no doubt St. James's is no exception. Who was the Royal Ranger who would exult in "big game." Immediately I called to mind a most Exalted Personage who would be as destructive as a torpedo at a dozen yards with a pistol. Why should not this Exalted Personage have used the peninsula for dangerous sport? Armed with an air-gun and dressed in chain-armor, such a person would have been irresistible. I put to myself a couple of questions, having the same answer, which answer, it will be seen, pointed directly to a solution of the mystery.

1. Who was the bravest of the brave, a General in the British Army, and one ever ready to do a deed of daring?

2. Who was the only man in England likely to engage a tiger in combat single-handed?

Those were the Questions, and the Answer (as everyone will have guessed)—H.R.H. Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein! Could it be that the most picturesque part of the Gardens dedicated to St. James was closed to the Public to afford a veteran son of HER MAJESTY a happy hunting-ground? Or to fall from the Sublime to the Ridiculous, the Poetical to the Probable, was the Mysterious Peninsula "railed off" to give pleasant quarters to a meritorious park-keeper?

Rhyme by a Radical Anti-Woman's Rightist.

GIVE Spinsters a Vote? How the Tories will smile!
A Miss—we are told—is as good as a mile;
But at least, as a focus of Tory intrigue,
A Miss is as good as a (Primrose) League!

THE NEW ELYSIUM.



LAND of Light
and Love and
Lusciousness!"

So said my Cicerone, sleekly smirking.
"Is it not heavenly?" I replied, "Oh—yes!
But what is that strange smell in all things lurking?"
"Pooh! fancy," he retorted. "Pray remark
How healthy people look. What airs, what attitudes!
You're here as safe as NOAH in his Ark.
Hygeia is not 'in it' with these latitudes.
There is not any ailment you can start,
Or any misery you choose to mention,—
Too little money, too much gooseberry tart,—
But here may find its cure, if not prevention.
Here no one needs be poor unless he wills,
And no one needs be sick unless he wishes;
We have the mastery of all human ills,
Born of short commons or of dainty dishes."
I said, "It *must* be an amazing place,
A land all men should seek with prompt velocity,
If from its precincts you contrive to chase
The ghouls Ill-Health and Impecuniosity!"
But, over all there hung a smell of paste,
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And something whispered me—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There everybody rushed at you with cash,
If it should hap that you had need to borrow,
And if involved by speculation rash;
In any species of financial sorrow,
You only had to wave a postage-stamp
As signal of distress, as an old party,
May wave the bulky and 'Bus-hailing Gamp,
And philanthropic folk, with zeal most hearty,
Rushed to your rescue in a perfect crowd,
And placed unbounded wealth at your disposal.
"Ah! here," my Guide exclaimed—his voice was low—
"Men are all friends who upon earth are foes all,
Here Communism of the truest kind,
The confidence of man in man as brother,
(Upon his simple note of hand) you'll find,
Which shows how much they *must* love one another!"
Yet over all there hung that smell of paste
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And still that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There every Drama was a "huge success,"
A "mighty masterpiece" was each new Novel;
The which to laud critics in crowds would press,
And hyperbolically gush and grovel.
The Actors all were startlers, and the Actresses
A galaxy of Venuses, whose duty
Was well fulfilled, as public benefactresses,
By free display of genius and bare beauty.

No Singer trod the boards but had a voice
Of wondrous sweetness and astounding compass,
For which the Public nightly would rejoice,
And penmen morn by morn raise a great rumpus.
The Poets there, whilst sweet as nightingales,
Were every bit as plentiful as sparrows.
"Here," said my Guide, "no Writer ever fails,
We're proof against ill Fortune's slings and arrows.
Success in everything attends our lives,
Immense, unparalleled, electrifying!
But there—'tis quite beyond all adjectives!"
"Indeed!" said I, "that's vastly gratifying!"—
Yet over all there hung that smell of paste,
Which struck me as a sort of nasal riddle;
And still that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

There houses were all high and rents all low;
Garments absurdly cheap and ever-durable;
There you could make a fortune at a blow;
There early baldness and bow-legs were curable;
There ultimate perfection was attained
In everything, from bicycles to braces;
There cheapest aid might readily be gained
To mend at once your fortunes or your faces.
There you could drink cheap wines and not be ill,
There you could smoke cheap "weeds" that were not
naughty.

And yet that land was permeated still
By that strange smell, stale, penetrating, pasty.
"What is this ultra-roseate realm," I cried,
"Of cheap perfection in Life, Love, Art, Liquor?"
Why is it redolent on every side
Of subtle memories of—the Bill-sticker?
What does yon pickle-gulping ghoul imply?
"What by yon picture of a monster shirt is meant?"
"Ha!" shrieked my Guide, and rolled a frenzied eye,
"This is the new Elysium—of ADVERTISEMENT!"
And over all there hung that smell of paste,
No longer to my nose a nasal riddle;
And still that whisper came—in diction chaste—
"It's all a diddle!"

A WHOLESOME CORRECTIVE.

"Love me, love my dog," is an injunction very difficult to obey when the master happens to be a selfish "man," and the dog a dangerous "servant." Constable JOHN NICHOLSON, who had his leg bitten in two places by a savage bull-terrier, belonging to an Ivy-lane publican, naturally expected sympathy, and even compensation from the dog's owner. He got, instead, heartless derision. It is too often the case that the possessors of dogs consider themselves entitled to allow them to become a public nuisance and danger, and even rudely, and sometimes violently, resent the mildest remonstrance on the part of the ugly-tempered "pet's" victims. This mischievous and insolent assumption demands summary and severe disproof.

In this particular case Mr. Punch is pleased to see Sir WILLIAM CHARLEY did his share towards such disproof by calling on the bumptious owner of the biting brute to pay the certainly not excessive damages of twenty-five pounds. In street parlance, this probably made the jocular Bung to "laugh on the other side of his mouth." It is to be hoped this will prove a warning to the chuckling churls who too often consider it "first-rate fun" to see their ferocious pets annoy or injure other people. Dogs who delight to bark and bite may perhaps be excused on the old ground that "it is their nature to." But that plea cannot be admitted in extenuation of the offence of their sometimes at least equally brutal owners.

To what Bass Uses!

SIR ARTHUR BASS is said to consider that the best thing for the country is a weak Conservative Government. Another authority has assured us that "to be weak is to be miserable." A state of things in which the Conservative Cats on the Treasury Benches should be continually occupied in pulling chestnuts for the Liberal Monkeys in Opposition, may seem a sort of ideal Utopia to Sir ARTHUR BASS. To Mr. Punch, and other patriots not party-ridden into intellectual and moral palsy, it must appear a very contemptible and mischievous Fool's Paradise.



KEEPING ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"AND SO IT'S A SORE THROAT YE'VE GOT, MADAM! AND HAVE YE EVER HAD ONE BEFORE?" "OH YES, OFTEN!"
"AND WHAT DID YE DO FOR IT, NOW?"
"OH, SOMETIMES ONE THING, AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER."
"AND DID YE GET RID OF IT THAT WAY?" "OH YES!"
"THEN I'D JUST ADVISE YE TO DO WHAT YE'VE ALWAYS DONE, AND MAYBE YE'LL GET RID OF IT AGAIN!"

A SINGULAR SHOT.

A Reminiscence of the First of September.

"I DON'T hanker much after gunning, but still I'll go out on the First, If you'll warrant the weapon I carry shan't go off alone, and not burst. A sixteen-bore gun, or a twelve, do you say? What on earth do you mean? As the former sounds bigger than twelve, why, my lad, you shall give me sixteen." So he spoke, in the cheerfullest style; and I thought, "He can't shoot, but no odds;"
But I wasn't prepared for the dangerous way that he showed me his wads! I hate your cantankerous man, who goes for a day's sport and quarrels; But, hang it, all day, Sir, I seemed to be looking down both of his barrels! Of the highest repute as a friend, he was hardly a champion shot, For he always contrived to discharge his gun where the partridge was not: It is due to that sportsman to say, for himself he had no craven fears, But I can't state I cared for the manner his shot whistled close to our ears.

It doesn't increase your respect for a man when you find that he shoots Either just half an inch from your nose-end, or else in the earth round your boots; And his gun had a trick which is common among inexperienced men, Of going off quite by itself in the friendliest way, now and then.

He made a good bag, though, you bet, though his shooting was wayward and wild; For he blew off the keeper's coat-tails and he peppered a mother and child. Two dogs and three beaters he slew, which was rather too bad, you'll agree, And he ended by sending an ounce of his chilled No. 6 into me!

That ended the day, for he seemed rather hurt at his singular luck, And he helped me to pick out the shots from the part where his pellets had struck. And next time I'll go out by myself, as I've made my poor friend understand, Though he is not a dangerous man when he hasn't a gun in his hand!

READINGS FOR THE RECESS.

A MURMUR FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,
I APPEAL to you as representing not only civilisation in its best and widest sense, but also the British Public. It is with the British



Declamation.

Public that I am immediately concerned, although civilisation in its best and widest sense is indirectly affected. If you look at my card, Sir, you will notice that I am a Member of Parliament—yes, Sir, I am a Member of Parliament—with a 'grievance.'

I rise to take up my pen, Mr. SPEAKER (I beg pardon, I should say Mr. Punch, but one gets so accustomed to the terms of the House), to make a personal explanation. Sir, as a rule, I am what may be called a "Silent Member," although in the cause of justice I must admit that my "Hear! hear!" has been described (by occupants of the Ladies' Gallery I have subsequently entertained on the Terrace) as "very nice and quite audible." In the same sacred cause I

must add that I have reason for belief that my shout of "Order! order!" is not without its terrors. Still, for purposes of description, I may label myself "A Silent Member." And I wished to be a Silent Member, Mr. SPEAKER.—I mean, Sir,—until the time arrived for electrifying the House by my great speech on the Free Address Clause of the Parcels Post Amendment Bill. Sir, just at the end of the session my opportunity arose, and I was equal to it.

The Parcels Post Amendment Bill was fixed for a Tuesday—seven days earlier I was down at the Constituency it is my pride and honour to represent, the Borough of Waterspout-on-the-Brain. I sent for the Editor of the local paper wedded to my interests.

"I have to apologise, Sir," he said, on his arrival at my hotel, "for being a little late, but the fact is, I was arranging with an advertiser for a page in the *Impartial*. Advertisers nowadays are so exacting, and the proprietor of the *Reversible Tooth-brush* said he wouldn't go into the journal unless we gave him a leading article on the merits of his invention, and the back page. The latter condition was impossible (as the commanding position has been hypotheated to the Pork Pie Insurance Company Limited for fifteen consecutive insertions), but of course we accommodated him with the leader. He proposed to write it himself, but that, I pointed out, was impracticable, as the article (for which a trifle was expected) was a perquisite of the Reporter."



Consultation.

"Quite so, but this is a matter of far greater importance than *Reversible Tooth-brushes*." And then I explained how I was on the eve of making my great speech, and wanted it specially reported in the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial*.

"Couldn't you give us a slip of it before, Sir?" asked the Editor. "If you did, you might correct it yourself, and put in the 'laughers'." We generally have a difficulty with the 'laughers'—we are rather devoid of humour at the office, and never give satisfaction when we undertake to find places for their proper insertion."

I agreed to send a copy of the coming oration, but that the speech might have, so to speak, "local colour," bargained that the Reporter should visit Westminster, and on its delivery be present in the Gallery. By special arrangement with a gentleman having the *entrée* to the Press quarters, I had secured, for this occasion only, the admission of a personal representative. Having settled these preliminaries, I

set to work to prepare my oration. I had already a vast amount of materials—for years I had read nothing that had not assisted me more or less in my task. Now it was an appropriate sentence in a leading article, now a suggestive idea in a business circular, now a clever notion in a railway time-table.

The "stock" of my speech I found in the utterances of BURKE, GRATTAN, PITT, and BEACONSFIELD, with here and there a word or two from PALMERSTON. It was certainly a very fine and thoughtful harangue, although I am bound to say that when I tried a portion of it on my wife, she seemed to consider it rather over the heads of the common herd; at least, I imagine that must have been her opinion, as she told me "it might be very clever, only to her it seemed simply gibberish."

The eventful evening came. I was early in the House to secure a good place. Abandoning my usual position on the extreme back benches, I boldly left my hat on a coign of vantage. When I returned from the library (where I had been to make a last reference), with my arms full of books and authorities, I created quite a sensation. Even the SPEAKER (who was on the point of vacating the chair) was startled, and the Serjeant-at-Arms unconsciously laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword. I looked up anxiously to the Gallery, and was relieved to find that my exertions had been crowned with success, and that the Representative of the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial* was in his place, or rather somebody else's. The Minister in charge of the Bill performed his duty in a perfunctory manner. At length the moment arrived for me to move my amendment to the clause which was to hand down my name to posterity as the patriot who had gained to the Parcels of the People absolutely free addresses. My reception was complimentary but not altogether gratifying. The instant I rose to my feet there was a stampede. No doubt it was generally felt by the foes to my proposal that my eloquence would be too much for them, and they fled that they might not be convinced against their will. I had, so to speak, the whole House to myself and the Reporters. I congratulated myself on one fact—there was no one present to count me out. I think I did myself justice. I spoke for three-quarters of an hour, now almost weeping in my pathos, now my face wreathed with smiles as I delivered the lighter part of my harangue. It was certainly a wonderful performance, and when I left the House I felt that I had done my duty and made my reputation. My speech, although nominally addressed to my colleagues, was, through the medium of the Press, to become the property of the entire English-speaking race—it would travel to the four corners of the earth, and be as much respected by the turbaned native potentate of Southern Asia as by the



Animation.



Affection.

scalp-hunting, tomahawking, North American Indian lying in wait on the Canadian Borders.

On the morrow the *Waterspout-on-the-Brain Impartial* contained a splendid description of my speech. It occupied a good four columns



Admiration.

of space, and was all that I could have desired. The Minister in charge of the Parcels Post Amendment Bill sank into insignificance beside me. I was the hero of the hour, the NAPOLEON of the debate. I wish you could print it, but no Sir, if you did, it would occupy your whole number.

Very much pleased at the report of my speech in the local journal, I hurriedly finished my toilette and descended to the dining-room where I knew the London daily paper was waiting for me. I took up the substantial looking sheets and eagerly glanced at the Parliamentary Reports. I soon discovered the Parcels Post Amendment Bill. Yes, there it was, a lengthy transcript of the Minister's remarks, and then would come my contribution to the debate. What! For a moment I could not believe my eyes! Even now my emotion, my indignation cannot be expressed by words! Let the naked fact speak for itself! I subjoin

The Report of my Speech in the "Times."

"An Hon. Member moved an amendment, making addresses free, but found no seconder."

This happened months ago! I feel as strongly now as then! I leave myself in your hands! Justice, Sir! Justice!

(Signed) SHERIDAN CICERO POTTS, M.P.

EASTEND-ON-MUD—"ÉDITION DE LUXE."

This favourite (Thames) watering-place has recently been greatly enlarged and improved. The Local Board (or some other august body) have constructed an entrance building to the pier, which, if not exactly "a thing of beauty," will very likely prove "a joy for ever." It is a most "imposing edifice," inasmuch as it looks like a scientific institution, when in reality it appears to be a collection of waiting-rooms. It is not very clear why this noble building was ever erected. It seems too large for a residence for the pier penny-takers, and can scarcely be utilised as stables for the two Mazeppa-like steeds that belong to the tram-car. However, there it is, and (weather permitting) no doubt there it will remain. It is a most agreeable addition to the sights of the place, being infinitely grander than the town-pump.

But the more marked improvements are to be found in that part of the pleasant place called Deepseaville. Here new houses have risen by the dozen. Besides these a grand Yachting Club (which seems to be all balconies and windows) has sprung up, as if by magic, out of what appears to have been a neglected kitchen-garden. Beneath this institution (which occupies high ground) is a magnificent marine edition of Rotten Row or the Thames Embankment. Some public-spirited person or persons has or have constructed a noble promenade extending for a distance twice as long as the pier itself. This awe-inspiring avenue is planted with trees and notice-boards. The latter warn the passer-by of the fate that assuredly awaits him who dares to tamper with the adjacent wrinkles.

Some two years ago, when this favourite (Thames) watering-place was mentioned in these columns, certain Residents of Southend-on-Sea who appeared to think their favourite (Thames) watering-place was identical with Eastend-on-Mud, complained loudly of the attack made upon their hearths and homes. *Mr. Punch* makes hats—he does not fit them. But if Southend-on-Sea is at all like Eastend-on-Mud,

why then, in all sober seriousness, Southend-on-Sea must be a very healthy, pleasant spot. The air at Eastend is simply delightful—pure and fragrant as a rose in June or a native oyster in September. The place is cheery and respectable. The grounds beside the Yachting Club (which are open to the public on payment of various perplexing sums) might, perhaps, be better kept. With a fountain, a grotto, the Guards' Band, and the Electric Light, the gardens would be twice as attractive. Above all and before all, Eastend-on-Mud requires a first-class hotel of the calibre of the Grand or Langham. Were such an institution opened, it would not fail to be a great success. So flourish, favourite (Thames) watering-place! May Eastend prosper, in spite of the mud for which it has been famed, for centuries!

TENDER, IF TRUE.

THE excitement aroused through the length and breadth of the Spanish Peninsula by the reported annexation by Germany of the Caroline Islands, has produced one obvious result. If it has not caused Prince BISMARCK to waver, it has certainly made him handle this latest development of his Colonial policy with a little more care and consideration than he showed the late Government of this country under not altogether dissimilar circumstances. The blind fury of the insulted Spaniard, not to be appeased with reference to White Books, or indeed to any books whatever, appears to have been a sort of surprise to the German Chancellor; and, as the subjoined extract from the close of a recent telegraphic correspondence will show, one that has not been without its effect even on the constitution of the Man of Blood and Iron:—

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Your last note to hand. Also extracts from School Geography, describing Protectorate of Carolines, and extracts from French radical press, endorsing national braggadocio. Don't affect me in the least. If you are up a Ministerial tree, that's not my business. Afraid you must manage to get down as best you can. *Do we mean to stick to the islands?* Yes, we do.

II.

Canovas del Castillo, Madrid, to Bismarck, Berlin.

Your despatch, just received, has profoundly grieved and surprised me. Think of the proud Spanish Nation, with the traditions of centuries inspiring them, and reconsider favourably the evidence I have adduced to you. Believe me, the spirit of FERDINAND and ISABELLA is a factor with which I have to reckon. I have no choice but to put the arsenals into defensive condition, and give instructions to the Admiral on the Station. Spain expects it of me. I may be up a tree, but I am a Spaniard, and I cannot get down. Be generous. Be just. Obviate a catastrophe by at least a show of hesitation.

III.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Well, you are cool, at any rate. Spanish pride, indeed! Talk to me of that when you have settled about Gibraltar. You've no case, and no friends. *Ergo*, you must go to the wall. However, I've no wish to force you there just at this present moment. Send in your statement in full, giving dates. Perhaps we mayn't claim, after all. How would the judgment of a mutual friend suit you? Italy? Monaco? Anybody? As to the "spirit of FERDINAND and ISABELLA," that is bosh.

IV.

Canovas del Castillo, Madrid, to Bismarck, Berlin.

My Spanish heart goes out towards you in gratitude. That you should not press your claim is magnanimous. A mutual friend means arbitration. This would be hazardous. Reflect. The proud Spanish Nation confident of the justice of its claims, and deeply sensible of the duty imposed upon it by a true regard for its honour, would hesitate to submit the question of its rights to the judgment of any Power whatever. This is our Spanish way of dealing with events. It is national, and I trust respectable.

V.

Bismarck, Berlin, to Canovas del Castillo, Madrid.

Fiddlestick! However, you shall have your way. We are not going to blow you out of the water over a beggarly piece of business like this. Make your mind easy, and remember me to the *Uhlans King*.

WATER BOBBIES.—Wanted, in the Thames, Policemen to make House-Boats, moored an unreasonable time opposite to Riparian Owners' Lawns, "move on."



A HAPPY ENTANGLEMENT.

WHETHER IT WAS BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN, NOBODY CAN TELL, BUT HER LINES GOT INEXTRICABLY MIXED WITH HIS, WHILE ANGLING IN A HIGHLAND STREAM—AND NOW THEY ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED!

THE IRISH HORSE AND ITS MASTER (?)

MOUNTED and mastered, that hot mettled steed
That hath so many would-be riders thrown?
That restive jibbing nag of fiery breed,
Though something high of bone?

So fondly thinks the rider. Having sprung
Safe to the seat that most have found unsafe,
Why should he dream of being foiled and flung?
What though the creature chafe?

Who has not seen some cool churl dominate,
By dogged pluck where generous mettle failed?
Not known impassive hardness subjugate,
Where ardour naught availed?

Bridled and bitted, brave Bucephalus,
By such an Alexander? Is it so?
Pegasus broken to a penny 'Bus.
Would scarcely fall so low.

Sinister rider, what behind him sits?
A worse than *Atra Cura*? Boding, black,
A clinging curse in shadowy phantom flits
Close at this horseman's back.

Unseen and unsuspected, save by those
Who have the rare sagacity to see
Corrupting friends are deadliest of foes.
Enslaved by such as he?

Ruled like some common Cocktail with a rein
Of rotten cord? Blinkered like some poor hack,
Rushing on death in the red lists of Spain,
Cold Cunning on her back?

Wait! Whither will his reckless guidance lead,
If once the horse is to his hand subdued?
Wait! Is he quite so sure that mettled steed
Is all of yielding mood?

Wait! Mounted is not mastered. There is sign
In that ill-handled horse of gall and fret,
And that rash rider, sinister, malign,
Will come a cropper yet.

OUR ODD WHIMBLEDON.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—"Interiors and Exteriors, No. 16." Out of a very large number of shots, no one was right throughout the whole list of the thirty-nine personages represented in that "Pictorial Key." The promised prize has been awarded to a competitor at Hull, who made thirty-two correct guesses. Nearly everybody went wrong over No. 9, which the Artist intended for Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR. Several people were positive that No. 17 must be either Lord TENNYSON or Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. As a matter of fact it was Mr. LABOUCHERE. Most of the M.P.'s who tried their hands at it were soon disqualified, and one whose surname begins with "G," its middle letter being "S," and its final letter "E," was quite the wrongest of all! N.B.—The "shots" were examined on the 25th of August.

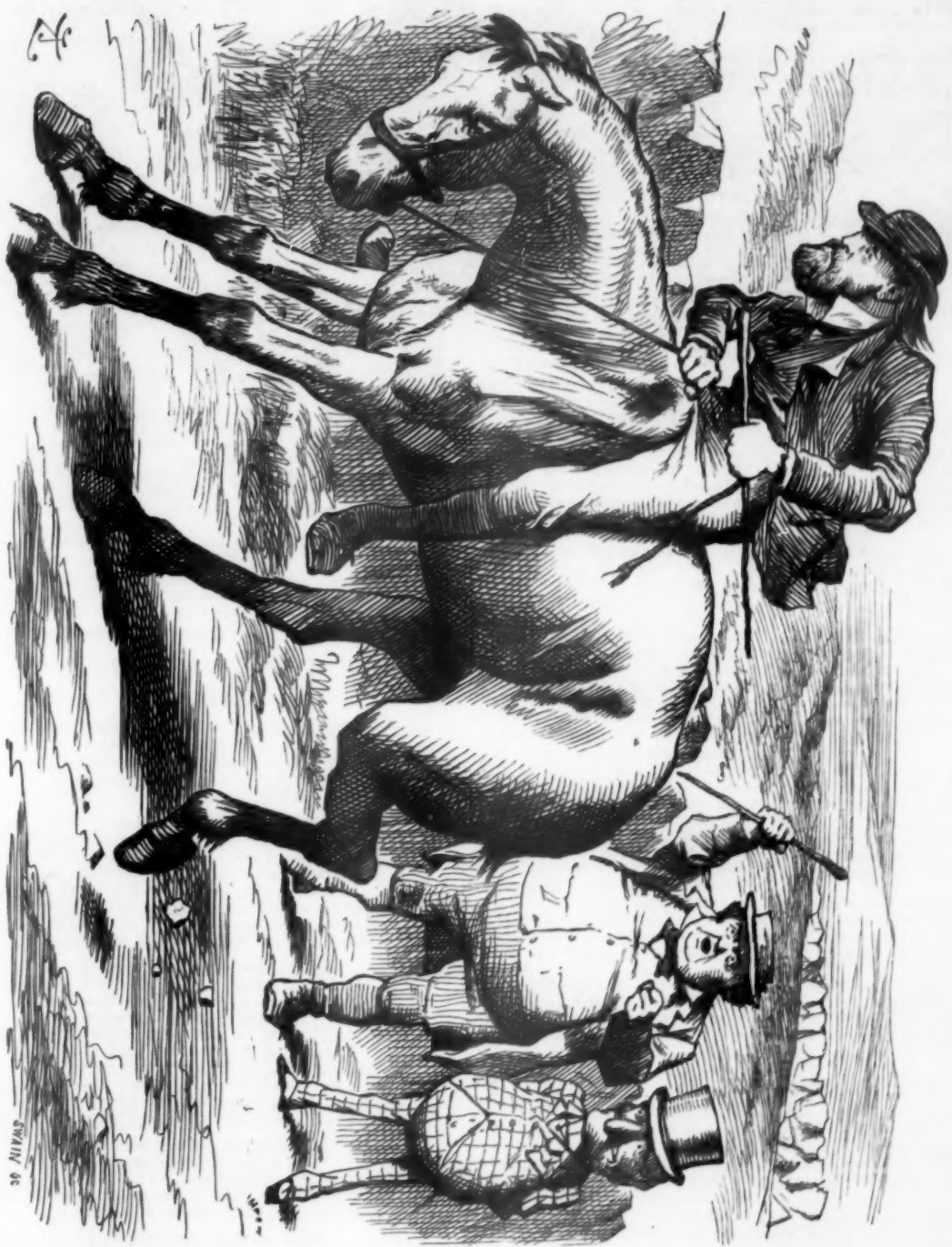
Bismarck's Song.

Oh, I'm leading all Europe a lively dance!
Now it is England, and now it is France,
And now it is Spain. But I'm first in the field.
A fig for their anger! They grumble—and yield.
Hocus-pocus, Fi! Fo! Fum!
Political honesty's all a big hum.
At Spain I just twiddle my finger and thumb.
I'm King of the Caroline Islands!

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

THE new political triad appears to be "Standing, Sitting, and Lying." The Candidates are to do the "Standing," the Members the "Sitting," and the "Lying"—according to our new casuistical political Mentors—is to be left to the Voters! Happy Voters!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 5, 1888.



THE IRISH HORSE AND HIS MASTER (?)

MR. PUNCH. "LEAVE HIM ALONE, JOHN; HE'S SAFE TO COME A CROPPER!"





"THE GLORIOUS FIRST."

Young Newstyle (justly indignant, to Squire Oldacres). "THERE I—
'KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE WHEN YOU WOULD BRING OUT THOSE
BEASTLY DOGS. ALWAYS IN THE WAY, HANG 'EM!"

THE SMELLS OF LEA.

AIR—"The Maids of Lea."

THERE were Three bad Smells of Lea,
As vile as vile could be,
And they said, as they roved on the river's foul bank,
"Were ever three odours so fetid and rank?"
The Three bad Smells of Lea.

But anon there came on the wings of the wind
Seven evil Smells of an even worse kind,
Which arose from a flood of vile sewage stuff,
And everyone said, "This is simply enough
To sicken and poison and coffin us all!"
And they sickened and died, did the big and the small.
"Shall we go?" cried the Smells. "Ah! no, not we!
We will stay where we are," said the Smells of Lea.

There are Ten bad Smells of Lea,
They are strong as strong can be,
And if any one chance ('tis a chance remote)
To go to the Lea for to angle or boat,
He will nip his nose, and will turn and flee,
As the foul gas-bubbles afloat he'll see.
For the Seven are worse than the old old Three,
And they all are as killing as killing can be.
Anyone would be hailed with a grateful glee
If he'd only take them away from the Lea.

There are Ten bad Smells of Lea,
They are vile as vile can be;
And there they are, and there they'll be,
Unless to the matter the Public see,
Those Ten bad Smells of Lea.

LULLABY BABIES.—Potadam, said the Emperor of GERMANY, on the
occasion of unveiling the statue of FREDERICK WILLIAM THE FIRST,
is justly called the cradle of the Prussian Army. The Prussian Cavalry,
as of course the venerable Monarch meant to say, were rocked in
that cradle as well as the Prussian Infantry.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

Edith (Mrs. HIGGINBOTHAM, to Ellen, Mrs. HUGGINS, a few years
her junior, met on the pier of a fashionable watering-place). Oh, dear,
how do you do? I am so glad to have met you! How are all
friends? Have you seen the DOVEYS lately? How are ADA and her
husband getting on?

Ellen. Very so-so, I am afraid. They quarrel dreadfully, I hear,
and am told he treats her no better than a dog.

Edith (sighing). Ah! No better? I only wish VALENTINE would
treat me as well as he does his dog.

Ellen. What can you mean, dear? I always thought he treated
you with the fondest affection, and denied you nothing.

Edith. Oh, it isn't that he denies me anything except when he
disputes what I say. But he is fonder to his dog than he is to me—
a great deal.

Ellen. How so?

Edith. He not only allows his dog almost every indulgence, but
that without ever trying to convince the dog he would be better
without it. But as for me, if he thinks I should, he will persist in
trying to point that out. Here we are—he has gone up to Town
to-day—here, all because I wished it, and quite contrary to his own
inclination; but then he would argue that, for change of air and
scene, we might much better have gone to Southampton, and that
we should go to the sea-side only to follow the fashion, from what
he called, I think, a gregarious impulse. He doesn't talk to his dog
like that, you know.

Ellen (laughing). Well, no, I should suppose not.

Edith. I mean he never talks to the dog in that tone.

Ellen. What, is he cross to you, then? Does he say unkind
things?

Edith. He is never what you would call cross. But he does say
things that I consider unkind. I call it unkind to try and convince
me against my will. I should like him, instead, to coax me as he
coaxes his dog. He pats it on the nose, and smooths it down the
back, and says, "Poor fellow!" and "Good dog!" and "Sikey!"

Ellen. Psyche—what, Psyche the name of his dog?

Edith. No, not P. S., but S. Sikey. He has named him after
Bill Sikes, in *Oliver Twist*. It's a nasty Bull-dog, but very clever.
He makes it do all manner of things—go upstairs, and bring down
his slippers, stand on his hind-legs and beg, and perform thought-
reading.

Ellen. Thought-reading, dear! Why, how possibly?

Edith. Going and fetching something he has hidden, without
letting him see. Oh yes! and a great many other tricks, because he
has made the dog mind him, and so he might me by going the same
way to. Then he lets the dog enjoy himself, eat and drink and
sleep, without ever troubling him about money and business matters,
so as to make him uneasy; and he never beats him.

Ellen. Why surely, dear, he never beats you?

Edith. No, not with his hands. But, as I told you, when there
are things I don't want to know, or to hear, he tries to beat them
into my head, and it hurts me so, I would as soon be beaten with
a stick—and I call that cruel.

Ellen. Well, well. He is bad enough, I daresay. But some men
are worse. My husband not only tries to argue me down, and that
when he is wrong, but he scolds, and sometimes even swears.

Edith. And what do you do?

Ellen. Never mind him. Let him go on until he has done. And
then I pull his whiskers, or poke him, or pinch his ear—in short,
treat him like a dog—as you would like to be treated yourself. You
do the same. Then that will be doing as you would be done by—
won't it?

Edith (a little puzzled). Well, I suppose it will. But here comes
his boat, I think, and I shall be so glad to see him, of course; but
he has got that dog with him, which I wish he had left behind him,
or it had got drowned—the nasty, odious, horrid, ugly thing!

"We cannot Sing the Old Songs!"

It is said there is a project afoot for draining the Zuyder Zee. If
all Dutchmen had been water-drinkers, this matter would have been
accomplished years ago. Though the reclamation of so large a tract of
land will be an excellent thing for Holland, it will quite falsify the
sentiment of one of our finest old glees. The Mynheer Van Dunck
of the future will have to sing:—

"But a Dutchman's throat will always be
As dry as the well-drained Zuyder Zee!"

For when the Zuyder Zee ceases to roll, and is no longer deep, it
cannot possibly represent the magnitude of Mynheer's potations.

THE HABITUAL DRUNKARDS ACT.—That of habitually taking a
drop too much.



OUR SUMMER, 1885.

Street Sweeper Boy (from his point of view). "ANOTHER O' THESE BEASTLY FINE DAYS!"

WITH LOCAL COLOUR.

It is satisfactory to learn that the vivid description of the recent Imperial meeting at Kremsier supplied by the indefatigable gentleman who represented the *Times* on the occasion will not be lost, several of the now historic pictures furnished by his facile pen being about to be transferred to canvas at the expressed wish of the august principals themselves. Commissions have already been given to several local artists for the execution of the following subjects, and it is intended when the works are completed to present them to the Museums of neighbouring frontier towns, where it is expected their presence will help to strengthen and cement the friendly feeling of which the facts they are destined permanently to chronicle have just given such a striking and evident guarantee:—

1. The Czar, on his arrival at the frontier town of Moravia, after trying on his last year's Austrian uniforms, and finding them all too tight, sends hurriedly for a local tailor, and is measured for some new suits on the platform, amid respectful salutations.

2. The suites in attendance on the Russian and Austrian Imperial parties playing "poker," and using the French language and "advantage" suits, in several saloon carriages en route.

3. M. DE BISMARCK and Count KALNOGY breaking their heads in a four-hours' consultation over a despatch in cipher from Prince BISMARCK.

4. Secret meeting between the Czar and Count KALNOGY, in which the former requests that still further influence may be brought to bear on the German Chancellor to get him to telegraph to Kremsier his receipt for "thinning himself down" as soon as possible.

5. The Czar, after dinner, looking "as if he had been made very happy by something that had occurred since the foregoing meeting," and ordering his portrait, set in brilliants, to be sent forthwith to Count TAAFFE, the Director of the Traffic Department, and Cardinal FÜRSTENBERG.

6. The CZAREWITCH and the Crown Prince of AUSTRIA crossing the market-place of Kremsier, so closely followed by the *Times* correspondent that they are overheard by him distinctly talking of the state of the weather in indifferent French.

7. Departure of the Russian Imperial Guests, and farewell at the Railway Station, showing the Czar and the EMPEROR in the act of embracing, and promising, in idiomatic French, to take an early opportunity of seeing each other again, as the former is about to retire to his private desk upon which lie a few back numbers of *Lloyd's Weekly News*, a *Bradshaw* for June, and the *Polish Punch*.

8. The Emperor of AUSTRIA, after the departure of the Imperial train, left standing with his tongue in his cheek, and expressing with a significant twinkle in his eye, to the Governor of Moravia his satisfaction that the affair "has gone off so very satisfactorily to all the parties concerned."

"THE TERRIBLE CHILD."

SCENE—A Railway Carriage.

PERSONAGES—The Mother; the Child.

The Child. What's making this noise?

The Mother. The carriages, dear.

Child. Why?

Mother. Because they're moving.

Child. How?

Mother. It's the engine drawing them.

Child. What engine?

Mother. The one in front of the train.

Child. Why's it in front of the train?

Mother. To draw the train.

Child. What train?

Mother. The one we're in.

Child. Why does the engine draw the train?

Mother. Because the driver makes it.

Child. What driver?

Mother. The one on the locomotive.

Child. What locomotive?

Mother. The one in front of the train! I've just told you.

Child. Told me what?

Mother. Hold your tongue! You worry me!

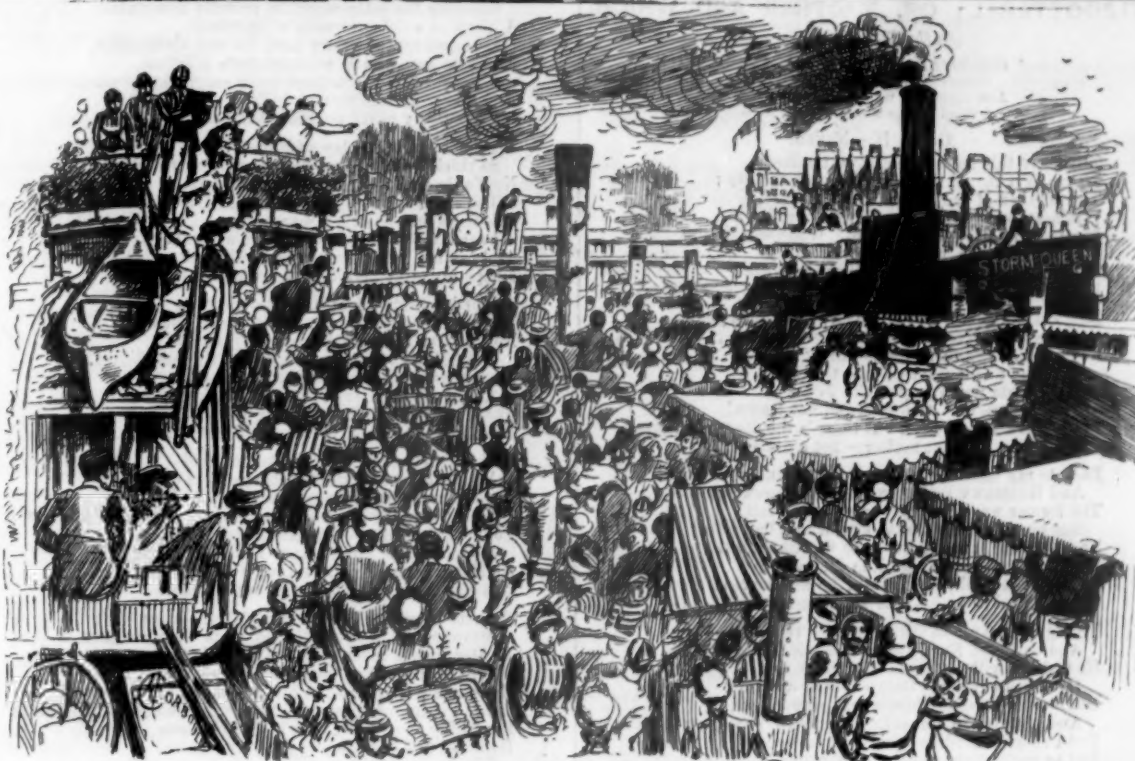
Child. Why do I worry you?

Mother. Because you ask too many questions!

Child. What questions?

Mother. Oh, good Heavens!! No wonder so many men won't marry!

AN ELEGANT APPEARANCE.—The Gloucestershire Cricket Champion, Mr. W. G. GRACE, in batting for his County at Clifton in the match with Middlesex, is reported to have shown "rare form." Just so. But of course his form is always a Form of Grace.



RIVER PUZZLE.

HOW TO GET INTO MOLESLEY LOCK!

THE LAST GROWLER.

(After Thomas Campbell,—also after the Official Report that there are one hundred and fifty-seven fewer Four-wheeled Cabs in London now than last year.)

FOUR million souls without a Fly!
Shall we then realise
Our lack of common comforts, born
From lack of enterprise?
I saw a vision in my sleep
That caused me from my bed to leap,
And skip around the room;
I saw the Final Growler go
Unhonoured, hideous, mean, and slow,
To its appointed doom!

The gas-lamps had a sickly glare,
And not a heart did bleed
As passed that bony hulk along,
Drawn by its bony steed;
The Hansom-Cabmen winked and leered,
The very Crossing-Sweeper jeered,
The street-boys raised a yell;
And bliss o'er troubled spirits slid
To see that Four-wheeled Monster bid
To Fares a long farewell!

Yet, martyr-like, the Driver sat;
He knew the end was near
Of over-charge, and under-pay,
And did not shed a tear;
Saying,—“Too long I have delayed;
My Cab is old, my Horse decayed,
‘Tis Mercy bids me bolt;
For fifty years of mortal breath
We’ve jolted Passengers to death,
And shall no longer jolt.

“What though upon my seats have
withered

The Great, perhaps the Good,
Condemned in this proud Capital
To use my box of wood?
Yet now repentance, all too late,
Makes me confess that ne’er did Fate
A vehicle provide,
More maddening in each palsied shake,
Or where long-suffering Fares might take
A more atrocious ride!

“’Tis done! Oblivion’s curtain falls
Upon the myriad men
Who’ve blown me up, and knocked me
down,

And ‘had me up’ again.
Those frowsy cushions bring not back
Nor stretch four souls upon the rack
By Nature made for twain!
Oh, let this cramped roof-tree go,
Also thy dirty straw below,
Thou Vehicle of Pain!

“Even I am weary now of playing
My customary pranks;
Rank idiocy it was to place
Such Cabs upon the ranks!
How came it, else, that London’s sons
To stable-owning Goths and Huns
For aid in vain did cry,
While every Gent, and every Cad,
In Aberdeen and Glasgow had
His reputable Fly?

“Go, Kings of Cabland, and reflect
On London’s awful waste
By not a single Four-wheeled Cab
From Kew to Greenwich graced!

Go, tell the world how you beheld
A Jehu, bowed with shame and eld,
Guiding his Growler mean,—
The general universal defy,
To match for sheer obliquity,
That ramshackle machine!”

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT IT?

A DAILY paper gives an account of a man who furnished some information with regard to the MAHDI and his successor. In the course of his story this person said:—

“Now, there are three men who have sworn to resist to the death the dervishes taking South Dongola; and these three are Sala Walad Fadlala Salem Bey, the Kababesh Sheikh, Khaseem-el-Noos, and Tombal.”

What may be the real names of the two last of these special correspondents we are unable to say. But we are astonished to find our own GEORGE AUGUSTUS disguised as the Kababesh Sheikh and squabbling with dervishes, when we thought all this time he was peacefully lecturing in Australia and writing graphic letters for the *Daily Telegraph*.

“CHACUN À SON GOUT.”

SPEAKING of the Holborn Theatre, the *Daily News* says:—

“Romantic drama is, we understand, to be the staple product of the new management.”

What is “romantic drama?” Not “rheumatic drama” it is to be hoped. There may be a dearth of good dramatists, but we hardly expect to see the drama on crutches just yet.

FITZDOTTEREL; OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH.

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?"

CANTO II.—MIXED.

THE more this metre one essays, the more
One likes it. It flows on with such facility;
The burthen of encyclopaedic lore
It bears so lightly; fancy's fine fragility
Floats on its flood unfractured. What would bore
In simple prose, mere rapid versatility
Shambling prolixity, and shallow smartness,
Ideal humbug plus sham-cynic smartness;

Bald commonplace, bad grammar, cockney rhymes,
Awkward inversions, all go smoothly down;
Letters, advertisements, accounts of crimes,
Set in its fluent stanzas, take the Town.
Why, I could put a copy of the *Times*
Into this metre! Gentle Muse, not frown!
Frown should come first, but there's the charm of rhyme.
Construction does not matter,—not a dime!

Back to my babies! Young FITZDOTTEREL
And HERMANN PUMPERNICKEL both grew up
The former was of course "a regular swell;"
But big, flat-faced, wide-knee'd as a bull pup
The strippling shaped; his voice was like a bell
A little cracked; to see him dine or sup
Might make Valhalla envious; he was waxen
Of epidermal hue; his hair was flaxen.

Young HERMANN on the contrary—'twas odd
And bothered EDELWEISS—was a girl's hero;
He had the willowy grace of a Greek God,
Hyacinth curls like OSCAR WILDE or NERO.
EDELWEISS watching him would gravely nod
And murmur to himself, "*dum spiro, spero*,
But I should love him with yet more avidity
Did he confirm my theories of heredity."

O Youth! O Childhood!—Joys of vagrant hue,
That nevermore return when once ye hook it!
Fleeting as facial beauty in a Jew,
Or a smelt's charm that fades ere one may cook it!
This with my tale has nothing much to do,
But when you catch a bit of bathos book it.
As sentiment profound and pure it passes,
Eked out by several "Oh's!" and some "Alas's!"

What should we do without our interjections
We modish metre-mongers? They are like
Wings to the waddling tortoise. (Several sections
Are here omitted. Phrases that don't strike,
Faded tropes, and philosophical reflections
Tedious as TUPPER, tame as a Dutch dyke,
Are apt to move a man to yawns—or curses—
When they extend through several hundred verses.)

"O England! O my country!" (Here's a chance
To add to the attractions of my story
By flouts at Russia and a fling at France,
Proving once more that Providence is Tory;
Surveying all St. Stephen's at a glance,
And showing that its every grace and glory
Spring from Lord SARUM, who believes—I know it—
There's no such Viceroy as your minor poet!

O England! O my country! Sinks thy star
In the Midlothian morass for ever?
CANNANDRA wailed thy doom at Candahar.
A poet-governor as bold as clever
Thrown over from a feeble fear of War!
Will the Eumenides forgive it? Never!
At least if it is possible to square 'em,
There's only one can do it—that's Lord SARUM.

Look at him in the House! FITZDOTTEREL did,
And vowed, compared with him, Jove was not in it.
Tall as a tower, broad as a pyramid,
He'd close Pandora's casket in a minute
By simply sitting plump upon the lid
Like—like—(tropes is a tease when you begin it)—
Like a fat man on a tight-packed portmanteau.
With praise of SARUM I could cram a Canto!

He seems a cross 'twixt TIMON and a Titan,
Scorning the petty world he proudly dominates;
A blend of a Colossus with a CRICHTON,
Cramped by the paltry herd his soul abominates,
And who hate him as minnows hate a Triton,
(Save those whom to high posts and perks he nominates)
A Gulliver by Lilliputians baffled,
A Pegasus by blind Boeotians snaffled!

Why here and thus lay adulation on
So thick and soft and slab, as with a trowel?
No Yankee lines my style is based upon,
The elegant restraint of JAMES or LOWELL
I do not ape. SARUM's a paragon,
Frankly, flamboyantly I make avowal!
And lay my homage at his haughty feet.
I hope his pride may find the offering sweet.

As for his first of foes, GRANDOLDUN, he
The cackling conjuror, the financial wizard?
No more with SARUM he compared can be
Than Nile's huge Saurian with a six-inch lizard.
(RIFON he lauds, and dares disparage me,
A fact which sticks in my poetic gizzard.)
The sanguinary, subtle, harum-scarum,
Babbling old sophist get the pull of SARUM?

Forbid it, Heaven, and the Ballot Box!
Young PUMPERNICKEL, introspective German,
Much marvelled how our new Boeotian ox,
JOHN BULL, could stand his driving. Master HERMANN
Found Life a huge o'er-mastering paradox.
He felt as one might fancy a strayed Merman
At Margate on Whit Monday; full of grace,
But conscious of his tail, and out of place.

Queerly enough FITZDOTTEREL felt the same
Strange lack of sympathy with his "environment,"
As Darwinites describe it. All Life's game
Was open to him; each Society Siren meant
Her smile a breeze to fan him to a flame;
But yet he found what SCHOPENHAUER and BYRON meant
By railing so at Life. Its Light, its Love
Bothered the boy, like an ill-fitting glove.

"Oh, hang it, PUMPERNICKEL, my dear boy!"
Cried he, one day. "Things seem all topsy-turvy!
I like the very things you can't enjoy,
Your pleasures bore me. Fate is vastly sourvy.
Can't we chop lots?"—Like the Jap's turtle-toy
The Teuton quivered; though he'd wondrous nerve, he
Was flabbergasted. Then he answered, "Pooh!
You dear old duffer, that would never do!"

"Boah!" cried FITZDOTTEREL. "Anyhow, let's try,
For, say, a year or two. 'Twill be great fun.
Just fancy! I am you, and you are I.
Oh what a mix there'll be ere we have done!
Come! no refusal! You can now fly high,—
In Spring, the Park; in Autumn, Rod and Gun:
And I am poor, you know, and you are rich.
How will Society tell t'other from which?"

And so they settled it. Do you ask, "Wherefore?"
Why, what has Poesy to do with reason,
More than those Penny Dreadful housemaids care for?
This swopping of identities for a season
Is an old dodge with them, to set a snare for
A venal love, or trap a knave in treason.
That must be a good "trick," whose charm eternal
Lures LAURENCE OLIPHANT and the *London Journal*.

They swore their interchange on the cross-bones,
Over a red-hot poker, like a blend
Of Clown and Pirate; in sepulchral tones,
Such as quidnuncs, low-whispering, say attend
The mystic moment when a Mr. JONES
Is "made a Mason." HERMANN and his friend
Were one another!!! This seems nonsense, some of it!
Ah, Reader, wait, and just see what will come of it!

"Give it to the Bard!"

NEXT to Mr. J. C. PARKINSON's address at the Eisteddfod at
Aberdare, the principal interest was taken in the prize poem—£20
prize with a chair, value £10. The successful bard was Mr.
WATKIN WILLIAMS, the subject of the poem was "The Truth against
the World." It is not true that Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE and Mr.
EDMUND YATES were among the seven unsuccessful competitors.

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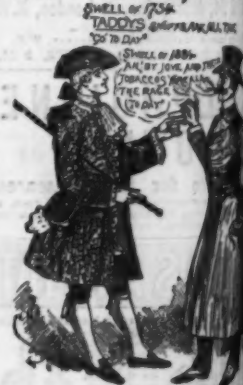
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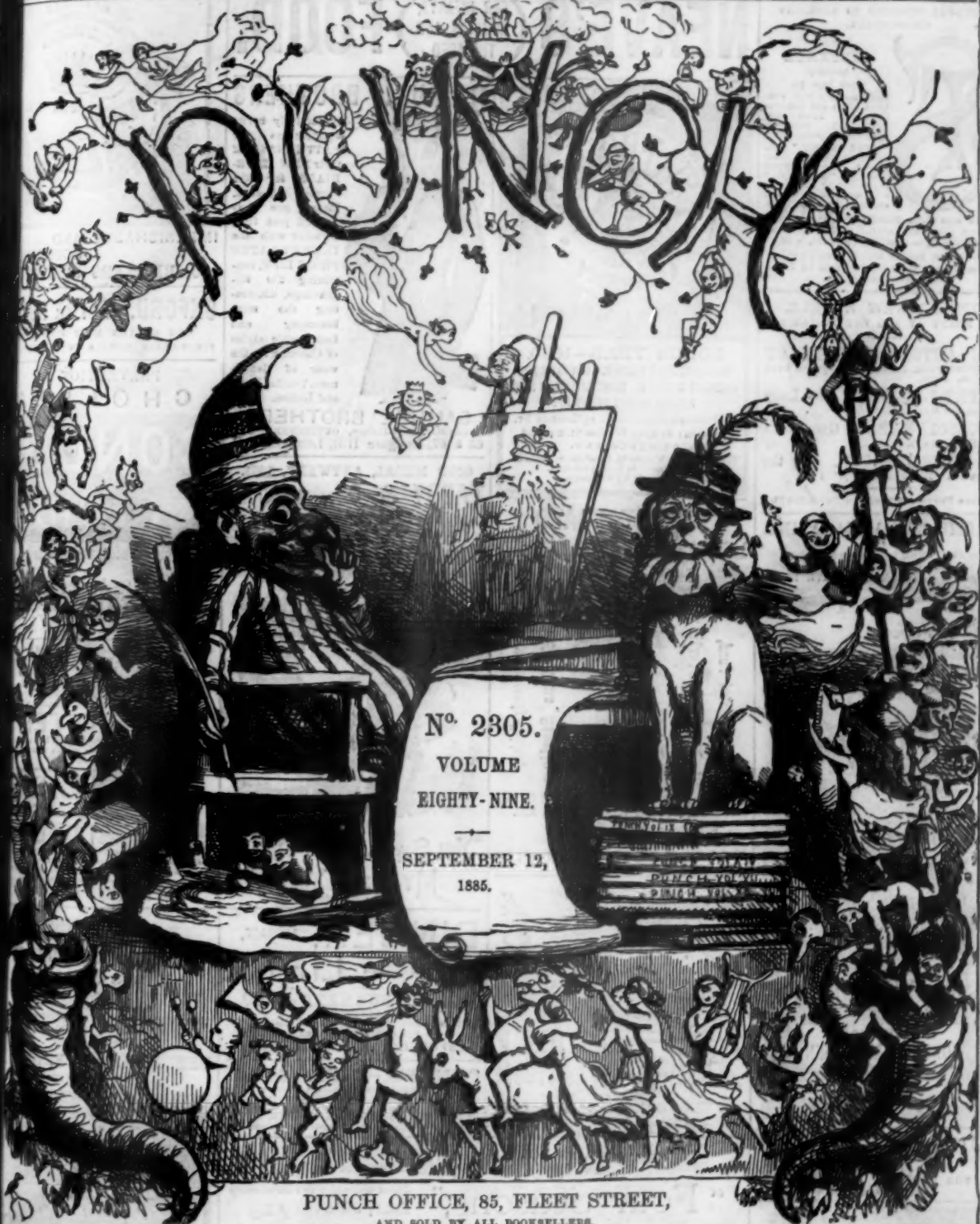
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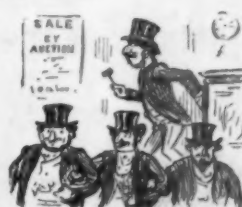
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THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

VIENNA, Sept. 9.

The disquieting rumours set on foot here by the recent article in the *Fremdenblatt* have, to judge from the reply furnished in to-day's *Cologne Gazette*, no foundation in fact. It is pointed out that so far from any hostile attitude towards the English Cabinet having been assumed at Kremsier, a distinctly complimentary message was dictated by the Czar himself, and forwarded, in the very middle of the State dinner, to Lord SALISBURY. The precise nature of the terms of this communication has not transpired, but it may be safely hazarded that it referred mainly to the character of the *menu*, which was considered excellent, and that it was skilfully interlarded with inquiries as to his Lordship's appetite and health. The *Cologne* journal moreover again asserts, what has been patent to all politicians here from the first, namely, that the recent meeting was in reality organised and carried out by the intrigues of several military tailors who have high authority and influence in Court circles at this capital. Similar assurances are given from Berlin. Commenting on the situation, the *National Zeitung* remarks that the interchange of military uniforms may be regarded as the chief outcome of the meeting, and that the fact that the Czar gave an extensive order for several hussar suits on the spot, showed the genuine and spontaneous nature of the proceedings.

SIR H. D. WOLFF'S MISSION.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 8.

Affairs here continue to be much in the same condition. His Majesty, who has now on several occasions seen the British Envoy, is still loud in his praise, and on the last occasion but two rose and shook hands with him. Meanwhile Sir H. D. WOLFF is becoming acquainted with the back staircases of several of the leading Ministers, and has expressed himself as hopeful of being able, with the aid of an efficient interpreter, to make the nature of his proposals intelligible to SAID PASHA. The slight hitch in the negotiations, to which reference has already been made, still continues, but the belief here, in well-informed circles, is that it will not necessarily be permanent.

LATER.

No material change has occurred in the condition of affairs. Sir

H. D. WOLFF has, to-day, however, been closeted with ASSYM PASHA for several hours, and has, it is understood, intimated that he will call again to-morrow.

VARNA, Sept. 9.

ADVICES from Constantinople announce that Sir H. D. WOLFF's mission is for the present confined to a series of interviews with the Dragoman of the British Embassy. There is no other news.

THE PHARMACEUTICAL CONGRESS.

BRUXELLES, Sept. 6.

THE sub-sectional meetings of the Congress were continued this afternoon, and consistently with the spirit of far-reaching and enlarged philanthropy that has inspired their labours, resolutions were unanimously adopted to the effect that an international understanding should be arrived at not only for the guaranteed potability of non-alcoholic beverages, and advertised mineral waters, but that butchers' meat, vegetables, and bread and cheese should also be included in the *corpus* of the new Universal Pharmacopoeia. The qualifications needed, as a *minimum* of preparatory study, were discussed at some length, and it was finally agreed that a knowledge of advanced trigonometry, calisthenics, not less than three foreign languages, history, biography, zoology, and a full acquaintance with all the applied sciences, should be regarded as necessary to the taking the new degree of "Doctor of Pharmacy." Perfect unanimity prevailed, though some *éclat* and liveliness was added to the complimentary *fêtes* held in the evening, owing to the expulsion of the proprietor of a well-known English popular patent medicine, who had attended the Congress apparently through a total misconception of its liberal aim and objects.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

BERLIN, Sept. 10.

THE languid excitement over the seizure of the Islands shows no signs of being stirred into activity, it being fully understood that Prince BISMARCK does not intend to force the hand of the Spanish Government. It seems, too, the Chancellor is much incensed with the Geographical Department for having misled him in the affair, and the appearance of a new map of "Colonial Germany" will probably be the result of the mistaken ambition that assigned the debatable territory to its new but unwilling masters.

The report that CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has, at the command of King ALFONSO, forwarded the latter's Uhlan uniform to the German Emperor, together with a dignified letter of remonstrance, though looked on here as a probable *canard*, launched in the interests of the Franco-Spanish Radical party, nevertheless gains credence in circles that should be well informed. If this should unfortunately turn out to be the case, it will only add a further proof of the deplorable want of tact and discretion that on all hands is admitted to have marked the conduct of this affair from beginning to end.

LATER.

War seems now certain, on account of the recent excesses in Madrid. The weather is very pleasant.

A "Burning Question" Indeed.

THE criminal fools who carelessly throw unextinguished fuses about, are perhaps even more mischievous than the criminal fools who do the same with orange-peel. A shocking accident seems to have occurred to a Lady at the Inventions Exhibition owing to the action of one of the former class of pestilent idiots. Anyone wilfully dropping a lighted fuse or vesta without thought of the place or the possible consequences, ought to be dealt with as a sort of minor dynamitard—a public danger to be summarily punished wherever caught.



RETURN OF A "SUNBEAM." Warranted to Shine through the Fog of November.

"MISS ANDERSON MY JO!"—The talented American actress, recently playing at the Lyceum, last week appeared in *As You Like It*, before several representatives of the London Press, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Seemingly the performance was crude and, on the whole, unsatisfactory. But what enterprise on the part of the London Press to send some of its representatives! Going all that way, and in some cases telegraphing their notices to their offices! How expensive it all must have been to somebody!

APPROPRIATE NAME FOR THE NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM AT VIRGINIA WATER. — HOLLOWAY'S (In)-Sanatorium.



ART.

The Hon. Alcibiades Slagg, Esq., Silver-mining Millionaire from Nevada, U.S., makes the Tour of Europe. In London wishes to have "his Wife's Likeness took by the Boss Artis' o' the Country," and is recommended accordingly.

Britisher (his Artistic Adviser, meeting him in the Park). "WELL, AND HOW DOES THE PORTRAIT GET ON?"

The Hon. A. S. "Oh, I'VE HAD IT DONE BY A DIFFERENT PROCESS ALTOGETHER, SIR. PHOTTERGRAPHED, Y' KNOW!—S' LARGE AS LIFE—AN' THEN STAINED! 'COMES A PRECIOUS SIGHT CHEAPER, YOU BET!"

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE "IMPROVEMENTS" OF THE TEMPLE.

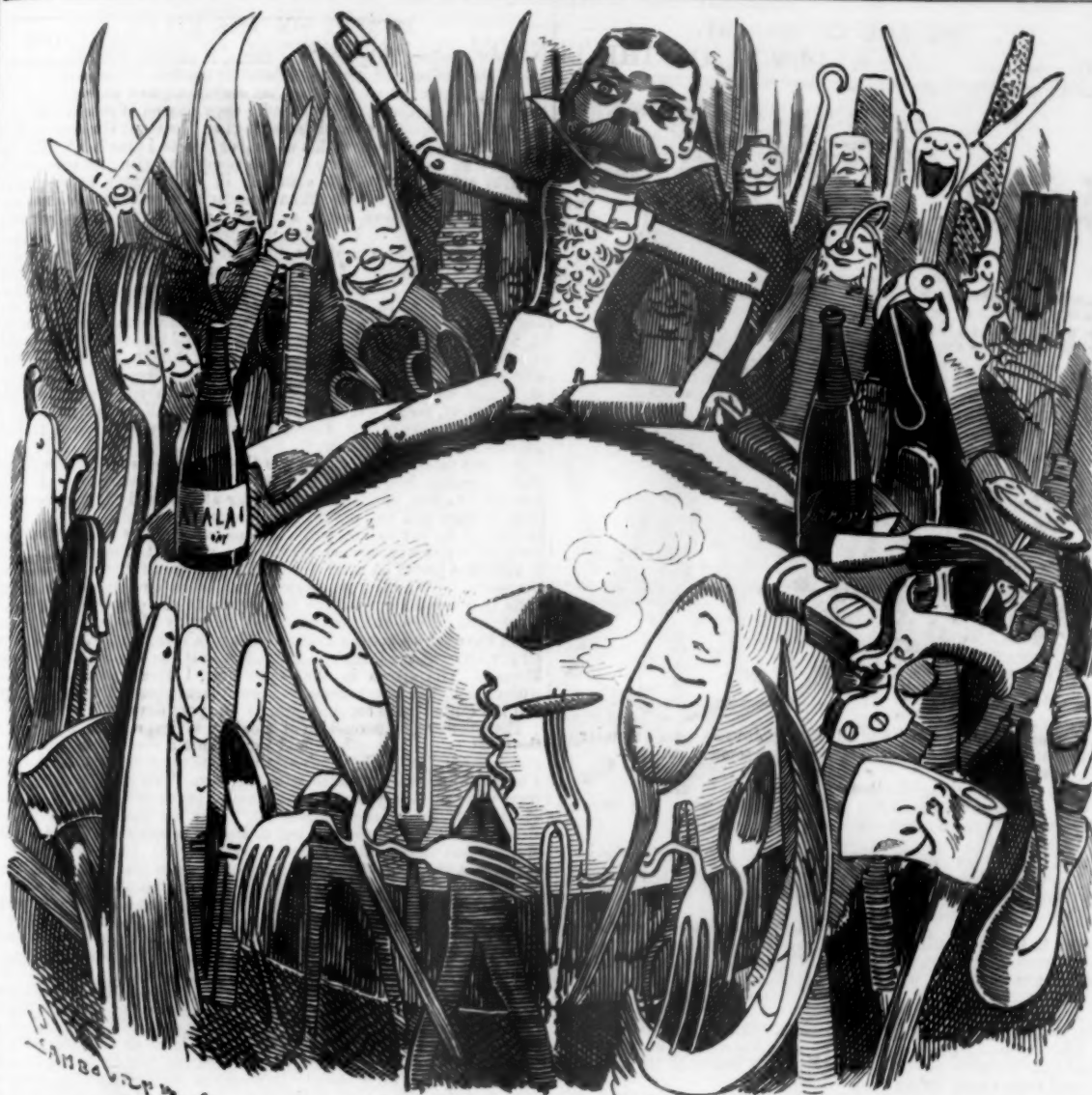
How to Obtain Admission.—Select any day but the First of the Month, and you will find the doors open. If you use a hansom, it will be as well to avoid a nervous horse, as all the entrances are so narrow and echoing (most of them are under dwarf archways) that only animals with the sangfroid of a bathing-machine wheeler can pass through them without agitation. On the First of the Month you will find your ingress stayed by not-too-civil lodge-keepers (by the way, the average Temple lodge-keeper combines with the abruptness of the military drill-sergeant the superciliousness of the Chancery Q.C.) posted behind locked gates or bolted doors. Your best mode of obtaining admittance on these occasions is to take chambers on the spot subsequent to being called to the Bar. This you will find a simpler process than convincing the custodians that you have a right to pass the portals over which they are mounting guard.

First Impressions.—Having entered from the Thames Embankment, you will immediately be struck by the rich fund of humour evidently possessed by the Benchers, as sampled by their representatives the Treasurers. For some years past the Inner and Middle Temples have been undergoing what these worthies facetiously designate "improvement." The result is a gigantic architectural joke. All sorts of styles are jumbled together in the most mirth-provoking fashion—Gothic, Italian, and Tudor; stone, red brick, and stucco. But the various "bits" are drawn together into one incongruous whole by the golden rule of the Treasurers, "When you have built anything particularly inappropriate to its surroundings, stick your name upon it, and, if possible, your coat-of-arms." Thus the glaring new erections springing up aggressively in quiet courts mellowed with age, or spectre-knight-haunted open spaces, look like signed articles in a comic periodical.

The Gardens.—Of course inaccessible to the Public. This is the rule, but during the evenings of certain of the summer weeks, the grounds of the Inner Temple are "thrown open," (through a small and inconvenient gate) to the children of the neighbourhood, who, once admitted, have the inestimable privilege of being allowed to watch, from afar off, a number of rather portly juniors playing (not exactly in "Renshaw form") an evidently extremely exhausting game of lawn tennis. September being one of the pleasantest months of the year for enjoying the open air, is naturally selected by the Benchers for repainting the railings, varnishing all the seats, and cutting up the lawns and flower-beds recklessly in the agreeable and apparently congenial pursuit of drain-making.

King's Bench Walk.—Left to itself, the open space with its broad spreading trees, old buildings and distant glimpses of the river would be too delightful. So, to "change all that" some mad wag of a practical-jocular Treasurer has placed a couple of hideous lamp-posts of different patterns in the very centre! For the sake of economy no doubt (it is an open secret that the Inner Temple is too poor to afford its Benchers a decent dinner!) one of these horrible objects (posts of course, not Benchers) combines the attributes of a water-tap with the duties of an illuminator.

Pump Court.—Not to be confounded with the now classical regions of Pump-Handle Court, wherein dwells the learned and industrious Mr. BRIEFLESS, Junior. Pump Court is of the plainest brick, Pump-Handle Court of the most quaintly carved stone. The former is the quietest spot imaginable, the latter is the scene of a suicide or some such horror about once a fortnight. Still, there is a tradition that even Pump Court has had its tragedy. On the North side is a kind of iron altar, surmounted by what appears to be a funeral urn. This dreary monument was probably erected by a Treasurer to mark the spot where a murder was committed years, perchance centuries, ago. There is a legend above it, "Nothing whatever is to be thrown on this sink or on any other part of this Court." The Benchers must have their joke, even at the expense of good taste! Sink!



"DOLLY" CHURCHILL AT SHEFFIELD, LECTURING BEFORE A VERY SHARP AUDIENCE.

Fountain Court.—Here, perhaps, will be found in perfection the "improver's" work. Only a little while ago there used to rise beneath a canopy of trees a single jet of water, whose plash was music to the ears of DICKENS and THACKERAY, and pleased hundreds and thousands of their readers. The Benchers could not leave the little fountain alone. They had spoilt many a picturesque spot, and many a memory-hallowed corner, so why should they not destroy the prettiest sight within a mile of Bow Bells? So they deliberately set to work to ruin the fountain. They built over the pretty little jet of water a hideous affair of rock and stone, with three melancholy storks standing back to back, and bowing down their heads (very properly) in bitter shame. Having done this, and set the jet, now converted into a squirt, a-playing, they enclosed the whole in a square of about a dozen feet, composed of four beds of invalid evergreens, and a stone path nine inches broad. Feeling that some lunatic (only a lunatic could want to make such a promenade) might wish to walk in this dreary wilderness, they next closed the four entrances with wire network to keep him out. But somehow the squirt was a failure, and wouldn't play, and two of the storks (no doubt out of compliment to the Benchers) lost their heads. Thus

more "improvement" was needed. So the last addition to the hideous dripping pile is the most extraordinary "arrangement in metal" that ever yet was seen. The Benchers have hammered on to the top of the fountain, close to the mutilated storks, a "something" that looks like a mixture of a very vulgar nob of a brass bed-post, the nozzle of a fireman's hose, and the cross on the top of St. Paul's! **Finis.**—After looking at "the fountain," you will have had enough of the Benchers and all their "works!"

WILD SPORTS NEAR THE HORSE-GUARDS.—LATEST PARTICULARS. —Our "Tourist in Town" conjectured last week that the tiger, said to have been left in the enclosure of St. James's Park, was kept for the hunting of the Royal Ranger, whom he presumed to be H.R.H. Prince CHRISTIAN of Schleswig-Holstein. Our Contributor was half right in his supposition. There is a Royal Ranger of the St. James's Park, and he *does* hunt. But the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, and not Prince CHRISTIAN, is the Ranger, and the sport is not driving from their jungles the wildest of tigers, but chivying from their milk-stalls a lot of poor old women!

THE AGE OF UNREST.

By an Old Fogey.



I'm weary of this age of "Fads."
Folks tell what babes call
stories,
Or why do Tories slang the Reds,
And Whigs abuse the Tories?
One vows that GLADSTONE'S
always right,
And from his deeds no'er
blenches;
Another backs with all his might
The Governmental benches.

I turn to Letters; still I find
All wrangle, and are frowning;
Lord TENNYSON'S to one man's
mind,
Another swears by BROWNING.
The fires of argument, 'bout which
I never cared a pin burn,
And here ROSETTI has his niche,
And there erotic SWINBURNE.

Now hie we to the realms of Art.
Those paths you can't run
straight on,
Enthusiasts have ta'en FRITH'S
part,
While others dote on LEIGHTON.

BURNE JONES'S angels angular
Please some Aesthetic judges,
And JIMMY WHISTLER seems a
star
To those who like strange
smudges.

The Shrieking Sisterhood avow
They're terribly neglected,
While modest maidens meekly
bow
To fate, and are respected.
Some wild, litigious women cause
Each Judge to feel vexation;
And those who won't obey the laws
mad 'gainst Vaccination.

Thus, whoso'er alights my gaze,
I see the conflict burning;
My poor brain, in these modern
days,
Is with new notions turning.
Oh, give me back the good old
times,
Before this endless riot,
When folks could hear the mid-
night chimes,
And smoke their pipes in quiet.

Coming Round.

THE Grand Young Man—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—tells us
that his superiority in youth excites the envy of his elder colleagues.
The *Standard*, however, thinks that in "circuitousness of phrase"
at Sheffield he rivalled the Grand Old Man himself. Another proof
that the Member for Woodstock has taken the Member for Mid-
lothian as his model. Is he, like the old idolaters, going to worship
what he once did his best to burn? Extremes meet; but fancy
RANDOLPH going in for roundaboutness!

THE "CROFTERS QUESTION" IN A NUTSHELL.

Landlord (*log.*) A man's name may be MACQUEEN, but he shan't
put his foot upon his native heath.

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

GREAT Marlow, in spite of its name, is ginrally considered to be
one of the littlest and quietest places on the hole River, but if any-
body who was a labering under that deelushun had happend jest to
have run down there for to spend a appy day on Wensday the 19th
hinstent of Orgust, he wood have thort as the stout Gentleman says
in the Play, "Lawk, how this world is given to Lyingin!" For on
that day we had our Regatter, witch rowed on, with jest one our for
needful refreshments, from about 12 in the morning to about 9 at
night. Well, here have I bin a spending more than a hole week
here, and didn't ewen know as I was a living in the sillybrated
County of the Dook of BUCKINGHAM, witch I am told is as much supe-
rior to every other County as Buckingham Pallis is to every other
Pallis, and the natives of witch is acshally as proud of being born
there as I am of being born in London, and never should I have
known it but for the Regatter, but at the hend of hevery race the
Judge, for we had a reel Judge to pass sentence, made 'em write up
in big letters the countys of the winners, and in every one as I seed
it was "Bucks," and wen I said to Mr. SHAW, the boat bilder,
who's quite the King of the plaice, how proud them Bucks must be
at winnin so many races, "Yes," he said, "they is, but they gin-
rally does it, for in coarse we Bucks is as much superior to other
men as the Bucks of the Forest is to the other wild beasts there,"
witch seemed reasonable enuff.

But wot most astonished me was the Judge, he was that parti-
kier that he cou'dn't hav been more so if it had bin ewen a case of Petty
larseny, or ewen was than that. Why at the hend of every race—or
heats as they call 'em, cos the rowers was all so preshus hot, I spose—
he seemed to say to 'em, you did it so bad that I condems you to go
back to the plaice from whence you come, and do it all over again. And
if they was pretty of after the fust heat, wasn't they jolly of arter
the second! Why the prupersation run down 'em like drippin. But
little they cared for that, for there, close to the winning post, was a
large table all covered over with sich a display of reel silver prizes as
woud have set up many a Fornbroker's establishment. And they was
all giv away at the hend by a Lady, jest as if she'd have bin the Lady
Marees! The sports in the water was, I thort, jest a little bit
wulger, but the lower classes as was present seemed to enjoy them,
and it's quite rite to consider them a bit, pore devvells!

The eloomenated percession of Boats was jest a leetle better than
the scene at the Inventions, and wen it cum a rowing along in all its
glory, the egaited Mob, witch by that time must have reached amost
a hunderd, acshally abowted with rapshur. Two of the boats in the
races was that heavy that it took 8 men a peace to row 'em. A frend
of mine at the "Hangers Retreat," took me hover the Habby at
Dish'em, I think it is called, but it was all in sitch a huproar coz the
Habbot was away that I cou'dn't see much of it. It's the old story, I
spose, wen the Habbot's away there's some nice play. My frend tried
to git me out on the sealing of the Tower, but the way in witch I
seed one pore gent handled to get him back agane through a remark-
erly small winder, gave me warning at once, and I respectfully
declined. It doesn't quite do to sacrifice all won's dignity and
character to meer hidal curiosity out of a werry small winder, however
brite the prospect may be of gitting safe back agin.

The picture was most remarkabel fine. Sum on 'em being about
as old and as huggy as them I seed last year at Ampton Court, witch
is saying a good deal. One of the reel curiositys of the hold plaice is
an horned Chamber, where a lady warks about at midnite, without
no hed, witch is her punishmeant for beating her little boy to deth
for blotting his Coppy book! It seems a rayther dootfool story at
fust, but the sollem look of the most respectfool female as told it at
wunce conwincd us both. It didn't seem to be treating the pore
hedless ghost quite faredly to so cram the room with chairs that she's
sure to break either her legs or her arms the nex time she warks
there. Her nek I spose is quite safe. I don't think as I shoed werry
much care myself about sleepin in that ere parti-
kier chamber. I think, on a pinch, I shoed prefer the cosy looking Kitching. No
ghost was never known to harnt a Kitching, unless he were drest in
Blew, and the shrunk condition of the cold Jint proved as he had
his hed on all rite.

Well, I've left gentelmanly Marlow all right, and as a few others
has left two, if anybody wants a weak or 2 of bootfool river seenery,
with bootfool soft rows, and drives, and warks, and with sitch a gal-
lacky of lovely ladies all clothed in most lovely cream coloured
dresses, and rowing and skulling all day long in a way to drive you
stark staring mad, set off at wunce before the place fills up again,
and wen you're enjoying yourself to your art's content in such river
seenery as foolish people goes abroad to see and never finds it, give a
kindly thort to your old waiter and say to the fare companion of your
two pare of skulls, "We hoes this to
"ROBERT."

SONG FOR "AUTHORITIES" ON THE BANKS OF THE LEA.—"Flow
on, thou Poisoned River!"

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.

(By a Country Farmer—New Style.)

MY DEAR WIFE,

I AM very glad I did not bring you up to this "awful big place" (as the man calls it in the play), as you wished. You see, my angel, you could not be spared from home. How would the girls have got on without you superintending their singing lessons, to say nothing of it being bad form to be away on your "day"? Then, as I am a Conservative, and love old customs, I like to think of you following the tradition of my Grandmother, and pretending (she was in earnest, the quaint old soul!) to take an interest in the pigs. Ah! how I do envy you your quiet country life!

Well, no doubt, you will want to know what I have been doing while I have been here. Improving my mind, my dear girl,—improving my mind. Would it cause you surprise if I were to tell you that I had been to the Museum in Jermyn Street, the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy, and the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral? Yes, it would. And if it surprised you, my life, it would surprise me even more. No, Tory as I am, I still must march with the times, and so most of my days have been spent in selecting and purchasing *Æsthetic* furniture. The drawing-room at the Farm is sadly Philistine. I have picked up too some very nice Japanese hangings for your *boudoir*.

And how have I spent my evenings? And now I know my movements will meet with your approval. Instead of visiting the theatre and the music-hall, I have, country-fashion, passed the night in the open air. Certainly, I have seen the *Great Pink Pearl* at the Prince's, a capital bit of fooling, and the *Silver Shield* at the Comedy, a piece that deserved success if it did not obtain it; and once again I have assisted at a splendid spectacle at Her Majesty's. But what of that? Although for an hour or two I might have trifled with the Drama, my heart has been true to Science and South Kensington. I have already told you of the very interesting contents of the International Inventions Exhibition. You will remember how I have explained to you the various exhibits—with the assistance of the Guide-Book.

But although the Inventions are interesting, I felt that I must not neglect the "Second Division—Music," and accordingly spent the



Advance of the British Army at South Kensington.

other evening in listening to the performance of the British Army Quadrille. It certainly was very grand, although I must say that the march of the Bands was rather impeded by the dense audience. You would really be astonished at the number of people who use the grounds at South Kensington—I do verily believe that the gardens there are nearly as popular as the Galleries!

As I had enjoyed a specimen of English Music at South Kensington, I thought it only fair to go to Battersea Park to test the quality of the Foreigners. You must know there is a place called the Albert Palace which (like the Royal Westminster Aquarium) has been erected to commemorate the virtues of the late Prince Consort of pious memory. I am told by a London friend, that all the places associated with the glorious name of "ALBERT the Good," sooner or later drift into weak copies of Cremorne. The Scientific Institution in Battersea Park is highly respectable, no less a person than Alderman Sir ROBERT CARDEN (who was, so I am told by the same London friend, a dashing subaltern of infantry in his youth) being the Chairman. The gallant Alderman has got together an orchestra composed entirely of lady *artistes*, from Vienna. It must have caused Sir ROBERT an enormous amount of trouble to have selected so clever and

comely a troupe. But the result is most pleasing, the more especially, as the musicians are rather ornamental than useful. They play very nicely, but a great deal of the hard work (such as blowing the wind



The Ladies' Orchestra at Battersea. (Back View.)

instruments, playing the biggest of the drums, &c.) is done in the background by men hidden behind a screen of skirts. I fancy this quaint idea originated in the fertile brain of that very old Soldier "dear Sir ROBERT," as I understand the veteran Alderman is called by the light-hearted female stall-keepers at Battersea.

Finally, with a view to testing the amusements of our country, I accepted an invitation to dine with friends at the Crystal Palace on a Saturday, with Military Band and Illuminations "to follow." The



Enjoying Illuminations at Sydenham. (Front View.)

dinner was so particularly good that I dispensed with the second part of the programme, and spent my time instead in smoking, "dessert"-ing, and studying the menu. You know how bad our cook is—I think when I return I shall be able to give her a few wrinkles. I feel sure the Illuminations and Band must have been magnificent!

From this account of my days and nights you will see how dull my life is in town, and how I must miss you. With very best love, and kisses to the children, Always your most affectionate husband,

The Grand Hotel.
(First Floor).

(Signed)

JOHN DE BARLEYCORN.

The Two Voices.

'Tis the voice of our WILLIAM,—“I must not complain
If my throat, after fifty long years of such strain,
Its former full power should fail to regain.”

'Tis the voice of his PUNCH,—Rooy-too! Be of cheer!
We have need of that wonderful *Vox* strong and clear,
As we all hope to hear it for many a year!”

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

Most people have heard of "CHEVREUIL on Colour." Everybody will be happy to hear of colour on CHEVREUIL, in the shape of rosy cheeks and evergreen energy, though the French *savant* is now a Centenarian. Long may he continue to be a "Man of Colour" in both senses.



BANG! BANG!

"CONFOUND THE DOG! PUTTING UP THE BIRDS LIKE THAT!"

"OU AY, BUT IT WAS NA THE DOG THAT MISSED THEM, WHATAYVER!"

A LITTLE "DIFFERENCE;"

OR, A WORD IN SEASON.

Mr. Keeper Punch loquitur:—

Nor rivals, but comrades! Exceedingly well!
And each in his way is a capital shot.
A couple of guns which would certainly tell,
In a well-beaten stretch or a corner that's hot.
'Tis not the first time you have tramped foot to foot,
Or popped gun to gun in a really "big shoot."

In style, just a little unlike to be sure,
With dissimilar tastes in the matter of dogs;
Both eager a pretty day's sport to secure;
One dashing tramples, one sturdily jogs;
Each has proved that his own style of shooting will pay,
When you've counted the game at the close of the day.

Once more at the start of a Season, you find
Your foot on the stubble, your hand on the stock,
And you scarcely appear to be quite of a mind,
Say sharp rival shootists all eager to mock.
Is it so, Gentlemen? Better cut short
Any squabble at once if you really mean Sport!

Old hands at the job you're aware of that same,
And a pretty long practice in shooting together
In every season, at all sorts of game,
And in every conceivable species of weather,
Must have taught you at least it is no time to quarrel,
When game's on the wing, and your hand on the barrel.

True, one may prefer just to stick to old ground,
And one have a fancy for breaking up new;
Most probably quarries in both may be found,
But wasting the day in discussion won't do.
You'll get little more than your pains for your trouble
By fighting the point between turnips and stubble.

Yours is not the sole Party that's after this quarry,
Another one's watching you over the hill;
To join them won't pay, though they would not be sorry
Would one of you lend them his cool steady skill.
If you'd still shoot together don't wrangle or lag,
Or 'tis they, and not you, who will make the Big Bag!

THE PUBLIC AND THE "PUBLICS."

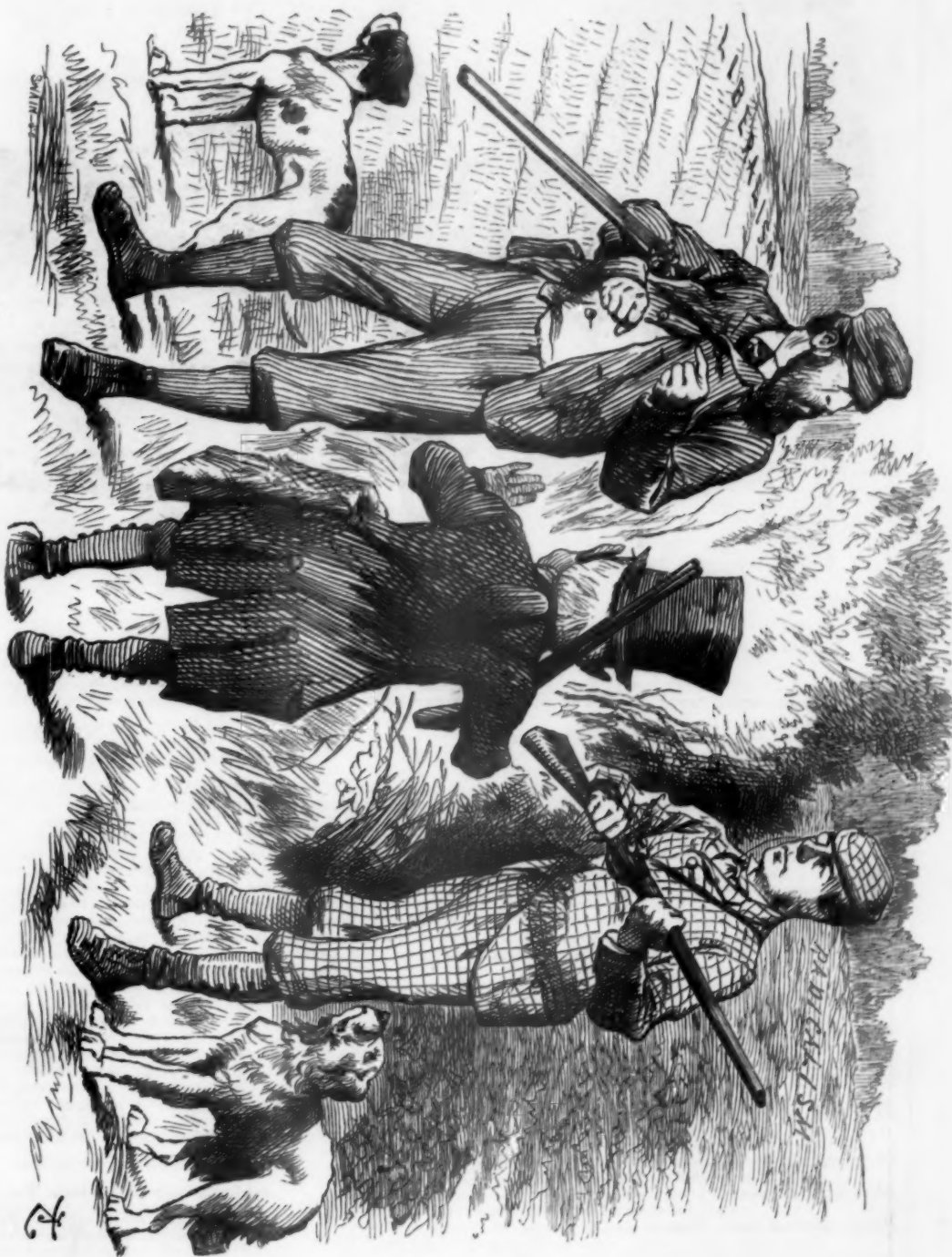
THE *Morning Advertiser*, protesting against "ill-regulated interference" with our Public-house system, says, "The tendency is to make the Public-house what it originally was—a place for the refreshment of man and beast." Quite so. Only it must be understood that "man and beast" are two, and not one, as is now too often the case, and that with the connivance, if not the encouragement, of the Publican. "The nation," continues Brother Bung's Oracle, "neither wants the greasy sloppiness of the Coffee Palace, the illicit tendency of the Club, nor the glaring frivolity of Continental *café* life." Perhaps. But neither does it want the noisy sottishness, the foul riot, nor the adulteration-bred phrenzy of the ordinary—too ordinary—Gin Palace. These things, indeed, demand not a little vigorous and summary "interference," and it is only ill-regulated houses which would consider that interference "ill-regulated."

Comment by a Cockney.

BAD-Gastein! Sounds more fit than nice, and yet
They say most healing waters there are had.
Strange, though, that people fancy good to get
By going to the *Bad*!

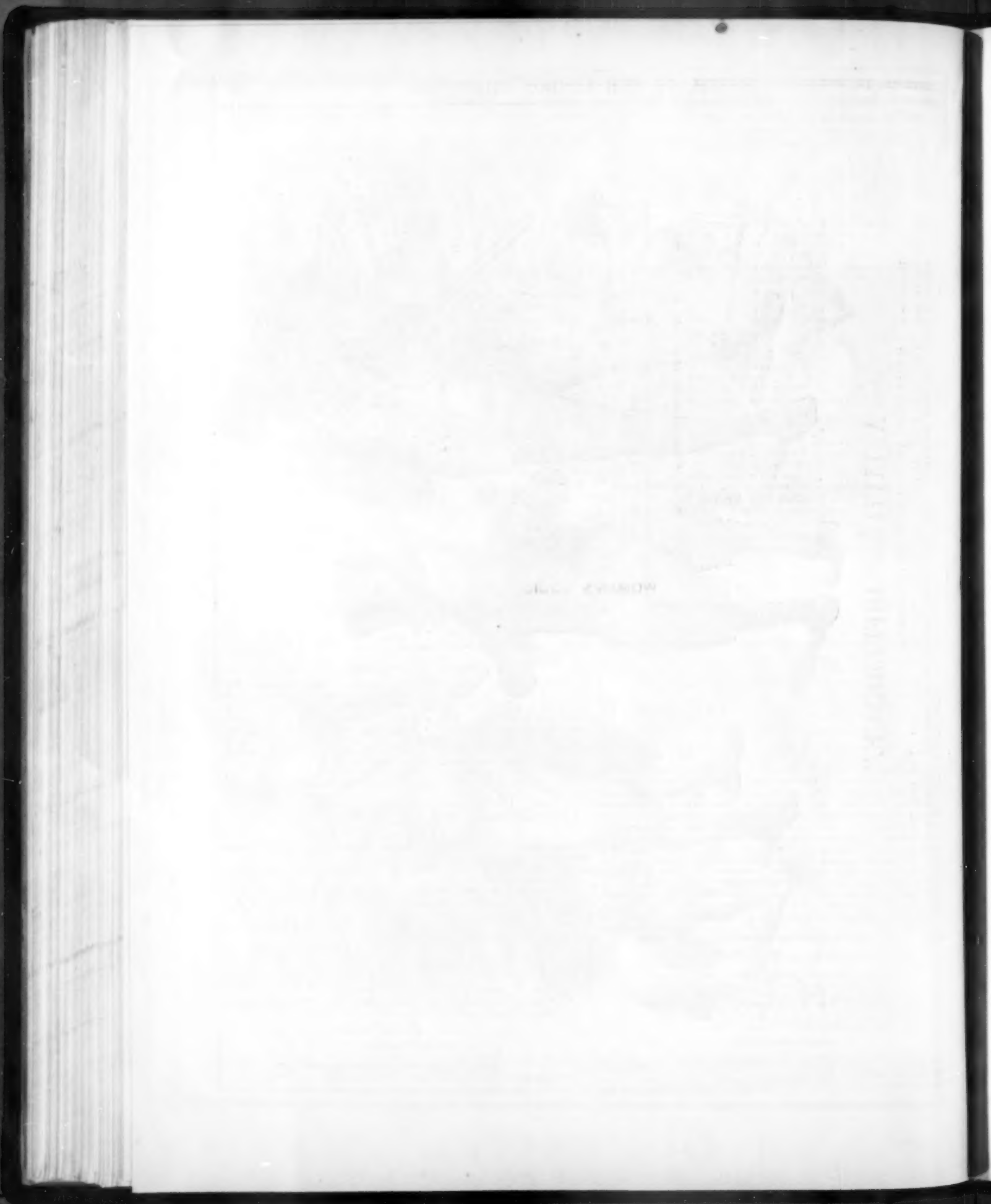
UNSPORTSMANLIKE.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL first "chaffs" Lord HARTINGTON unmercifully, and then winds up by saying, "Come over, and help us!" Can RANDOLPH need reminding that "Old (Whig) birds are not caught with (Tory) chaff"?



A LITTLE "DIFFERENCE."

H-ET-ROT-X. "WE'LL TAKE THE STUBBLE, OF COURSE?"
 CH-UD-AL-X. "OH, NO! IT'S NO USE GOING OVER THAT OLD GROUND! I'M FOR THE TURNIPS!"
 PUNCH (Keeper). "IF YOU QUARREL OVER THE LAND, GENTLEMEN, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A BAG."





WOMAN'S LOGIC.

Lady (who does not quite know the Rules of the Road). "LET ME SEE, JOHN—TO WHICH SIDE OF THE ROAD DO I KEEP!"

John. "TO TH' LEFT, MUM."

Lady (feeling she is now clear on the subject). "OH, YES, NOW I REMEMBER; AND I KEEP TO THE RIGHT, COMING BACK!"

THE MODEL WIFE.

(Not after Iago. By a Lonely Bachelor.)

WANTED.—A Spinster of any age she will own to under thirty. Must be an Orphan—if friendless all the better. No relatives at all for choice, if any, none that she would want to know if I didn't wish. Positive disinclination to dances and evening parties. Absolute abhorrence of the society of any but rational and thinking people. Detestation of all customary and common amusements, such as cards and backgammon. Appreciation of excellence in Art, Literature, and Music, but executive ability, in any line, no consequence; except cookery and practical needlework, domestic tailoring, and other industries. Preference for economy in ostentation rather than in comfort, and particularly than in food and drink, and, rather the latter. Refusal to comply with any fashion which is grotesque or inconvenient. No fads such as induce many ladies to attend public meetings, and subscribe to bosh. No interest in popular actors, authors, or speakers, merely on account of their popularity; no admiration of any celebrities simply as such—no running after Lions, unless incidentally at the Z.G. Disposed to bodily exercise—would usually walk rather than ride. Passably good figure; face plain in the proper sense of the word—not ugly, but no beauty to spoil. No care whatever for anybody's admiration except mine.—Apply at the *Matrimonial Chronicle Office*. Photograph at request—to be returned if unsatisfactory—and please don't call it "photo." Address, "COELEBS."

From the Listeners to the Leaders.

OH, why are your speeches so arid and dry,
So like a stale mixture of verjuice and chaff?
If you are so fagged you can't give us a "Cry,"
At least you might give us a laugh!

A MODEL CRICKET MATCH.—One that begins with a "draw," but does not end with one.

"ENGLAND AS HE IS TREATED" IN GERMANY.

ABOUT a fortnight ago a party of English tourists, consisting of a Major in the British Army, his daughter, and two male friends, were arrested in a Frankfort *casse*, marched through a crowd, and finally thrown into prison. There they were incarcerated for half a day, and there no doubt they would have remained much longer, had not a chance meeting with a London solicitor led to their restoration to liberty. The only charge against them was that one of their number bore some supposed resemblance to the photograph of a man more than twenty years his senior. As nothing seemingly has been done to compensate these outraged travellers, it will be as well to publish, for the benefit of intending tourists, the German answers, translated into English, that the foreign police are likely to give in response to remonstrances made on similar future occasions. It may be called—

REPLIES FOR A TRIP OF PLEASURE.

Yes, although you have not finished your outlet, you must come along with us.

Quite so. Though you have your arms pinioned, your daughter is merely handcuffed.

No; you will not be told why you are treated thus, beyond being informed that a man who wears a red tie might be guilty of any kindred atrocity.

Certainly it is true that your two male friends are lying in the deepest dungeons beneath the castle's moat.

Yes, your Aunt will certainly be tortured unless she confesses.

You are not far wrong in supposing that the man you say is your brother will be sentenced to penal servitude for life.

It is against the rules to furnish you with pens, ink, and paper, even to enable you to write a letter to the *Times*.

You cannot be put in a cell by yourself. Yes; the felon chained near you is accused of murder.

You may say or do what you please, but, mark us—you will get no redress!

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.—The Elective Franchise, and Female Voters allowed to marry the men of their choice before the Registrar.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE YOUNGEST MISS BROWN PRACTISES ACCOMPANIMENTS.

OUR NOTES AND QUERIES.

Seasonably arranged in "Queen's" English.

SUGGESTION WANTED.—Having rented a small country house for the present month, I am about to give a ball, to which three hundred people have been invited, but the only available room I have for dancing is a roofless and weather-beaten barn sadly out of repair, that requires flooring. What can I do in the way of decoration to give it, at a small expense, the appearance of a light and elegant apartment suitable for the purpose.

ANNETTE.

TRAVELLING INQUIRY.—We are seven in family, three of us being invalids who cannot move comfortably or safely anywhere without Bath chairs. What would be the simplest and most direct way of getting to Bordigherra, either by the Rhine and the Swiss Lakes, or by any other equally familiar route? Would it be possible to get the chairs over the Simplon, or, failing that and being obliged to part with them on this side, could we secure a fair price for them? or would it be better to have them sent round by Marseilles and Nice to meet us in the Maritime Alps, relying in the meantime on offers of local assistance? Any correspondent who has had the experience and will communicate fully will oblige.

HYSTERICUS.

PRESSENT FOR BABY.—Perhaps "God-Papa" wishes to offend the baby's relations, otherwise the damaged ophicleide case can scarcely be regarded as an agreeable or appropriate gift on the occasion. He had better revert to his original purpose, and work it something himself in crewels. Unless "God-Papa" contemplates at the last moment purchasing something for the baby, in which event I should suggest a complete plated gold and silver dessert service as likely to give general surprise and satisfaction.

WILD ROBIN.

ETIQUETTE.—"ANGELINA" is wrong in supposing that a declaration of affection should necessarily be made by a gentleman on one bended knee. Such, we believe, is the custom in the highest circles, and still obtains at Court, but it is not now considered *de rigueur* in general society. With reference to her second question,—decidedly, No. Goloshes cannot be worn in the drawing-room under any plea whatever. The fact that the gentleman offending doubted the honesty of the domestic left in charge of the hats, does not affect the question.

EUTRPE.

SONG AT SCARBOROUGH

During the Match Gentlemen of England v. Players of England, September 3, 1885.

YE Gentlemen of England,
Who smite for twos and threes,
One bat has swiped for twenty years,
That bat is W. G.'s.
That wondrous willow waves again
To match the old, old foe,
And spans through their ranks
Whilst the bowlers puff and blow,
Though TOM EMMETT sends them swift and straight,
And the "field" do all they know.

BRITANNIA need not tremble
Whilst he his "block" can keep,
And slog for sixes and for fours,
Though the field stand close or deep.
There's "powder" yet in every stroke,
His "drives" like lightning go,
And men roar as the score
Swells at every swashing blow,
Though ULTETT "sends 'em down" like hail,
And PRATE his best doth show.

The Cricket fame of England
Shall yet in brightness burn,
And we can wait without blue funk
That Cornstalk Team's return,
Whilst W. G. can show such form
After twenty years or so;
The fame of his name
Sounds wherever Britons go,
And the mighty score on Scarborough's shore
Should bring him "one cheer mo'!"

"BITTER."—It is announced that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will visit Derby on October 17, to take part in the unveiling of the statue of the late Mr. BASS. Some of its subscribers, with a view to improve the inauguration of that memorial, are said to meditate a request for the attendance of Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

INK-STAINS.—The only method of removing the ink-stains from your blue satin boudoir furniture will be to rip off all the material, and wash it in hot tea and salts of lemon; but as this will cause the stuff to shrink, you must be fully prepared to find that it will be impossible to re-cover with it the surface it formerly occupied. Under these circumstances, your best plan would be either to entirely ink your whole suite till it match, or, better still, order new frameworks of a smaller size for your sofa, chairs, and other occasional pieces. This is perhaps the simplest plan, though you must not be disappointed at finding your satin, even when replaced, a dull yellow-green colour, and anything but attractive to the eye. It is extremely difficult to remove ink-stains from blue satin.

FANCHETTE.

EXCHANGE.—"PENELOPE" wishes to change one dozen jars of pickled cucumber and a white cockatoo, affable with children and very talkative and amusing, for jewellery of equal value, or novelties in needlework, wood-engraving, drawing-room ornaments, old point-lace, or Aylesbury ducks.

Down, Dairy, Down!

THE milk of human kindness must be curdled

When from the post it held for many a day,

That broad Park walk tree-shadowed, iron-hurdled,

Milk Fair remorselessly is driven away.

Needful? Those new park plans may have their merit,

But—well, *Punch* envies not the task of TYRWHITT.

Look Out!

THE following alarming information is given in the papers:—

"It is rumoured that both Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres will cease to exist next year. One is to be thrown into the area of Covent Garden Market, and the other is coveted by the postal authorities."

The postal authorities are quite welcome to covet anything they please, but we must earnestly protest against any theatre being thrown into the area of Covent Garden Market. This neighbourhood has long been disagreeable: it now promises to become dangerous.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. NO. 18.



INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.

EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN. IT IS LEFT TO THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL AND THEIR COUNTRY COUSINS.

"HOOP-LÀ!"

In consequence of the possibility of Bicycles being used for scouting purposes in warfare, the following set of questions has already been drawn up by the Military Authorities, for use at the next Sandhurst Examination:—

1. What course would you be inclined to recommend for practical adoption if, when the enemy's cavalry is charging down on you, you find yourself suddenly and violently precipitated over the handle of your machine owing to the front wheel coming off?
2. State your method of tightening your cranks under a hot fire.
3. Do you consider yourself qualified to guide a machine with a revolver in one hand and a sword in the other? Mention how, under such circumstances, you propose making practical use of your field-glass?
4. What's your way of treating an enemy that shouts "Yah! your back-wheel's going round!"
5. On arriving at the summit of a steep hill, and finding the enemy in full possession of the ditch half-way down, what sort of patent brake would you prefer to have attached to your bicycle? Which would be best—to shoot the hill, or shoot the enemy?
6. At what precise moment in the decisive Battle of Coventry did the British Commander flash the thrilling signal (by heliograph) to all parts of the field—"England expects every man to oil his machine"?
7. Supposing that fifty howling savages are hanging on to your coat-tails, and jobbing you with spears, would you feel a glow of pleasure at remembering that an economical Government had failed

to supply your machine with one of the Patent Galvanic Death-Dealing Backbones?

8. Do you think the new Torpedo Tricycle likely to be most perilous to the enemy or to its rider?

9. In riding through a dangerous country, where there's every reason to fear ambushes, which do you think the safest seat on a "Tandem"—in front or behind? Which would you offer to your Commander-in-Chief if he requested a mount?

10. In those numerous cases where good macadamised roads would require to be made through dense jungle and over perpendicular mountains before cycling scouts could begin to operate, what particular advantage do you think would result from their employment in preference to a few light mounted skirmishers on horseback?

At the Top of the (Willow) Tree.

Oh, Yorkshire and Lancashire both are big pots,
But Cricket's top honours again go to Notts.
Surrey, who hoped with its record to vie,
Found it one of those Notts very few can e'er tie.

Well, Surrey showed pluck,
So here's wishing her luck,
And first place when next Season's last wickets are struck.

THE "PSALM OF LIFE" OF THE SWINDLER.—"Let us then be up and 'do'-ing!"

FITZDOTTEREL; OR, T' OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be."

CANTO III.—LOVE AND LUCRE.

"A German *Fräulein*, young, and fair, and fond,
With ochre hair and eyes of China-blue,
Yearns inexpressibly to correspond,
At once, with some young Teuton, with a view
To Matrimony. Wealth hath she beyond
The dreams of avarice, quite enough for two.
An early interview could be arranged.
N.B.—If wished, Photos might be exchanged."

"By Cupid, PUMPERNICKEL, here's your chance!"
Cried BEEVOR, reading the above advertisement.
"I see an opening here for True Romance.
Nay, do not scowl, I tell you nothing pert is meant
By my remark. I see, PUMP, at a glance,
That by this notice, naive though slightly curt, is meant
Beauty phenomenal, a spirit clear,
And something like ten thousand pounds a year."

"Boosh!" granted PUMPERNICKEL, bending over
The *Ramayana*. "I must quite refuse
To play the part of advertising lover,
Or help support the *Matrimonial News*.
Can you not see this hackneyed rot must cover
A coarse and cockney soul?" "No, in your shoes,"
Replied FITZDOTTEREL, "I should answer her, man!
Ah me! I only wish I were a German!"

"Why, so you are," said HERMANN, with a sneer,
"By our agreement." "Ah! of course," cried BEEVOR,
"I never thought of that." "Your course is clear,"
Pursued the Teuton. "If you're a believer
In such stale clap-trap, if you do not fear
'Playing up' to this scullion-souled deceiver,
And want to get into a pretty pickle,
Answer, and sign yourself H. PUMPERNICKEL."

Mighty is Instinct, mightier still is Doom!
(This has no meaning, but it sounds like Omen.)
That little joke in PUMPERNICKEL's room,
That friendly frolic interchange of nomen,
Auroral gladness or Cimmerian gloom
Was pregnant with. FITZDOTTEREL worshipped women,
His soul was simple, sympathetic, saintly,
His sense of humour glimmered rather faintly.

All hail, Absurdity! Without thine aid
Dulness would rule the world in hall and hovel.
Where without thee were Satire's pleasant trade?
Did not humanity in thy bathos grovel,
There were no lure in Love for man or maid,
No stuff for the third volume of a novel.
No writer, then, can contemplate with levity
Dual Control of Common-Sense and Brevity.

That Condominium, though, is still remote.
FITZDOTTEREL, spite of PUMPERNICKEL's mockery,
Felt that this German Girl he madly loved;
His soul was rather Rousseauish than Cookery.
Sentiment callow-brained and cheveril-gloved
Leads to much breaking, both of hearts and crockery.
BEEVOR—as PUMPERNICKEL—therefore wrote
The following seductive little note.

(He penned it in a wood, at the dictation
Of an old elm. Pray, don't suppose I joke.
Trees are "fair cautions" at confabulation;
Don't you remember TENNYSON's "Talking Oak"?)
FITZDOTTEREL always went for inspiration
Into the Forest, penning what it spoke
Unto his heart. His book, *Whines from the Wood*,
The *Morning Pump* considered very good.)

"H. P., a Teuton twenty-two and wealthy,
Has seen LONE GRETCHEN's sweet Advertisement,
And straightway through his soul Love's footsteps stealthily
Stole conqueringly. He will be well content
To marry her; but, just to prove her healthy
Scorn for the huckster charms of cent.-per-cent.,
He wishes her, before he corresponds,
To invest one-half her wealth in Turkish Bonds."

Love at first sight's stale stuff for the Romanceer,
Love per Advertisement is far more fresh.
Why should it not as excellently answer
Twin souls space-sundered swiftly to enmesh?
HERMANN, whose temper was as crabbed as Cancer,
Said Love must make appearance in the flesh
Ere o'er him he would exercise his spell.
But 'twas not so with young FITZDOTTEREL.

His love cared naught for flesh or photos. No!
An Astral Body, vouched by Mr. SINNETT.
Would have sufficed his yearnings. (Here a flow
Of Mystic Lore sets in. We'll not begin it.
It runs through seven hundred lines or so.)
FITZDOTTEREL pined for GRETCHEN's love. To win it
He was prepared all measures to exhaust,
To dote like DAVID or to sin like FAUST.

But BEEVOR, rushing forth to post his note,
His heart a-thump, his pulses in a flutter,
Butted against HERE EDELWEISS, and amote
The poor old pedant plump into the gutter.
O Destiny! how you must grin and gloat
To see how Man, for all his fume and splutter,
Is but thy Shuttlecock! There is a game
By ladies loved, Badminton is its name,

Which is a truer type of human life
Than—(Scissors through six pages!) EDELWEISS
Soon wormed out BEEVOR's secret. Like a knife
Cut his keen scorn. "Ach Himmel! this is nice!"
He shouted. "A FITZDOTTEREL seek a wife,
Like some erotic shop-boy!" In a trice
BEEVOR perceived that he had played the noodle,
And fawned on EDELWEISS like a spanked poodle.

"FITZDOTTEREL, Keep your Pecker up! Though humbled,"
Said EDELWEISS, "respect your family motto.
Give me the letter." Poor FITZDOTTEREL fumbled
In all his pockets. Where could it have got to?
Alas! when in the gutter those two tumbled,
(O Fate, thou'rt stern as Germany's iron Orro!)
The note had dropped. The sequel Fancy painted.
FITZDOTTEREL flopped upon the floor, and fainted.

A sort of Operatic Rigmarole
Is Life! (Here Pegasus is off again.
But, though his pace is pretty on the whole,
The flying steed requires a tightish rein,
And we shall never reach our distant goal
If thus he keeps "cavorting round,"—that's plain.
Snip! There go Ptolemy Euergetes,
Euclid, the Vedas, and the Dukes of Guise!)

That letter went! Some good Samaritan
Had from the pavement picked and posted it.
EDELWEISS, dear Polonius-like old man,
Learned, but owlish as to mother-wit,
Could hit upon no more sagacious plan,
Than to advise the tangled twain to flit.
"One folly drives another out sometimes,
So what say you to trying foreign climbs?"

One pun—an old one—makes the whole world kin.
'Tis as heart-opening as rum-punch or platitude.
Oh (Scissors!) BEEVOR "twigg'd" with a broad grin.
"Hoch!" cried he, striking an heroic attitude,
"Let's join the Alpine Club, and strive to win
Penny-a-liner fame and Gossip gratitude,
By scaling some tall peak's untrodden snow,
Like that Excelsior fellow, don't you know!"

They started, BEEVOR as Herr PUMPERNICKEL,
HERMANN as Lord FITZDOTTEREL, whilst that letter
Flew on to cheat LONE GRETCHEN. Here's a pickle!
Could COLLINS or GABORIAU mix a better?
It promises sheer smash. But Fortune's fickle,
Roses entwine Fatality's iron fetter;
And when things seem in the most hopeless dead-lock,
Romance strikes out a road to joy and wedlock!

THEATRICAL.—Mr. PARNELL has issued his "Programme." Like
some other "Managers" he makes no charge for it. But the per-
formance, if ever attempted, will prove a very expensive one, the
curtain will have to be rung down before the end of the First Act,
the company will be promptly disbanded, the Star Actor hissed off
the stage, and the management become bankrupt.

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51, Berners Street, London.

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8s. 6d. per Doz.

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"ABSOLUTELY PURE."



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For Gout: Lithia Water, and Lithia and Potass Water.

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BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL
It cures Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat, Indigestion, &c. It destroys all disease germs, and from its purifying action in clearing all impurities in the stomach and bowels, gives a healthy tone to the whole system. Wards off all attacks of CHOLERA, TYPHOID, and all MALIGNANT FEVERS. 2s., 6s., and 9s. per bottle, of all Chemists.

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1ld. per Bath.
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Friedrichshall Mineral Water

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A SIXPENNY TABLET EQUALS TWENTY SEA-BATHS.
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HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY.
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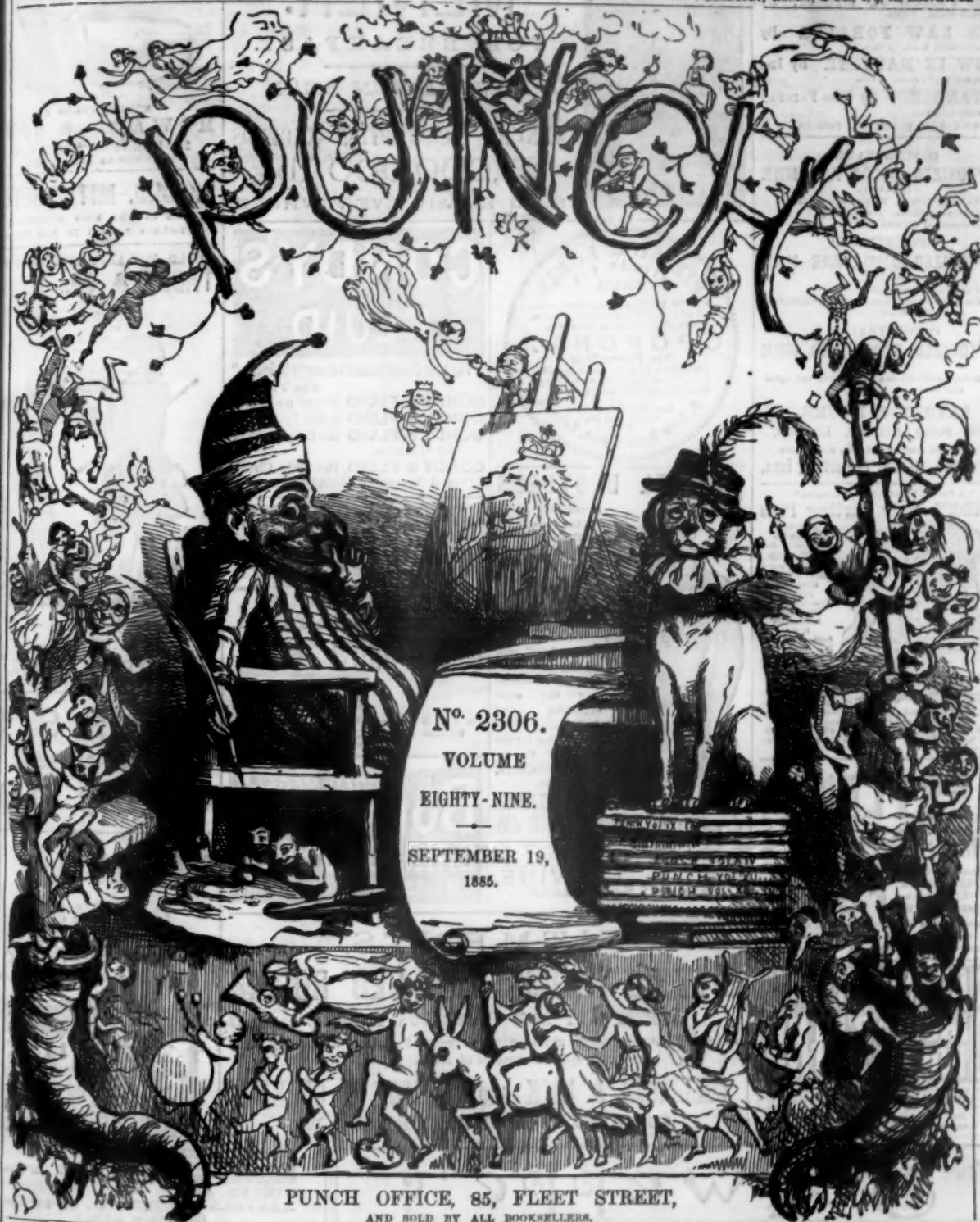
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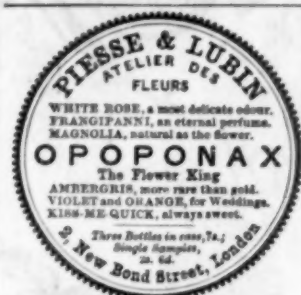


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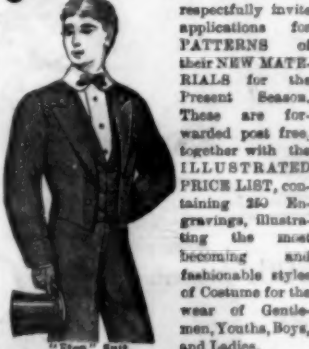
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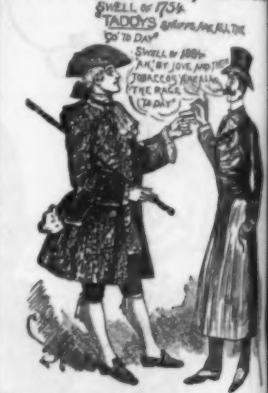
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Enjoying the Height of the Seas-on.



The Bell Buoy.

THE WAY WE ADVERTISE THIS WEEK.

(Modern Sporting Specimens—very choice.)

ST. LEGER! ST. LEGER!

BILL BUSTER, the Old Jockey, who was suspended for foul riding, so far back as 1874, and was warned off Newmarket Heath for life, in 1878, has now ready his final synopsis for the St. Leger. Has been snubbed by more Owners and thrown out of more Trainers' stables than any other Turf Adviser of the Age. Follow BILL BUSTER and the *Queen's Tuxes*, not to mention the *Water Rates* may follow you with impunity. Send at once Five Shillings in stamps to Post Office, Ropeborough-on-the-Hill.

ARCHER! ARCHER!! ARCHER!!!—FRED ARCHER boldly states that he has no connection with the Jockey of that name, but is prepared to advise Noblemen and Gentlemen over the St. Leger. Has several real certainties.

Who sent 100 to 1 Chance for the Two Thousand Guineas? Why **ARCHER! ARCHER! ARCHER!**

FRED ARCHER sent *Golden Ray*, who started 100 to 1, and finished absolutely last.

Who has sent *Paradox* all the Summer for the St. Leger? Why **ARCHER! ARCHER! ARCHER!**

FRED ARCHER has persistently, from what he has seen and from what he has heard, written up the chances of *Paradox* for the St. Leger, disregarding the fact that the colt was never entered in the race. F. A. challenges the world to produce a Tipster capable of a similar feat.

WISDOM 1.
BOOBIES 2.

OLD MO., still in Portland, and not out, owing to lack of marks towards diminution of sentence, till next July, when he hopes to meet all his old pals at dear old glorious Goodwood, begs to state that his business is carried on during his absence by his nephews, **IKKY** and **MO JUNR.**, and Incivility, Bad Language, and a Fight over each race guaranteed. No connection with Cucumber Mo, who should be avoided, as he comes of a bad lot.

THE SPORT OF KINGS! THE SPORT OF KINGS! THE SPORT OF KINGS!

THE OLD RED, GREEN AND YELLOW FIRM.

SAME OLD SPOT. BOTTOM OF HORSEFOND.

Cigarettes and Brandy, both British, for all British Backers!!

FEXETER HALL.—GENERAL BOOTH'S PET LAMB.—**DRUNKEN DANIEL**, the Converted Welsher (*vide War Cry*), will be pleased to see those Sons of Mammon whom he knew in his unrighteous days, and will be the first to let bygones be bygones, and start afresh.—Address, Post Office, Doncaster.

MR. BENJAMIN BOLTER has no need to disfigure the columns of the Press with loud and vulgar advertisements, proclaiming to the world how far superior he is to his fellow-men. He states facts. He simply says—

That he is the Proprietor of the *Whitechapel Vaticinator*;
That his Newmarket Correspondent was a Hairdresser's Assistant;
That his Special Commissioner was a Clown in a Circus;
That his Pall Mall Flaneur was a Waiter at the "Spotted Dog," Bow, E.

And confidently leaves it to the Public whether he and his talented Staff are not in the best position possible to ascertain facts from the Noblemen and Gentlemen who are the Turf's leading supporters.

A GENTLEMAN, of great experience on the Turf, and one who is in all the really good things, wishes to meet with a Gentleman of similar tastes to accompany him to Doncaster. No applicants unable to put down £50 cash in the Firm need apply.—Apply by letter to the Marker, the Burglars' Rest, Skittle Alley, Strand.

FACTS, NOT WORDS.

Thames Police Court,	'82—6 months for assault.
Marylebone do.	'83—3 months do.
Thames do.	'83—6 months do.
Aintree do.	'84—3 months do.
Epsom do.	'84—6 months do.
Croydon do.	'85—6 months do.

The above speak for themselves. **SLOGGING SAMUEL** is now disengaged, and prepared to settle any accounts over which Bookmakers may have trouble with their clients. "Remember the Slogger's Right." (*Tom Brown's Schooldays*.)

WHO'D HAVE HOCUSSED PARADOX?

WHO'D HAVE ROPED MELTON?

WHO'D HAVE LAMED THE BARD?

Why, old JACK the Tout, honest old JACK, if he'd have had half a chance! Honest old JACK has had a bad time, but means going for the gloves now and winning. Such a chance for downright plucky sportsmen, with their hearts in the right place, has never occurred before. Follow honest old JACK, and shout

"BREAK THE RING!"

CAROLINES AND PENNY-A-LINERS.

THE news received from Berlin that King ALPHONSO had written a short and pressing letter to the German Emperor has naturally excited public opinion as to its contents, and though the *Times* says that "nothing has transpired as to its tenour," and adds "that it is affirmed that the Emperor has communicated it to the Empress and the Prince Imperial, and that all three are very much impressed by it," the following may be regarded as the authentic text of the spirited document in question. Events move fast, and its interest even now is somewhat on the wane; yet, as a factor in the present complication, it is, no less than the prompt reply it elicited, and which is subjoined below, not without its weight.

MADRID, September 14, 1885.

DEAR ROYAL AND IMPERIAL COUSIN AND UNCLE,
WHAT on earth is to be done? Since my last the regrettable incident, to which I will not further refer, has, of course, accentuated the situation, and I fear, whether I will or not, I shall be forced now to assume an attitude that will fill me with lively regret. It is scarcely possible, in the face of the manifestation of popular feeling here, to escape the necessity of telegraphing to the authorities to make some demonstration on the spot. You see how I am placed. Could I not rely on your goodness to order your own vessel to keep well out of the way, if only for a few days? This would seem such a fortunate and desirable solution of the difficulty, which, believe me, at least here, is most acute and pressing. *I am writing this in my Uhlan uniform*, that I have put on, not with a view to appearing in it in the balcony before the populace, but as a compliment to you, through your Ambassador, whom I am about to receive in audience. You see, therefore, that whatever obstacles beset me, I am still and always shall be, Your devoted and anxious Cousin and Nephew,

ALPHONSO.

BERLIN, September 16, 1885.

DEAR ROYAL LITTLE BROTHER AND NEPHEW,
I AM profoundly touched by your appeal, and you may assuredly count on my most excellent good will. Explain your wishes fully to SOLMS. Though our worthy Chancellor had not so purposed it, our vessel will not trouble your ships, but proceed to Singapore. Never mind the regrettable incident. Diplomacy will smooth away the excrescences of the situation, and meanwhile keep up your Spanish pecker, and trust loyally to your old and devoted Grandfather and Cousin,

WILLIAM.



A SCOTCH SKETCH.

(GROWING POPULARITY OF THE HIGHLANDS)

Mrs. Smith (of Bricon). "Lor', Mr. BROWN, I 'ARDLY KNOW YER! ONLY THINK OF OUR MEETIN' 'ERE, THIS YEAR, INSTEAD OF DEAR OLD MARGIT! AN' I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE COSTUME YOU GO SALMON-STALKING IN!"

LETTER TO ASHMEAD BARTLETT, ESQ.

(Care of the Right Hon. Mr. Punch.)

MY DEAR DAME BARTLETT.—You ought to be more careful now you have asked yourself into office. You have been, so far, but a note of interrogation; promote yourself to a full stop now. An I for an Eye has scriptural warrant, but the maxim may be abused.

These remarks, my dear Dame, are due to a report of a speech which you made somewhere the other day. This is a bit of what you said:—

"No language was strong enough to condemn the politician who underrated the need for England of a paramount Navy. He [Eye, that is] would pass over the Imperial value of our maritime power—the glory, prestige, honour, these priceless attributes of a great and self-respecting nation. The sickly and pusillanimous cosmopolitanism and the flabby and fantastic sentimentalism of our day despised these noble heritages of an illustrious past, and laboured to supersede them by the cult of every worthless barbarism and every antagonistic interest, and by their universal and new-fangled Panjandrum, ruinous scuttle, and shame."

Now I never myself heard of any politician who underrated the need of a paramount Navy. My dear Eye, I thought we were all agreed about it. But your English, BARTLETT—your English! I would charitably hope that you had taken too much of your hosts' wine. But you had not. For if you had, you could not possibly have made such a sentence as "the sickly and pusillanimous cosmopolitanism and the flabby and fantastic sentimentalism" clear to any human being, let alone a reporter. Try it when a little sprung. Then, dear Dame, what do you think you mean by "a universal and new-fangled Panjandrum?" What is a Panjandrum? A prescription? a forum? Unless you were haunted with vague ideas of yourself in the character of a little round button at top, I am unable to arrive at the remotest conclusion as to what you thought you meant. A common Panjandrum is said to be a kind of Javanese Common-Councilman. A universal and new-fangled Panjandrum becomes an

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.*

THE DIRGE OF THE DISAPPOINTED DINER.

AIR—"Twickenham Ferry."

"At a meeting of the Twickenham Local Board, the Chairman (Mr. C. J. TREUFF) stated that the accumulations of mud in the river within their district were just as bad now as last year. During the past week the Twickenham Ferry had been unable to work from its usual place."—*Globe*.

DEAR me, oh dear me, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)
I see not a boat, so I'm not feeling merry,
Though asked out to dinner in Twickenham town:
They dine at, I'm certain, a quarter to eight,
So I gaze on the mud-banks, bemoaning my fate;
For there is not a punt, or a skiff, or a wherry,
Or chance of my dining in Twickenham town!

DEAR me, it is strange, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)
I'm getting an-hungered, and savage feel very,
They're punctual diners in Twickenham town!
I cannot get over, how'er I may wish—
They have finished the soup, they're beginning the fish,
They have had a few glasses of excellent sherry—
I would I were dining in Twickenham town!

DEAR me, it is odd, where is Twickenham Ferry?
(There's plenty of mud, the stream running down.)
I'd roast the Conservancy Board like a berry,
For barring my progress to Twickenham town!
I'm perfectly sober, but something is wrong—
Does Twickenham Ferry exist but in song?
I'm as likely to-night to be dancing in Kerry,
As taking my dinner in Twickenham town!

* Where on earth has he been all this time? Lazy!! There never was such a Lazy Minstrel! But, after this contribution, we are pretty sure to receive a visit from him.—ED.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"A LOVER OF SHAKESPEARE residing at Pegwell Bay" writes to know where the line—

"Ye potted shrimps with double tongue,"

is to be found in the Works of the Divine WILLIAMS, and if the coincidence may be taken to refer to the Poet's peculiar fancy for two dishes at breakfast, the one being potted shrimps and the other double or "rolled tongue"? The line he quotes may probably be found in the first folio, but we have lent ours, and it has not yet been returned.

unutterable nightmare. A "ruinous scuttle" is also a vile phrase, especially when suddenly wound up with such a common-place expression (so unworthy of you, BARTLETT) as "shame." Coals are dear, but scuttles are much as they have been since OSCAR improved them. Think of your parents! Mr. and Mrs. BARTLETT, Senior, will be summoned and fined by the School Board of Eye for not enforcing your attendance, if you go on like this.

We will part on friendly terms this time, dear Dame, but do take care. Have you ever read the *Ingoldsby Legends*? Hardly, I should think. But consider this stanza with a variation:—

LORD SALISBURY, RANDOLPH, and each Tory man
May say what they please, and may do what they can;
But one thing seems remarkably clear—
They may go out to-morrow, or stay in next year,
Make his borough a "district," or anything try,
They'll never get quit of the Member for Eye!

Warningly yours, STRATTON STRAWLESS.

A HATEFUL HABIT.

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS BOLTON, giving evidence at the inquest held on the poor lady who died from the effect of burns received at the Inventions Exhibition, deposed that it was a very common practice to throw lighted matches on the ground at the Exhibition, and that he had been looking out for an accident of this kind for some months. Inspector ROWLAND stated that on the same night he counted twenty persons who perpetrated this act of callous imbecility. Twenty possible homicides, and—alas!—one actual one, and all from that unpardonable "want of thought" which is almost as bad, and sometimes quite as mischievous, as "want of heart." The Coroner and the Jury agreed that the mischievous habit must be "put down"; and Mr. Punch hopes that the cruel death of this poor victim of selfish folly may at least have the effect of hastening on that "consummation most devoutly to be wished."

THE GERMAN SAUSAGE AND THE SPANISH ONION.

"The question as to which of the two Powers may be entitled to exercise sovereign rights in the Caroline Islands, is not sufficiently important to tempt the Imperial Government to seek a solution of it by departing from the conciliatory traditions of its policy, which have always been especially friendly to Spain."—*Prince Bismarck's Despatch to Count Solms.*



German Sausage, loquitor:—

"ONION is strength," methinks I've heard.
Strength of a sort, no doubt.
'Twould be a little bit absurd
For us to tumble out.

I cannot "eat the leek," of course—
'Twere easier to eat you;
But is there nothing but sheer force
To settle 'twixt us two?
Cheer up, my odorous esculent!
I love you—like a brother.

I'm sure that we were never meant
To gobble up each other.
Don't frown at me, you furious mite, you!
You really do me wrong.
I've not the smallest wish to bite you.
You are (*winks*) so awfully strong!

ON A CERTAIN RECALL.

SOME hint Sir CHARLES in wisdom was found lacking.
That's probably a case of WARREN's blacking.

'ARRY THE ARISTOCRAT.—On the wall of what is called "The
Établissement," at Ramsgate, is posted up this notice—"SELECT
BALL EVERY EVENING. Admission, 6d."

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Over old Ground—On Board—The Mystic Umbrella—The Composer in a New Character—Arrival—Under Weigh.

ONCE more going North from Euston, with my friend, CULLINS the Composer, whose charming song "*The Past is but a Muddled Dream*," recently created such a *furor* in musical circles, both bound for the Yacht *Aramintha*. We go by the Limited Mail, and find an unlimited female trying to take possession of our seats. She has had,



A Figure Head.

however, to argue with a sturdy Scotch Guard, and is now confronted and put utterly to rout by the lawful owners. She disappears, and is heard no more. It is late in the season for a cruise, and we fear the weather is breaking. We hope for the best, and are more or less prepared for the worst. Uneventful journey. At Carlisle, hunger being a sharp thorn, we try a cup of luke-warm and doubtful coffee and attempt a nibble at a slice of bread-and-butter, to which the description of some fine ancient vintage would apply—"curious, old, and very dry." It is nine minutes past 5 A.M., and the Guard did not inform us that, as we were bound for Stranraer, we had at least a quarter of an hour to spare, instead of being

hurried off in five minutes. Why has he kept this a secret? There might have been something better at Carlisle, after all, than the above-mentioned fossil bread-and-butter, tepid coffee, and indifferent tea, which last considerably upset the Composer's equanimity. However, he justified his professional claims by composing himself to sleep; and repose, not conversation, being our object, we were more or less somnolent, and perfectly silent.

N.B.—North Britain. Sunrise very effective. I draw the Composer's attention to it, thinking he would like to compose something about a Sunrise,—say a *Sunata*,—but he only turns round and burrows into the cushion, muttering "Sunrise be blowed!" The Composer is evidently a trifle crusty. To adapt Dr. Watts's *Sluggard*, "I have called him too soon, I shan't call him again." We pass the "Irving Arms Hotel." Evidently a theatrical district. Wonder if there's an "Irving Legs Hotel"? Nobody visible; only geese and donkeys out at this time of the morning. This observation would not be a safe one to make in the presence of a man gifted with what in Shakespearean times was styled "a pretty wit." He would be sure to use it against you. In his present sociable frame of mind, I fancy the Composer would if I gave him a chance.

Dumfries.—The Composer murmurs, as he gazes wearily through the window at nothing in particular, "Um! Castle of Dumfries. Let me see—what happened there? Siege—I think—subject for cantata—or opera." Then he dives down again head-foremost, and disappears under a rug.

At Lochmaben, or some such name, which sounds to the initiated as if not totally unconnected with the mysteries of Freemasonry, we don't stop, but only considerably slacken speed, and the train passes as it were on tiptoe, so as not to disturb the sleeping inhabitants. Perhaps there's a special signal up "Please don't wake the Station Master." If not, it is remarkably thoughtful of the driver, and let us include the stoker, who may have suggested this idea to the driver.

Stranraer.—We both regard one another dubiously. The sea is, there is no concealing the fact, the sea is just a little less calm than we could have wished. The Composer, pulling himself together, announces his intention of taking breakfast on board the steamer which is to convey us to Larne, in Ireland. I follow suit, with qualms.

We embark. We breakfast. I am bound to admit, an excellent breakfast, as this meal, in Scotland, universally is. Also cheap. It is ready for you immediately you come on board, and you sit down to it before the boat starts. *Verbum sap.* After it, I lie down in the saloon, being unwilling to trust myself on deck, a proceeding which would result in my arriving at the Yacht a mere wreck, a pale phantom of my usual self. But I know that the evil hour must come. I have a presentiment. So I stay below. The Composer excitedly hurries down, to inform me that the Captain has got a powerful magnetic umbrella which will much interest me. It attracts the compass. Let it; it won't attract me; and I remain where I am. *J'y suis, j'y reste*. When the steamer stops at Larne, however, CULLINS, who is as brisk as if he had never done anything all his life but skip up and down a companion, insists upon my seeing the Captain go through his performance with the compass and the umbrella. CULLINS acting as showman, having taken the Captain entirely under his patronage, as I will now explain.

In the Captain's existence this episode of the magnetic umbrella marks an epoch. He is just now full of it. I believe that till CULLINS came on board he has been in the habit of delivering a series of seriously scientific lectures to detachments of passengers, con-

sisting of as many as can at one time find standing-room in the little deck steerage-house, to whom he has at considerable length enlarged, on the divergences of the compass as affected by a magnetised umbrella; and in this instructive exhibition he has generally been assisted by any amenable passenger who would carry the umbrella and obey the Captain's directions. But with the appearance of CULLINS all this is changed. CULLINS, in spite of his being an eminent composer, has a hard, sharp, and undeniable manner with him, which takes a stranger by surprise, and compels him, on the first impulse, to render blind obedience to the Composer's dictates.

Physically, the Captain of the steamer would make three of CULLINS, but the latter holds him with his glittering eye, and has much the same effect on the Captain, as the magnetised umbrella has upon the compass.

The Captain is talking to a friend, and is on the point of quitting the ship. But CULLINS won't allow anything of the sort.

"Here, Captain! Hi! hi!" he cries. "Come back! Here's the gentleman to see the umbrella." And back comes the burly Sea Captain, with a rolling gait, like one of his own steamers in a ground swell, and submissively produces the umbrella, inviting me to follow him into the steerage-house.

"Ye'll just mark the compass," he commences, very slowly, being evidently deeply impressed by the immense importance of this scientific phenomenon, when CULLINS cuts in—

"The Captain means," says CULLINS, briskly interrupting, and acting as a lively showman and also interpreter, as though the Captain had been addressing me in some strange foreign language,— "The Captain means to say that he wants you to see the effect which that umbrella—its frame is made of magnetised steel—has upon the compass."

The Captain, who has not yet recovered his breath, he has been so completely staggered by the words being taken out of his mouth, nods his head in token of assent, and is evidently beginning to ask himself whether he is in a dream, and if he is still commanding on board his own ship or not. But CULLINS, whose tone and action have drawn a certain number of idlers from the landing-stage, and caused some of the departing passengers to pause, having now got together something like a respectable audience, with me as a sort of chairman, to whom he can personally address his remarks, continues in his sprightliest style—

"You see," he says, addressing me, in my aforesaid imaginary capacity, in the first instance, and then taking his audience into his confidence right and left, "one night the Captain looked in here, and found the compass was indicating the wrong course—" Here he turns to the Captain for corroboration, and obtains it, the Captain bending his head slowly forward like a mechanical wax figure. From his puzzled expression I can see that CULLINS is not putting the case with nautical precision as concerns details, but that, on the whole, the narration is correct, and the Captain, listening to his own story as if he were hearing it still in a dream, cannot recover himself sufficiently to wake up, and tell it properly himself.

"And," continues CULLINS, looking round at his auditors, who, from their attitude of respectful attention, I fancy now begin to think that he is either the Managing Director of the Company, or the sole proprietor of the steamers on the Stranraer and Larne route, "when the Captain noticed this, he took charge of the steering himself. The compass still varied, turning this way and that way"—here, following the dramatic movement of CULLINS's hands, the audience listen with breathless interest,— "the Captain, as a thoroughly experienced sailor,"—here they all regard the Captain with admiration, and he himself looks modestly down, as though he were having his health proposed by CULLINS, and were meditating what on earth he should say in reply,— "knew that there must be some counteracting influence. But no one was here with him, no one was, as far as he could see in the dark night, outside. But, not satisfied, he looked out again, and then he saw an elderly Gentleman." The Captain nods, and intimates that CULLINS is now on the right tack.

I, in my temporary character of Chairman of a Scientific Association listening to instruction, give a dignified bow of encouragement to the lecturer, the audience draw breath and won't lose a word of it. CULLINS proceeds:—"The Captain asked him to step in. Directly he did so, the compass went right round at him." Audience takes this literally, and shows signs of alarm. They think CULLINS and the Captain are Spiritualists. "The Captain said, 'Sir, you have something about you which interferes with the true action of the compass.' The middle-aged Stranger indignantly denied it. The Captain requested that he would allow himself to be searched." Great excitement among audience. All eyes on the Captain. Captain a bit bewildered, evidently doesn't quite recognise himself in this part of the narrative. CULLINS goes on as if he were addressing a jury:

"The gentleman resented this. The Captain insisted. He pointed out that he couldn't allow his ship to be run out of her course, and all their lives endangered because the elderly passenger had a bit of steel in his pocket, or whatever it might be that so powerfully affected the compass. Well, he was searched thoroughly, and nothing was found."

Breathless interest. Everyone, myself included, expecting that the stranger would turn out to be a sort of human electric-eel, a very attractive, and yet a shocking sort of person.

The Captain having partially recovered the use of his voice, is heard to murmur something, but CULLINS won't have it, and means to go on as he has begun:—

"In order to be searched he had to take off his coat, and to do that he deposited his umbrella outside. The search being over, he went out at the left door, but this time the compass didn't follow him, but pointed right. Out went the Captain,"—this sounds like the song and chorus of "*Dosen went the Captain, down went the Crew*," and I fancy from a note in the Composer's voice, that a reminiscence of this is in his harmonious and retentive mind; it is at all events an opportunity for a chorus which everyone present has allowed to escape,—"*Out went the Captain, and there was an umbrella*." Immense sensation. Startling dramatic situation. "Is this yours?" he called out to the passenger. It was. "Then, look here," said the Captain, "this umbrella has been magnetised, and you might have wrecked us all with it." Audience thrilled with horror. CULLINS points to the Captain, and says:—

"Captain, have the goodness to produce the umbrella, and show us how it acts upon the compass."

The Captain, as passively obedient as the mesmerised lady who carries out to the letter the conjuror's orders, at once complies. He doesn't say anything, but he moves the umbrella first to the right, then to the left, and we all crowd round the compass watching its extraordinary revolutions. Everyone exclaims, "Well, that is curious!" and generally regard CULLINS and the Captain with a lurking suspicion that they are confederates in a swindle, and that there will be something to pay for the show.

"Now, Captain," says CULLINS, authoritatively, "take the umbrella outside."

The Captain obeys. He takes it outside, and looks at us with a curious sadness through the window. The compass persistently follows the movements of the Captain with the umbrella.

"There's clearly no trick about it," observes one of the audience, in an undertone, to a friend, who replies, "Oh, no; it's quite genuine." Then the little crowd breaks up and melts away gradually, as they do from the front of a Punch and Judy Show when the man is preparing to go round with the hat, while I hear murmurs of "Oh, very curious! most interesting!" as they disappear one by one, and two by two, in a surreptitious, shuffling sort of way, as if they were conscious of having encouraged a showman under false pretences, and were now sneaking off without paying for the entertainment.

I am left standing by the compass.

"It is most remarkable," I sagely observe, and I don't know whether to congratulate the Captain on the acquisition of the old umbrella, or to condole with him on the loss of his brand-new one, which, he informs me, he has given to the mysterious and dangerous passenger in exchange for the magnetic instrument. It is a second-hand kind of article, and, as a protection against rain, is, I see, utterly useless. Certainly the Mysterious Traveller got the best of the bargain.

A voice from the quay here sings out, "Hi! you fellows!" and, in another second, CULLINS has caught the tone, forgotten all about the Captain and his umbrella, and, exclaiming to me, "Hi! here! Come along! here's MELLEVILLE," he has hurried over the gangway, and is shaking hands heartily with our host and old friend MELLEVILLE, owner of the *Amarintha*. I wish the Captain "Good-bye!" and join our friends on the pier of Larne Harbour.

"Blowing a bit fresh," observes MELLEVILLE. "But I suppose you'd like to get under weigh at once?"

Certainly, if that suits him. It does. And so, directly we are on board the *Amarintha*—and to reach her we have a somewhat uneasy experience in the gig, rowed by four of the stalwart crew—we shall start for—where?

"Well, we shall make for Oban, but we shan't get there to-day," says MELLEVILLE; "though," he adds, "it ought to be a very good sailing-day."

CULLINS the Composer, no longer the Showman, Lecturer, and the despotic Commander, seems, so to speak, to have retired within himself, and to be disinclined to come out again.

Once more, traps and all, on board the *Amarintha*. The *Amarintha* evidently wants to get away; she is very restless, and is jumping about as fresh as a horse that has been three days shut up in the stable.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Sideways she goes to the left! Sideways she goes to the right! Up she goes! Down she goes!

"Now, what would you both like to do!" asks MELLEVILLE, cheerily.

CULLINS and myself,—I see the reply in his eye, and I feel it in mine,—would say, if we might speak out honestly, "Please, Sir,—we'd like to go back again." But we are here for a holiday cruise, and so I answer, boldly,—

"Well—I think—I'll—in fact, I think I'd better"—(Up she

goes! and down she goes! and sideways she goes! and roll she goes!)—"I think I'd better go below, and—lie down,—eh? Don't you?" "Certainly," returns MELLEVILLE; "far the best way,—and get it over!"

CULLINS has already vanished. I descend the companion. Up she goes again! Whop she goes! Yeo ho! One, two, three, pull! Round she goes! Sideways she goes! Can't unpack. Down she goes! Where's berth? Sideways she goes! Berth meets me half-way. Whop she goes! Over she goes! Flop she goes! Down she goes!

And down I go, flat on my back—and they don't see me again till dinner-time.

Happy and Consoling Thought.—The great NELSON was always ill when he first came on board ship.

Up she goes! Down she goes! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Flop. Boom bang! Whop. One, two, three, pull! One, two, three, pull! S-a-a-swish she goes through the water! We are under weigh. About she goes! Sideways she goes! Oh! And poor Brer Rabbit lays low.

(To be continued—I think.)

A SONG FOR SKEGNESS.

"It is just the place for a few hours at the sea-side, the Paradise of the 'Cheap-tripper,' with wide-spreading sands, whereupon children can disport themselves with perfect safety."—*Standard*.

Do you like the North Wind with the roar of the seas,
As the spray flies afar on the boisterous breeze;
Do you care for a pier that is terribly long,
With a room at the end for the dance and the song;
Do you sigh for a place where there's no need to dress
In fine clothes, then away to the shores of Skegness.

Are you fond of cheap trips, when our 'ARRY's about,
And his rather cacophonous laughter rings out;
Do you go to the sea-side to rollick and joke,
And to ride up and down on a poor little "moke;"
If you care for a swing, if you dare to confess
To a love for Aunt Sally, then go to Skegness.

If you care by the far-sounding ocean to stand,
And to watch little children build forts on the sand;
If you wish to be photographed there by the sea,
With a pipe in your mouth, as if out on the spree;
Why, go to the Lincolnshire sea-coast, and bless
Your stars that you thought of a day at Skegness.

If you like a plain tea, here are folks "on the job,"
Who will do it for ninepence, with shrimps for a "bob."
Hot water costs twopence, no great store of pelf,
While the wily excursionist brings grog himself.
There's a whale too on view—it were long to express
All the wonderful things you can see at Skegness.

Are you fond of a neighbourhood perfectly flat,
With never a hill that's as high as your hat;
Do you care for a place where, you must understand,
There is nought to be seen but the sea and the sand,
With an atmosphere bracing; you'll pack up, I guess,
And go off for a trip to that breezy Skegness.

Seasonable Munificence?

A DIGNITARY of the Established Church, in a pastoral on Funeral Reform, recommends the performance of obsequies with decent economy, and suggests that such saving of expense might be devoted in some part to a charitable or useful object. Excellent advice; but little, perhaps, likely to be followed by survivors who feel themselves heavily enough burdened with Probate and Succession Duty.

Cowper's Task.

(In the "Nineteenth Century.")

To show the Rad bogey the merest of scares,
And prove that the "Old Whigs" are not without heirs.

MOTTO FOR THE NOTTS CRICKET TEAM.—"Shaw to win!"



Being Towed in.



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

Mamma. "WELL, EVA, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING IN THE GLASS FOR? SMARTENING YOURSELF UP? EH?"

Eva. "OH DEAR NO! I DON'T WANT TO LOOK YOUNGER THAN I REALLY AM!"

THE POLITICAL POLO MATCH.

"Ho! give the Hobby-Horse more room to play in!"
Cries the old singer of "The Morrice Dance."
The Hobby Game, as played our modern day in,
Lacks not for scope. See how they spur and prance,
The rival Champions at the old-new sport,
Loved now as in the days of HARRY'S COURT!

Modes shift, but motives change not. Fast and furious
Waxes the fray as in old tilting lists.
Lay on! lay on! Can such hot zeal be spurious?
After the ball! What eager turns and twists!
What is the sphere that makes such toil and trouble?
Is it more firm than Folly's flying bubble?

Who, in mid-chase, asks what the quarry's worth;
Hot on the trail and fierce in emulation?
Polo *pour rire* may move the Sage to mirth,
But a pea-bladder-bout's an occupation
As serious as exchange of thunder-blasts
In red and real Battle—whilst it lasts!

Thwack! Thwack! This way and that way flies the ball,
As each bold rider deals his mighty "smite."
Which one shall make a goal, which fail or fall?
Are solemn questions shrouded in sheer night.
Who can help musing, though, 'midst all the pother,
How like the Champions are to one another?

Did they change Hobby-Horses—fearsome thought
To their excited backers, howling yonder!—
Had they perchance under changed colours fought,
What would have been the difference, we wonder?
Would they have fought with less tremendous dash,
Or would the world have come to utter smash?

But each his mount has chosen, for the time,
And each seems bent on winning this one match;

Each to outpace the other burns. Sublime,
When in the Hobby-Tourney Patch meets Patch!
Yet some may feel, by furious feints unshaken,
Such fights may be too seriously taken!

A PHILISTINE ON THE PRIMROSE.

Is there any such Primrose as a September Primrose? Lord TENNYSON, according to an admirer of the noble Laureate, has answered the question in some lines in his *In Memoriam*, representing

"The primrose of the later year
As not unlike to that of Spring."

The Tennysonian, touching this testimony of TENNYSON's, justly remarks that: "If he says that there is such a primrose, we may rely upon it that he is right." No doubt; but does TENNYSON say that there are any autumnal primroses other in their kind than autumnal apple-blossoms, abnormal and uncommon? Everybody knows that primroses in September are nothing like so plentiful as blackberries, and that there is no proportion whatever between the Michaelmas Primrose and the Michaelmas Daisy.

Is it quite impossible that the "primrose" of *In Memoriam* may have been a slip of the pen, and that, by the flower so written down, the Poet in his own mind really meant the crocus, that is to say the Autumn Crocus, identical to the eye with the Spring Crocus—the meadow-saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), so celebrated as a cure for gout and rheumatism?

DRYADOWN.

Mem. by M'Calvity.

"Balder—the Hope of Spring—is nothing but a symbolisation of reviving Nature."—*Times' Criticism on Mr. C. W. Lloyd's "Song of Balder," produced at the Hereford Festival.*

REVIVING Nature? Hope of Spring? That's pleasant!
But quite a piece of humbug, I should say.
Were it but true, I were rejuvenescent,
For I—alas!—am Balder every day!



THE POLITICAL POLO MATCH.



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SHOOTING DISTRICTS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Och! ill.

Ah! guile!



Bread all Bun.

Killin.

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE "FLEET" ON THE THAMES.

How to get on Board.—By paying a small charge, rising from one penny up to four shillings and sixpence. The Money-takers, as a rule, are either extremely melancholy or ultra-savage. The former generally sell in a plaintive sort of fashion cheap cigars and superfluous hat-guards, the latter show a disposition to question your right to a ticket by vacating their boxes when a steamboat hails in sight. Having purchased your voucher, you get on to the pier, which is usually undergoing certain mysterious repairs. Some of the landing-stages are bright with flowers and substantially built, but others (notably that of Vauxhall Bridge) are gloomy and shaky. A man who sits upon one of the benches at the pier just indicated is worthy either of the Victoria Cross for bravery, or apartments at Hanwell, Colney Hatch, or HOLLOWAY'S In-Sanatorium at Virginia Water for dangerous lunacy. The usual fashion of conducting embarking and disembarking, as adopted by the "Servants of the Company," is to allow the boat to approach the floating barge within measurable distance, to make an abortive demonstration with a rope, and ultimately to huddle the passengers over a watery chasm with a long jump and the cry, "Now then, look sharp, if you are going!" Pier-masters of a jocular turn of mind, however, prefer the great "Crushtoe Act," which consists in bringing the end of the ladder sharply and unexpectedly down upon the feet of people waiting to come ashore close to the gangway.

Impressions on Board.—That the River certainly might be cleaner, —you have your doubts whether it could be dirtier. If you happen to have travelled in other steamers, you will be surprised that Londoners can put up with such miserable accommodation. If you take up your place in the bows, you will probably be half poisoned by rank tobacco; if you keep in the stern, you will certainly be sprinkled with "blacks" from the funnel. In either position you will have to sit upon a hard bench fashioned after a very primitive pattern. Should the rain compel you to take shelter in the "cabin," you will enter a small, badly-lighted, wretchedly-ventilated apartment, which in the course of a few minutes will, from excess of sojourners, become intolerable. At the entrance to some of the cabins you will find "Refreshment" counters (faintly reminding you of street apple-stalls) furnished with sweetstuff, buns, bottled ale, and other luscious luxuries. Returning to the deck, you will notice that the funnel at high tide is a thing not to be disregarded, especially if you happen to be seated underneath it when the boat is shooting a bridge. If you escape the funnel, it will be as well to look out for the attentions of the gamins who line the summits of the Westminster and Waterloo arches, because those attentions are more boisterous than pleasant. To sum up, if it is fine, you will get covered with soot; and should it rain, you will have the choice of either being drenched on deck or stifled in the cabin. Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that the Shareholders of some of these steamboats have not been greatly troubled about receiving an embarrassingly heavy dividend.

Pleasure Trips.—There are several. If you are fond of running aground near Twickenham you can take a ticket for Hampton Court, when you will have the privilege of travelling by a vessel specially built for the voyage, which moves at the rate of at least two knots

an hour. If you are more ambitious, have learned to love "Southend-on-Sea," and have not Scotch views about the First Day of the week, you can embark on board a "saloon steamer" on a Sunday, and travel down to that pleasant watering-place. Such an excursion will reveal to you that the golden rule of the vast majority of the passengers is "When in doubt drink a bottle of beer," and that the vast majority of the passengers consequently and seemingly spend their entire time in a condition of chronic perplexity. You will also note that a "saloon steamer" is considered incomplete unless it possesses a band of aged musicians, who look like sailors who have been instructed in the elements of music by self-taught Mermaids, very late in life. You will also observe that a large per-centage of the excursionists seemingly have recovered at some time or another from a smart attack of small-pox, and a yet larger per-centage are addicted to the fine old English occupation known as "drowning it in the bowl." If you have no objection to beer, music, suggested convalescence, and horseplay, you will find a water excursion to Southend-on-Sea altogether charming, but if you are not particularly fond of such "incidentals" why—why—you had better go by some other route.

Besides the above-mentioned diversions, there are, occasionally, "moonlight trips," which are conducted with a certain, or rather uncertain, consumption of stimulants. Farther a-field—at one of the Kentish watering-places—this idea was adopted by the owner of a private steamboat, who was (and perhaps is) in the habit of carrying out of the local jurisdiction of licensing Magistrates a cargo of bacchanalians bent upon drinking spirits during land-prohibitive hours. It is reported that the captain of this mirth-provoking craft nearly became a second edition of the Flying Dutchman, by finding himself unable to see the pier (or rather he saw a great number too many piers), and, consequently, to enter the harbour! The legend relates that the strangely-steered vessel knocked about the bar until some hours after the store of alcohol had been exhausted.

General Conclusion.—That the river flowing through London is one of the finest sights in the world, and the most convenient highway imaginable, but that the fleet of steamboats is about as worthy of the Thames as the Fleet Ditch was worthy of Fleet Street. Cannot some patriotic descendant of the immortal VAN TRUMP, whose family has been long enough settled in London to love it, sweep the existing conveyances from the water, in emulation of his great ancestor, and thus clear the road for vessels of better construction? VAN TRUMP, VAN TRUMP—bearer of the mystic broom—to the rescue!

SPEAKING "GENERALLY."

NOT very long ago, Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA'S suggestion that Retired Officers of the Army should be employed in civil occupations, was immortalised by one of *Mr. Punch's* expertest Artists. A General was represented as having cooked a chop to a cinder, ruined a pair of boots in the vain attempt to polish them, and smashed the hall-lamp while feebly striving to clean it. In spite of this discouragement, other warriors (both British-born and foreign) still seek for situations, as the following advertisements—cut from the *Daily News* of the 27th ult.—clearly demonstrate:—

GERMAN GENERAL, speaking little English, with good references, open to immediate engagement.—To be seen, &c.

TWO GENERALS. Together or separate. Good characters. £12.—Apply, &c.

It seems almost cruel to sneer at the evident desire of these veterans to "make themselves generally useful." The appeal of the two Generals with "good characters" (no playing whist until 2 A.M. at the Senior or putting into the Derby Sweep at the Junior United Service more than they can afford, but real "good characters!") is quite pathetic. The aged soldiers, who no doubt have fought and bled on many a well-contested field, are anxious to come "together," or should cruel fate otherwise decree (stout, brave hearts!) "separate." No doubt they would like to serve shoulder to shoulder, side by side, say as cook and house and parlour-maid, or nurse and under-nurse! But business is business, and should there be only one vacancy, they will dry their eyes, wipe the tears from their hoary moustaches, and come "separate." Strange to say, the idea of Lord NAPIER OF MAGDALA is not entirely original, but merely an adaptation from Mr. PEPPY'S In his *Diary* for the year 1665, just two hundred and thirty years ago (this calculation deserves a prize for arithmetic!) the then Secretary to the Admiralty wrote:—

"It might have been better for the King to have his hands tied a little than have such a crew about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of everyone about him. But what! You shall see the captain turned a shoemaker, the lieutenant a baker, this a brewer, that a haberdasher, the common soldier a porter, and every man in his apron and frock, as if he had never done anything else."

So the whirligig of Time turns on, making the General of the past the shoeblack of the future, the Director of Warlike Stores of yesterday the Manager of Co-operative Grocery of to-morrow!



VESTMENTS!

(Our New Incumbent was disposed to be "High.")

Younger Countryman. "I ZAY, GEORGE, WHAT WUR THAT PARSON HAD ACROST HIS SHOULDER 'SUNDAY! 'LOOKED LIKE SOME O' HIS WIFE'S THINGS."

Elder Countryman. "'CA-ANT EAY 'M ZHEWER. I HEERED UN ZAY A WUR 'STOLE.'"

Younger Countryman. "STOLE! NA, NA; I WOULDN' THINK THAT O' 'PARSON! MORE LIKE SOME O' THESE 'ERE NEW 'ARVEST DICK'RATIONS!'"

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

IN his evidence given before the Committee on Building and Repairing Ships, the late Director of Naval Construction, has not much encouraging news for those who are looking hopefully to some signs of progress in the Ordnance Department:—

"We may," (says this candid official) "design a ship for what we call a 40-ton gun. We do not know what a 40-ton gun is; we do not know its charge; we do not know its projectile; we do not know its length; we do not know its energy of recoil, although we have to take it up. All our ships are designed for an unknown gun. Beyond the knowledge that it will weigh about 40 tons, we know nothing, and we have to wait for years before we do know."

This confession of absolute ignorance is not encouraging, yet, at the same time, there is a

plain-spoken ring about it that promises for the future. It is something to have it on such excellent authority, that for all intents and purposes, one arm of the service is working practically without any relation to the other, and that while Woolwich is turning out a "40-ton gun," Portsmouth has not the remotest idea what that apparently vaguely constructed weapon is like. When the latter emporium boldly confesses that all its ships are designed for "an unknown gun," and in fact, in the language of the Laureate, roundly says, concerning its own special business,

"Behold, we know not anything!"

It is high time that some one looked into the matter, and such appears to be the opinion of the late Director of Naval Construction himself. That "we shall have to wait years," as he suggests in a melancholy vein, "before we do know," may, however, be doubted, in the face of recent revelations. The new Armour-clad about to be laid down at Portsmouth will probably be designed to hold a gun about which the Constructors will have been furnished with some preliminary particulars. After the admission of their late Director, it is to be expected that their own energy of recoil will be equal to the task not only of taking the new gun up, but also of making themselves judiciously acquainted with its length, the amount of its charge, and even with the character of its projectile.

"READY, AY READY!"

THE following *bon mot*, à propos of the German and Spanish difficulty, "that has been going the round of Berlin," deserves, so says the Correspondent of the Times, "to be mentioned," and he furnishes it accordingly. Here it is:—

"*Avez-vous reçu des nouvelles des Carolines?*" inquired a member of the Telegraphic Conference the other evening of the Postmaster-General at a social gathering. "*Du tout,*" replied his Excellency Herr VON STEPHAN, with ready wit, "*Du tout; mais bien des nouvelles Carolines. Voilà! essayons!*" as he offered his interlocutor a box of the best Havannah brand, amid the applause of the bystanders."

The story is, of course, excellent, and the wit remarkably ready; and the applause of the bystanders, who have been literally convulsed with laughter at this brilliant and remarkable outburst of His Excellency Herr VON STEPHAN, intelligible enough. But what a pity that the humour is so limited in the matter of quantity! Evidently, when such a sally could be launched off-hand—and the above shows no signs of previous preparation—satire may have been said to be in the very air. In fact, a whole heap of good things must have been flying about the other evening at the Postmaster-General's social gathering.

Indeed one can only regret that the wary Correspondent who is responsible for the publicity accorded to this particular *bon mot*, did not keep his ears wider open, and chronicle his experience. Had he done so, all lovers of light-hearted mirth, tinged with point and delicacy, would, to judge from the single specimen that has reached them, have had indeed quite a rare treat. They ought certainly to look out eagerly for the next good thing that is considered good enough "to go the round of Berlin."

NEW (SPANISH) VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB.—"Yap may be a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 19.



THE END OF THE CRICKETING SEASON.

A FEW OF THE GENTLEMEN PLAYERS CAUGHT BY OUR ARTIST AT LORD'S.

ATTEND, all ye who love to see our noble Cricket "cracks,"
Here you may get a peep at them, their faces and their backs,
And these are broad, and those are bright, for merry men of muscle
Are they who on our British sward have met in many a tussle.
Foremost stands WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE, he of the raven beard,
By British bowlers dreaded much, by British boys revered.
For twenty years our Champion unchallenged, still he stands
With boyish zeal and nerves of steel, broad shoulders, mighty hands.
Shoulders that "open" smitingly, and hands that never "muff,"
Of whose long scores the cheering "ring" have never quantum suff.
How many an English lad, if asked who would he choose to be
Of all our worthies, like a shot would answer—W. G.?
And him to whom Leviathan, low bending, gaily chats,
Pray who is he? The great I. D., erst brilliantest of bats.
Sit at the Oval or at Lords, and many an ancient talker,
Will tell you of the wondrous feats long since of I. D. WALKER,
Ex-Captain he of Middlesex. Behold, too, at his side
His smart successor, A. J. WEBBER, aforetime Oxford's pride.
Whilst close behind him, Lancashire's great hero of the bat,
Sits, as the Cookneys know him well a-field "without 'is 'at!"
The dashing A. N. HORNBY. With his hand upon his hip,
Lord HARRIS stands. He Kent commands, and seldom a chance let's
slip.

Above his shoulder peers the face of W. W. READ,
The boast of Surrey, piler up of scores right few succeed
In topping. To C. W. WRIGHT, ex-Cantab crack, chats he,
Above them both behold THE STUDD, Cambridge's great C. T.,
Late brilliant bat and bowler grand, to Cricket lost, alas!
Since he to "where Chinese drive" as preacher pleased to pass.

They do not "drive" as once he drove—for sixes. Cam's great sons
Find yet another member in his neighbour, genial "Buns,"
The Slogger C. I. THORNTON, save by BOWEN never beaten,
Who spanked o'er the Pavilion when, a lad, he played for Eton,
And can hit to the next parish when he fairly "lands" a ball.
Lord! how the groundlings chortle at his hitting clean and tall!
Brilliant O'BRIEN, Oxford's joy, comes next, then Surrey's crack,
The slim and supple DIVER, clean of limb, and straight of back,
Who runs like GEORGE, and throws like Thor. Next stands his
Captain smart,

The dashing J. C. SHUTER, who right well has played his part.
Far to the right sits A. G. STEEL, ex-Cantab, master he
Alike of bat and ball, to none save only W. G.
Second, the pride of Lancashire, in style, as skill, A 1.
Close at his back, with curly crop, stands great A. LITTLETON,
Behind the stumps unbeatable, free bat and slashing field.
Without sits A. P. LUCAS; he to none afoot need yield
In mingled fire and finish, so correct and clean of play,
All hope upon the tented field to see him many a day.
So Punch's pen plays picture-guide, and gives unto the million,
That joy of every Cricketer, a Peep at the Pavilion!

A DANGER FOR DYNAMITERS.—Mr. PARNELL, at a banquet lately
given him, is said to have told his hearers that "he hoped it might
be possible for them to have a platform with only one plank, and
that the plank of national independence." It is to be hoped that none
of them will, by their acts and deeds, be finally brought to a platform
composed of more planks than one.

FITZDOTTEREL: OR, T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be?"

CANTO IV.—MUDDLEMENT.

THERE is a legend—and a legend, told

In verse, at length, fills up a lot of space.—

'Tis of a Little Woman who, though old,

Was active, and assiduous in the chase

Of that great Magnet of Humanity—Gold.

One Market Day she to the Market Place

Set forth, at the best speed of her old legs,

To sell,—and her commodity was eggs.

But age, though active, is at times inclined

To somnolence inopportune. Our Dame,

Half way to Market, felt she had a mind

For forty winks. She was indeed to blame;

The King's Highway was really not designed

For ancient "Happy Dossers." All the same,

Stretching herself upon the sloping sward,

She slept; some scholiasts even say she snored!

A passing Pedlar spied her prostrate form,

As, covered by her long grey linsey gown,

Beneath the hedge she slumbered snug and warm.

The Pedlar's name was STOUT. An angry frown

Showed his strict soul was stirred as with a storm

Of indignation. Then he sat him down,

Drew forth his scissors— (Here we do the same,

And snip out twenty stanzas trite and tame.)

"He cut her petticoats all round about

Up to her knees." So says the naïve old story.

'Tis probable the Dame and Pedlar STOUT

A Sun Myth and a Mystic allegory

Adumbrate. I can trace therein— (No doubt!

But—snip!) A ballet-nymph in all her glory

Shows skirts less brief than did our poor Dame DURDEN

As home that Pedlar plodded with his burden.

Knee-nipt by a North-Easter, she awoke,

Knowing herself no whit. "It is not I!"

She shrieked. This strikes me as a subtle stroke

Of poignant tragedy. Identity

Must not be trifled with; it is no joke

To lose one's self. That poor old DURDEN's cry

Sky-cleaving from beneath her cloak of camlet,

Is awfuller than the wail of inky HAMLET.

So found FITZDOTTEREL. He got mixed and jumbled,

Like our old dame, beyond self-recognition,

And, to mend matters, he and HERMANN tumbled

Down a crevasse together. Their position,

When found, was puzzling. Doom's dark voice had rumbled

About them bodingly; weird premonition

Had dogged them close. And now the thing was ended,

They found poor HERMANN by a rope suspended.

BEEVOR had thrown it to his aid,—it coiled,

Serpent-like, round his throat. The hand of Fate

May not be dodged, nor Doom's decrees be foiled!

Down, down they flew; FITZDOTTEREL's very weight

His friend's last slender chance of safety spoiled.

Slung o'er a peak they found them, all too late,

Suspended, BEEVOR by his waist, and HERMANN

By his snapt neck. Poor rash, rough-tempered German!

This for the local press was food most dear,

And thus 'twas summed:—"We hear, with deep regret,

The dreadful death of a young English Peer,

One Lord FITZDOTTEREL." (Full details, you bet,

Here follow.) "His companion, mere small beer

Of Teuton tap, it seems, is living yet:

Though—having interviewed his lady-nurse—

We fear no case of smash could well be worse."

Ah! poor POLONIUS-EDELWEISS! He read

This "par." some three months later. "Heavens!" he

shouted,

"Wondrous is Fate—and Science! BEEVOR dead,

And by a sus. per col! And I half doubted

Heredit, my life-long hobby, led

By love, which theory and experience flouted!

Awful! Delightful!! Here he tore his hair.

A Savant's triumph, and a Sire's despair,

Mixed, make a queer emotional salad. Mixed?

All Life, like Teas, is mixed, the black the green

In varying proportions, which betwixt

Kong-fu-tzee's—(Scissors sharp through seventeen

Stanzas on Souchong!) EDELWEISS soon fixed

To hunt up HERMANN; but Evangeline

Had fewer rambles after her strayed lover

Than EDELWEISS in striving to recover

Traces of PUMPERNICKEL. Souls are harried—

In fiction—by Fatality's machination.

Lost clues, long illnesses, missives miscarried,

All sorts of cob-web fashioned complications,

(Until of course they once got safely married)

So few were else Romance's "situations"

'Twould puzzle e'en a poet, and a Tory,

To fill two vols. octavo with this story.

Those who have some experience in such things,

Would be exceedingly surprised to hear,

That the fortuitous angel without wings,

Who nursed "the comrade of the fated peer,"

Was other than "Lone GRETTCHEN." Fate that brings

Such miracles about, to our dull sphere,

Would lend a charm beyond all contradiction,

If it would not confine them all to fiction.

Lone GRETTCHEN nursed him back—of course—to life.

This—well the Little Woman, when she woke

From wayside slumber, felt less mental strife

As to her own identity. 'Tis no joke,

Especially when one would woo a wife,

To halt, like BURIDAN's oft-mentioned "Moke,"

Between two selves, as fogged as Lord Dundreary

O'er finger-counting. BEEVOR grew quite weary

Of asking "Is it I?" and envied much

The Little Woman her unerring dog,

Whose bark could put the question to the touch.

So stumbled he in doubt's Serbonian bog.

Nosce teipsum? Nay, how could he clutch

Comfort in that, as, lying like a log,

He passed long weeks in a perpetual pother,

Revolving Who is Which, and Which is T'other?

"Oh, for some sweet, all-solving Strawberry mark!"

He murmured, memories of Box and Cox

Glimmering through his spirit's mental dark.

But no, the nigritude of Ancient Nox

Environed still his spirit's storm-tost bark.

Meanwhile Lone GRETTCHEN, of the cohere looks,

Watched, listened, and amidst his broken blether—

'Cute Teuton maid!—"put this and that together."

Lone GRETTCHEN was—well, lump all SHAKESPEARE's ladies

With Becky Sharp and a Mesmeric Medium,

And you will have her. PROSERPINE in Hades,

Or PATCHE in Boetia. (There is tedium

In leagues of Lempricre, so—snip!) A maid is

An oasis in Life's flat, seedy, greedy hum,

When she's as fair, and what the cad calls "fetohin,"

As that shrewd piece of saintliness, Lone GRETTCHEN.

At last her fever-phrenzied patient rallied,

His wits still wandering, but his bones all whole;

Forth for a solitary stroll he sallied,

And spied a huge pipe with a china bowl,

Behind which loomed some features vague, which tallied

With some vague memories of his muddled soul.

A rush—a cry—and on the sward lay scattered

The smoker and his pipe to fragments shattered!

"Donner und blitzen! I am choked! Let go!"

Sputtered a German voice as through a fog.

"FITZDOTTEREL, Keep your Pecker up!!!" "Oh! Oh!"

Shrieked the Much Mazed One, falling like a log

On EDELWEISS's shirt. "At last I know

Myself! You're better than the Old Dame's dog

You dear old Sausage! Let me have a cry!

Heaven hath mercy on me! It is I!!!"

A PROVERB FOR PLAYGOERS (with Mr. Punch's congratulations to Mr. Harris).—A vast amount of Human Nature can always be found both before and behind the Curtain—at Drury Lane!

MOTTO FOR GREENWICH.—"The early BOORD picks up De Worms."

THE ANTIPODES.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

In the Court of Equity,
BEFORE HIS HONOUR THE PRIMARY JUDGE.

In Equity.—(Before his Honour the PRIMARY JUDGE.)

ENO v. HOGG.

Another case of commercial piracy was disposed of by Sir WILLIAM MANNING on Tuesday last. Mr. S. P. Hogg, having been proved guilty of infringing the Trade-Mark of Mr. J. C. ENO, of Fruit Salt renown, was assessed in damages to the tune of £100. This is the third case of the kind that has been before the Court during the past few months. ENO was the Plaintiff, and DAVIES & Co., of Goulburn, were the Defendants. The charge was that the Defendants had infringed the Trade-Mark of the Plaintiff in respect of his preparation known as Fruit Salt. The evidence disclosed the fact that the Plaintiff's bottles and labels had been closely imitated by the Defendants, and the Judge declared this imitation was the result of a deliberate intention to defraud. The defence was a practical admission of fraud, and the fact that it was set up is itself a sufficient justification for the sentence of the Judge. The Defendant pleaded that the term "Fruit Salt" was applied to several other manufactures besides the one for which he was responsible, and that his commodity was so

dissimilar to that of the Plaintiff that there could have been no deception. Paraphrased, the former part of the plea says:—Other people do what I am accused of having done; therefore I ought not to be punished. Fortunately, that kind of reasoning has no weight in the Supreme Court. The latter part of the plea was contradicted by the production of packages of the Defendant's commodity. These did not exactly resemble the Plaintiff's preparations, but there were many points of similarity between the two. As the Judge remarked, "the imitation was not so palpable as in some other cases, yet it had gone as far as the imitator dared." The suspicion is created that when the Defendant included the words "Fruit Salt" in the name of the commodity which he manufactured for sale, his intention was to deceive. Frauds of the kind referred to are common, and the public of course suffer greatly thereby. The expressed determination of Sir WILLIAM MANNING to severely punish every person who may be proved guilty before him of having committed such offences, will, however, have the effect of causing manufacturers whose Trade-Marks are being infringed to prosecute the pirates, and thus the evil, we may hope, will be made to cease.—*Sydney Morning Herald, July 2.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A new invention is brought before the Public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the Public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages, How to Prevent Disease.

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First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize
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Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1882.

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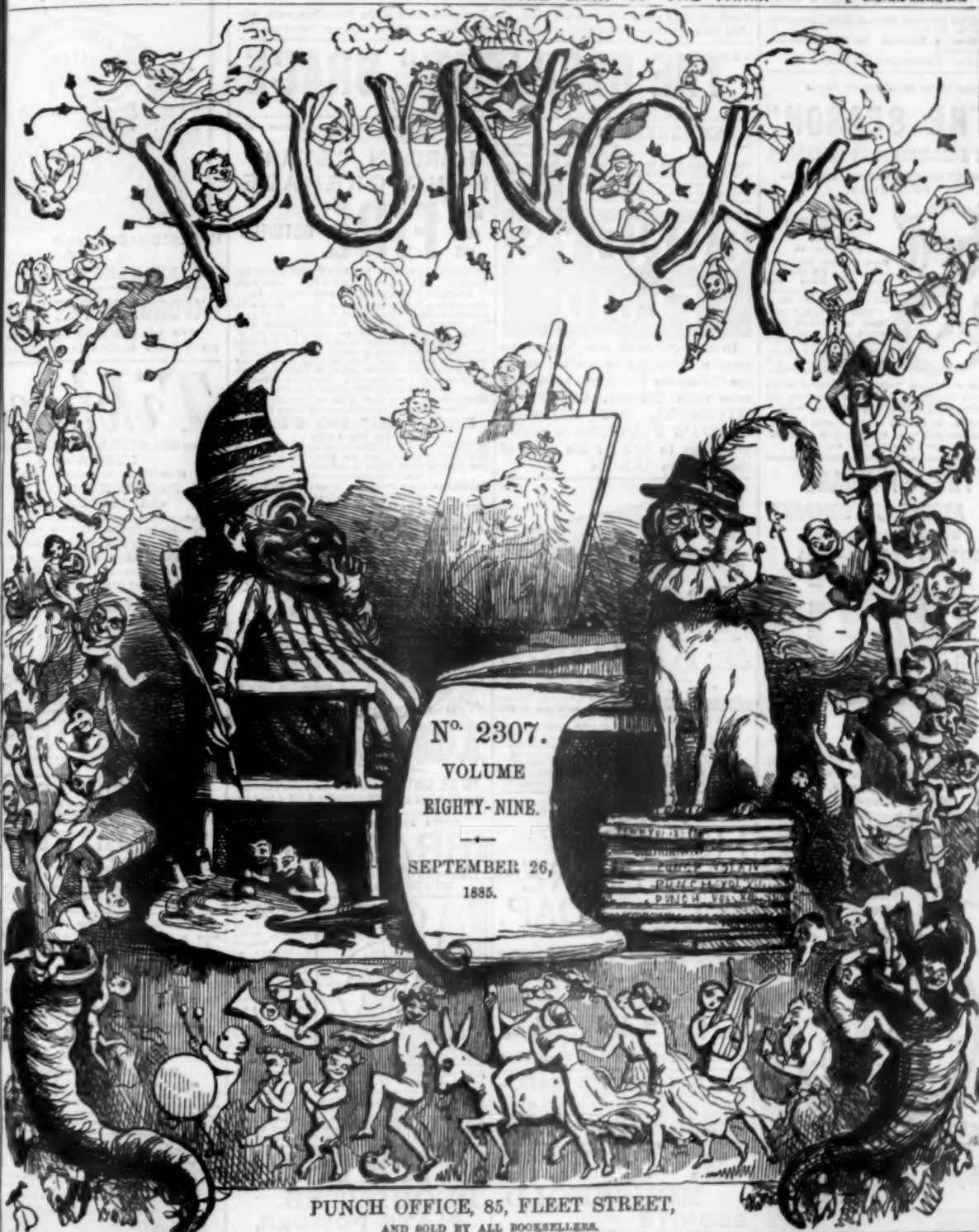
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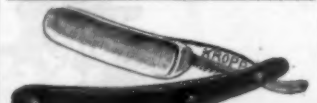
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TOURING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

"HULLO, SANDY! WHY HAVEN'T YOU CLEANED MY CARRIAGE, AS I TOLD YOU LAST NIGHT?"

"HECH, SIR, WHAT FOR WOULD IT NEED WASHING! IT WILL BE JUST THE SAME WHEN YOU 'LL BE USING IT AGAIN!"

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF AN EMINENT CITIZEN.

I AM spending my month's holiday in the Isle of Thanet. I select this particular portion of the land of my birth because I meet here a large number of acquaintances to whom fortune, or rather perhaps, I should say strict integrity, has not been so propitious as to myself, and who have learned to treat me with that abundant respect that is so creditable to them, and so agreeable to me. I like to mingle with my inferiors in position, and learn from them, as occasion offers, such additions to my somewhat limited scientific acquirements as their practical experience enables them to afford me.

I am by the sea-shore, in view of the boundless ocean! I look, I am told, straight to the North Pole, with nothing between us but the rolling billows—shall I add the treacherous billows? Yes, I think so, with the experience of yesterday fresh in my memory. I learn to my intense astonishment—after the fuss people make about going there—that the exact distance from the spot where I am now sitting—on a deserted castle of dry sand—to the actual Pole itself, is a mere 2679 miles, considerably less than the distance to New York! The thought then flashes upon me, as the one voyage can be done in less than a week, why not the other? I pause for a reply. Perhaps Sir ERASMUS will kindly enlighten me.

I feel so elated with my great discovery that I hasten home to my early dinner with perfectly ravenous appetite. Here, strange to say, another interesting scientific fact is revealed to me of which I was previously in entire ignorance. I have remarked that the various drinks in which I moderately indulge, for my stomach's sake—but not, let me add, by way of outward application, as has been suggested by a fanatic teetotal Curate—have diminished in quantity with strange rapidity, but I now learn on the unimpeachable authority of my most attentive Landlady, that it is the natural result of the pure air of the briny Ocean which always produces rapid evaporation, and, strange to say, with much more rapidity in regard to Port and Brandy than to Claret.

I gave a *recherché* dinner last night to a few choice friends, and perhaps as a natural consequence, I again find myself seated on Ocean's brink, reasoning out some of the great problems of life. How the usual difficulties seem to vanish when one is seated face to face with Nature. I ask myself the three great questions that so puzzled the Seven Wise Men of Rome.

Whence came I? What am I? Whither go I? And I find not the slightest difficulty in answering all three. Probably the absence of Railways and Directories in those old days may have had something to do with the making of that so difficult that appears so simple to me. How difficulties bend before a stubborn will! Like the bow of ULYSSES in the hand of the Syren! I am watching with absorbing interest the determined efforts of three juvenile engineers—the Brummells of the future, possibly, who knows?—to protect their lofty castle from the assaults of the rapidly advancing tide. I have removed my hat from my somewhat feverish brow, and placed it carefully on the dry sand beside me. The fresh sparkling waves come lovingly up to the lofty battlements to woo their fond embrace. What glorious poetry there is in the very breath of the loving Sea!—but in vain. The deeply cut trench receives and subdues them, and they retreat to join their laughing comrades. Nearer and nearer they come, and harder and harder work the undaunted engineers in raising still higher and higher the lofty battlements, till a mighty wave approaches, and, like NAPOLEON at the Bridge of Arcola, carries all before it, and not only rushes clean over the topmost tower of the lofty castle, but to my great and doubtless un concealed astonishment, continues its mad career to my comfortable seat, soaks me to the skin before I can recover either my presence of mind or my new hat, which I see carried off by the retiring wave as the spoils of war.

A loud shout of laughter greets me as I beat a masterly retreat to a friendly rock, safely standing upon which, I negotiate with one of the bold though youthful engineers, for the recovery of my lately new hat, which I at length obtain on fairly moderate terms, but in such a dilapidated and disreputable condition that I am compelled to seek another—unfortunately catching a bad cold by wearing it on my way—and, strange to say, am repeatedly asked the perfectly uninteresting question, "Who's your hatter?" and by quite common persons with whom I have, of course, no sort of acquaintance. How unaccountable is this strange curiosity of the mere *canaille* concerning quite unimportant matters. I well remember some years ago I used to be asked, by perfect strangers, concerning the knowledge of my maternal parent as to my absence from home.

One thing that greatly surprises me is the consummate ignorance of the Sailors as regards the weather. On three several occasions have I trusted to their long experience, and accepted their perfectly unbiassed opinion that we should have a lovely afternoon, and on each of these occasions have we all been bitterly disappointed, and the regret of the honest fellows that they have so unwittingly deceived me has been so poignant, that I have felt it only reasonable to alleviate it in some small degree by paying them on each occasion double the sum I should have paid them had it been a nice bright afternoon. Poor fellows! it was quite sad to see how wet their shiny clothes were.

One of them told me he was so afraid of what he called "Rhumatism," that he was forced to drink a glass of hot rum-and-water whenever he got at all wet, so of course I felt bound in honour to pay for one for him, on these several occasions. I should not like to have it on my conscience that I had been the cause of the poor fellow suffering all the tortures of rheumatism from his desire to give me a pleasant sail on a sunny sea.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

CONSOLATION FOR GLOUCESTER.

THOUGH their wins have not earned them the premier place,
Their losses they've borne with a very good GRACE.

LATEST YACHTING JOTTING.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.



Ar-ran.



Two Masters.



"ONCE HIT TWICE SHY."

Guest (taking Keeper aside). "LOOK HERE, SMITHERS"—(gives half-a-sov.)—"PUT ME OUT O' GUNSHOT OF THE SQUIRE. HE DOES SHOOT SO PRECIOUS WILD, AND MY NERVE ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!"

SOME MORE CONFESSIONS.

To the Editor of the T-m-s.

SIR,—What your Correspondent, Mr. SAMUEL ROBERTS, of Elmer Road, Woodside, S.E., acknowledges that he used to do in concocting "Special Correspondence" for a Paris newspaper, is absolutely nothing to what is done constantly in England. When I was on the Staff of the *Hole Haven Daily Argus*, we frequently forged and inserted letters bearing such well-known signatures as "W. E. GLADSTONE," "SALISBURY," &c., and was never once authoritatively contradicted! Perhaps the distinguished Statesmen I have named did not habitually peruse the *Hole Haven Argus*.

But I think our real masterpiece was the forging of a bogus telegram from the Soudan, giving details of Abu Klea fifteen hours before the battle was fought! We only made a trifling error of a few hundreds in the numbers killed, and put the site of the battle a thousand miles nearer Khartoum than it really was. But what of that? It was considered a journalistic triumph (by our readers), and was due entirely to powerful imaginations and a perusal of Mr. MURRAY'S valuable *Guide-Book to Egypt*.

Soon afterwards we published a leading article, consisting simply of two whole pages

stolen from MACAULAY, and nobody found us out! A slight dispute with the Proprietors as to the value of my services, terminated in my summary ejection from the *Argus* premises; but I assure you I bear the paper no ill-will. Still, I was not surprised when I saw that the Editor had found change of air on the Continent imperatively necessary after the publication of that *on dit* about the Archbishop of CANTERBURY having been convicted, in earlier days, at the Central Criminal Court, for forging his own Ordination Certificate. I say I was not surprised—the *Argus* deserved what it got for having dispensed with the ingenious pen of

Sept. 20th.

Yours obediently,

EX-EDITOR.

To the Editor of the T-m-s.

SIR,—At the present moment I am residing in Camberwell, but a few months since I was in Paris, where I occupied a really important journalistic position. It was owing to my complete mastery of every existing foreign language (and a good many that never existed at all) that I was appointed to the simultaneous offices of "Special Correspondent with the Black Flags," to the *G-I-L*, "Our Own Commissioner in the Cholera Districts" to the *Intr-us-g-nit*, and "Special Correspondent in Madagascar" to the *F-g-ro*, besides doing an occasional (bogus) "Interview" with some prominent Politician or Social Star.

You ask how this is worked? Nothing simpler. You (or rather I) collect all the available newspapers published in the different countries where one is supposed to be, which is the case of Tonquin or Madagascar is not a protracted task. Then you read what the Encyclopedias have to say about the climate, local customs, appearance of natives, and so on; if you can get hold of a trustworthy, and at the same time an unknown, book of travels, so much the better.

In this adroit manner one gets as much local colour as is needed, and the total result is a Literary Mosaic of a very rare and valuable quality. Its value to me (weekly) was a couple of hundred francs.

Yours unblushingly, JEREMY SHIP.

To the Editor of the T-m-s.

SIR,—Your article on Gaols is one of the best things I've seen in print for a long time. You remark that "it may be questioned whether it is altogether wise to put high-class criminals, of the embezzling and financially fraudulent class, to herd with professional pickpockets and housebreakers." I don't know about the wisdom of this arrangement, but I can bear personal testimony to its being most unpleasant.

I feel sure that confirmation of your Editorial remarks, from any quarter, will be welcome. It will perhaps be enough for your readers if I say that I was "in" at Dartmoor for a crime in which forgery, embezzlement, the manslaughter of a partner in a sham Stock Exchange Agency, and attempted arson, were the chief features of any public interest.

Believe me, Sir, the brutal Governors of Gaols have no idea of what is due to social rank. I expected, of course, to be treated like what I was, and always shall continue to be, I hope, namely—a gentleman! But the whole body of warders treated me as a Common Convict! When I threatened to write to the *T-m-s*, I was put in a punishment cell for twelve hours; and I now take the earliest opportunity (on my liberation from confinement) to carry out that threat.

I enclose my Ticket-of-Leave (which please return), and remain,

Yours, &c.

ILL-USED.

KEEPING THE WOLFF FROM THE DOOR.

"Sir HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF has every reason to be gratified by the treatment accorded to him personally at Constantinople, but he is discovering that the compliments and civilities lavished upon him do not in the least affect the tenacity with which the Turks cling to their ideas."—*Times*.



Uncle Remus sings:—

OLE Brer Wolff he up'n he kinder sorter
santer
To de Turkey-Buzzard's door.
Sez he, "I spose I kin enter ef I want'er?"
Brer Turkey-Buzzard say, "Wha'
for?"

De Turkey-Buzzard he's a cu'us man,
He never walk twel dark,
En nuthin' never 'sturbs his plan,
Es tight ez de gum-tree bark.

Brer Wolff he totes a bushy tail,
De Turkey totes no ha'r,
But if Brer Wolff o'er de Turkey 'ud per-
wail,
He ain't got no time fer ter spar'.

De Turkey-Buzzard he monstus perlite,
Brer Wolff he monstus sly;
But dey rassle at de door all de day en de
night
Till der folks is a askin' why.

"When you be a-goin'?" de Turkey-Buzzard
say.

Brer Wolff he sorter sllily push,
"You let me in, and I'll skaddle—some day!"
Brer Turkey-Buzzard he say, "Wh-u-u-h!"

Brer Wolff want'er measure de Alligator,
Like de ole man tell yer afore;
But he's sorter boddered wile dey keep him a
waiter
Et de Turkey-Buzzard's door!

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

The Imp—The Struggle—Exorcised—Triumph—Up again—Dinner—Night—Morning—Real Pleasure.

First Afternoon.—In my own cabin: lying on my berth. I am going through the process of "getting it over." The cure takes about



seven hours. At some time or other, probably one o'clock or half-past, the Steward looks in to announce luncheon. Attentive, but superfluous. I do not reply.

Happy Thought (Advertisement Form).—"Silence will be considered a polite negative."

Here we go up, up, up! Here we go down, down, down! And here we go round, round, round, oh! But I have a firm faith in the future, founded upon some considerable experience in the past.

They are comparatively quiet on deck; the only disturbance is from a most irritating cupboard-door which hasn't been properly fastened, and so swings backwards and forwards, creaking all the while, then at every lurch coming with a startling whack against the wash-hand stand. Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak, whack! Creak, creak, whack, whack! Creak, creak—rather slowly now—creak-ak, creak-ak, creak-ak, then suddenly and vivaciously, whack, whack, whack! and so on until we "go about," when it shuts itself with a Bang that I hope has secured it for ever. But no, as the yacht pitches forward, taking a header with its bows, the door is swung violently open, as if there were somebody inside who had been locked up in the cupboard for hours, and at his last gasp had forced the lock with one supreme effort. I almost expect to see someone tumble out. If anyone does tumble out, it can't be a burglar; it might be a ghost.

Happy Thought for Christmas Tale.—The Haunted Yacht. (I hereby patent the idea for my own shilling dreadful.) What might it have been—this occurs to me drowsily—if not a burglar or a ghost? A Stowaway. I am dosing off, dreaming of Stowaways, when slowly the performance begins again—creak-ak—creak-ak—suddenly crik, whack! whack!—pause—then, quite as a little surprise, it closes with a startling whop Bang! like the two beats on the big drum at the end of some march—the one in the *Prophète*, I think. I am sure there are such beings as Imps, mischievous Imps—the spirits, high spirits of practical jokers yet unborn, or of undeveloped practical jokers who had only appeared in the world for a few hours, or weeks, and then—quite in keeping with their character, not caring what trouble and grief they caused their parents—departed this life without the slightest explanation. *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and if I can only get off my berth to fix it, without endangering my enfeebled constitution, I will. I raise myself on my elbow, and regard it interrogatively, as much as to say, "Now are you going on like this the whole afternoon, or will you be quiet?" And the Imp in the cupboard seems to understand what is passing in my mind, for the door remains closed and appears to fit so neatly, that I can scarcely believe I haven't been dreaming. So I lie down again and close my eyes.

In a few seconds I am conscious of the wardrobe-door being stealthily opened with scarcely any noise. I look at it, wondering what its next move will be, and what mine will be too. It remains open at right angles, as if hesitating which way to go, when, without any warning, there is a lurch forward, a roll, and the door gives a sharp angry creak and whacks the washing-stand on the left, then slams itself back, then reopens and again attacks the inoffensive washing-stand, so savagely, that I am compelled to scramble off my berth, stagger up to the rescue, and with both hands shove the door back to its proper place. But the handle won't catch. Not being in the habit of carrying about patent door-fasteners in my pocket, I have no appliance ready. I am repulsed. I own my defeat, and stagger back to my berth.

Then the Imp is in ecstasies, creaking, whacking, banging, until I fear that great damage will be done to the furniture, and I look in vain for some means of summoning the Steward, or of attracting the attention of anyone on deck. But impossible: I see no bell, and as for calling—my vocal cords are in such a relaxed state that I can scarcely speak above a whisper. Fortunately at this juncture the Steward appears, and in the feeblest accents I draw his attention to the outrageous conduct of the cupboard-door, as if it were a living thing, much in the same way as I might have complained to a keeper of a neighbouring menagerie that the monkey had got loose again, and was causing us much annoyance.

The Keeper—I mean the Steward—is quite vexed at its misconduct, but deals with it at once; walking up to it in a masterful manner—the door not daring to move now, and absolutely quivering with fear as he approaches,—and then stuffing in a couple of improvised paper wedges, which produce the desired effect.

"There!" says the Steward, vindictively, as though this was not the first time the door of this cupboard had played him these tricks, "I don't think it'll do it again, Sir."

For a few minutes after the Steward's departure I watch the door with nervous anxiety; but no, the Imp is bottled up, and the paper wedges have imprisoned him in the wardrobe as closely as Solomon's seal did the Genie in the Arabian Nights' tale. So, thankfully I begin to doze. The lurching and the pitching have ceased to materially affect me. I hear the Composer's voice above, and I hope to goodness that he won't enter into an argument—he seldom talks without arguing—requiring any great exercise of voice just over my skylight. But he too is evidently "piano." The "pitch" has been too high for him. I fancy that he either once more disappears below or subsides into a chair on deck.

I receive "a refresher" from Nature in the shape of a short sound sleep, and at seven I am perfectly ready for dinner and a glass of champagne. We anchor in a quiet bay with a name something like Mackraaken, but as there is nothing much to see here, and as we shall be off early to-morrow morning, I am not sufficiently interested to make any further inquiries.

Our party consists of four, MELLEVILLE, our host, CULLINS the Composer, and a jovial gentleman with a double-barrelled name—FOAM-BAMLY, which only seems to me to require the addition of "and Co." to constitute him a firm.

First Night on Board.—Awoke early next morning. Usual noise of scrubbing and rubbing just overhead and within a few inches of my nose, and the idea occurs to me that I am buried somewhere and being walked over!

Happy Thought.—Racing notion. "Walking over a corpse!"

Hauling and pulling and yee-ho-ing. Not much movement, except an occasional slow swing from one side to the other and then very deliberately back again. Presently the rapid rippling of water against the sides, and I know we are under weigh and gliding on with a fair wind.

On deck. Delightful. I recognise old Jura and other former acquaintances.

Breakfast.—We are all on in this scene, and it is, I am bound to say, a very fair performance taken all round, though one out of the number does not do sufficient justice to the excellent materials provided by the author. This one is myself. I explain that as a rule I am not a breakfast-eater. CULLINS explains that as a rule he is, but is not quite in form this morning, so he only takes fish, poached eggs, and ham, a little tongue, some marmalade, and then hopes that "when he gets quite acclimatised he will be able to play a good solo part, as well as join in the quartette."

For the last week of August, it is fairly warm on deck. Sun shining sufficiently for us to make some show with our books—which we never read—and papers and pencils which we never use. So we sit enjoying existence, far away from the madding crowd, no morning papers, no afternoon second editions, no sensational news, no possibility of letters or telegrams reaching us—unless postmen pursue us in special steamers, as we are only sailing—and no "little accounts," nor intimations that "our Mr. JONES will call to-morrow to receive the sum of, &c., &c."

"A life on the Ocean wave, and a home on the rolling deep"—rolling as little as possible, of course—by all means, for these are the joys—no matter about the sorrows—of such an existence.

"We'll never come back no more, boys!" we feel inclined to sing; but at some time or other, unless we become Pirates and the Terror of the Northern Seas, we inevitably must go ashore for provisions.



Epitaph on a Popular Pet.

ALAS, poor Jumbo! Here's the fruit
Of faithless BARNUM's greed of gain.
How sad that so well trained a brute
Should owe his exit to a train!

THE ART OF MIDLOTHIAN.—GLADSTONE'S Manifesto.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

FROM A TEMPORARILY RETIRED STATESMAN.

Wilderness Lodge,
Near Boundless-Contiguity-of-Shade.



EAR TOBY,

THANKS for your kind inquiry. I'm pretty well, that is as well as I ought to be in the circumstances. I am not very ill, but just ill enough to give up my engagements and frighten the Markiss and the rest of them. You may perhaps have noted a peculiarity about my present indisposition. Any ordinary man can be ill to-day, and may even guess he won't be quite spry to-morrow. But I don't fancy you often come across a man, who, on the 10th of September, can announce that he won't be well enough on the 6th of October to deliver a speech. That's what I call fresh and original; but I'm nothing if not original.

One other thing I am, and since correspondence with you has led me into a mood of introspection, I may mention it. I am a man of a singularly retiring disposition. The Markiss once said that I reminded him of the peevish little boy, who, when he did not get his own way among his schoolmates, tucked the corner of his pinafore in his eye, whined "I won't play," and sulked. But that was said a long time ago. You don't catch the Markiss saying disrespectful things of me now.

I don't accept the Markiss's way of putting it, preferring my own. I am, I say, of a retiring disposition, and I don't know anything that is so effective, at least with the people I work with. You remember when there was that little row about the Chairmanship of the voluminously named Association, more briefly known as the Conservative Caucus? I became suddenly indisposed, threw up the whole business, and was brought back in triumph through Arlington Street. That was the time I was to have gone down to Birmingham. But I threw them over, and they were all the more pleased to see me next time. Then there came the Cabinet arrangements which did not please me. At first I was taken ill, and retired from all communication with the Markiss. But that, I saw, was a moment rather for advancing than for retiring. So I came down to the House, made a sudden assault on N-BHC-TE, and M-CH-L B-CH, seeing how the game was going, forsook the good old Man and came over to me.

After that I had my own way in everything. But now they're at it again; and so am I. They want me to denounce P-RN-LL because he's sketched out a plan that means separation. Well, I won't, and why should I? P-RN-LL put us into office. He may even keep us there. If he doesn't, we may run together in opposition. Why should I go out of my way to flout him? The question of separation is not before us. When it comes, let us consider it. In the meantime I am not the man, for the sake of a bit of sentiment, to estrange a useful ally. The Markiss says we'll have the whole country, including the Conservative Party, howling at us if we don't put our foot down on this question. Let them howl. The question for us is, which course gives us more immediate advantage, to break with P-RN-LL now, or to hold on as long as we can? I'm for the latter policy. The rest stand by the other, and so, suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I'm struck down in the very buoyancy of my youthful health, and shall not be better before the 6th of October.

That's all about it, Toby, dear boy, and you will excuse me prattling on about myself. But you know I am at least equally fluent with respect to others.

By the way, I am sitting for my portrait, which is to be finished in

time for next Academy. It's rather a fancy notion. I am standing in my room at the India Office, with my lips to the telephone. At the other end of the telephone is India, patiently and submissively awaiting my instructions and decisions. The Markiss says the picture "wants balance." But he's always saying something. I think it's rather a taking notion. Do you?

Ever yours,

R-ND-LPH S. CH-RCH-LL.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

P.S.—Had a funny correspondence with H-RT-NOT-N about my Come-over-and-help-us speech the other day. Waited forty-eight hours apparently brooding over it. Then wrote:—"Dear R-ND-LPH, Who's Us? Yours faithfully, H-RT-NOT-N." I replied:—"Dear H-RT-NOT-N, Us is Me. Yours faithfully, R-ND-LPH." Haven't heard from him since. Expect he's thinking over proposition.

"SIX OF ONE."

Latest Intelligence à la Mode.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.

It is officially announced that the Marquis de BENOMAR had this afternoon a protracted interview with Count HERBERT BISMARCK. The exact nature of the meeting has not fully transpired, but enough has leaked out to give rise to certain disquieting rumours, that acted unfavourably on closing prices at the Bourse. The report, though lacking full confirmation, gains ground that the Minister has been entrusted with the return of the young King's Uhlan uniform to the German Emperor, and that, owing either to want of precedent or to any convenient place in which to keep it, the Count has courteously but firmly declined to receive it. This line of conduct has, it is said, embarrassed the Spanish Representative. The report that a torpedo-fleet had left Kiel for Peninsular waters with "sealed orders," requires confirmation.

MADRID, Sept. 22.

In semi-official circles here the report that Germany has, pending negotiations, hoisted her flag on several dozen of the smaller islands, gains ready credence, and causes profound irritation. In the face of existing events the attitude of the Navy is attracting some notice in moderate political circles, all the Admirals, Post-Captains, and Senior Officers at the three naval Arsenals having expressed, through the Minister of Marine, their determination to see the honour of the Service vindicated, after the recent action at Yap, by an immediate rise of pay in all its branches. The Spanish Navy has always been liberally inclined, and SENOR CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO will have to be very guarded in his conduct in dealing with its ruffled susceptibilities. The situation, however, does not give rise to any serious alarm. The journal *El Correo* hears, on good authority, that the Government are in negotiation with the General Steam Navigation Company for the purchase of their fleet of steamers plying between London and Boulogne. The report needs official confirmation.

BERLIN, Sept. 23.

It is stated in well-informed circles here, that the reply of the Spanish Government to the English Note, recommending Arbitration in the Caroline Islands question, is couched in excessively warm and indignant language, and has been despatched to the Cabinet at St. James's. It is argued that Lord SALISBURY will know well how to answer it, and that a fresh complication will arise that will give a decidedly favourable turn to events. Meantime, trunks full of returned German orders continue to arrive by parcels post from irritated Spanish Generals, at the official residence of the Minister of War, but as that functionary declines to take them in, they are promptly returned again to the senders through the Dead-letter Office.

The Marquis de BENOMAR had a further interview, this afternoon, with Count HERBERT BISMARCK, and it is understood that though the price to be paid for the repairs to the German Embassy at Madrid, and for the purchase of the new shield and flag-staff, gave rise to a lengthy discussion, a general good accord was preserved. The rumour that, with a view to coming eventualities, the Government have ordered the Mobilisation of the Pomeranian Horse Marines, is, at present, devoid of any foundation.

MADRID, Sept. 26.

The tension of feeling in this Capital still continues to be very acute, and much anxiety is manifested in moderate circles as to the action of the Army, several Generals of exalted rank having expressed themselves loudly yesterday evening, on the Prado, in favour of tossing up with half-a-crown for a policy. It is not, however, thought that a *pronunciamiento* will pay those most interested in it, and in that fact lies the security of the country. The report that the King has secretly abdicated in favour of the Emperor WILLIAM, and has taken a money payment down for the provinces of Aragon and Castile, and the drawing-room furniture at Aranjuez, though industriously circulated by the more Liberal portion of the Press, has as yet failed to gain anything more than partial credence.



AMENITIES OF THE "GENTLE CRAFT."

"BE TENDER WITH HIM, MISS! BE TENDER!"

LOOKING AHEAD!

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

AIR—"Of What is the Old Man thinking?"

Of what is the Old Man thinking,
As he sits in his Study Chair,
From the crowd's hot tumult shrinking,
And the platform's brazen glare?
The eyes of the Old Man glow,
As he thinks of the coming fray,
Though his voice sounds faint and low,
And his locks look scant and grey.
The younger around are sinking
Their tones with attentive care.
Of what is the Old Man thinking,
As he sits in his Study Chair?

'Tis not with a vain repining
That the Old Man lingers here;
'Tis not o'er his strength declining
He broods on the waning year.
There's a spell in the clarion's tray,
And his eyes are far from dim;
And the near November day
Means battle once more for him.
From the field he's not found shrinking.
But a Leader's task brings care.
Of what is the Old Man thinking,
As he sits in his Study Chair?

Of his fifty years of fighting!
Of his ancient foemen dead!
Of the wrongs that yet need righting!
Of the ills that still make head!
Of the ranks that wait his word!
Of the choice of battle-ground!
Of the warring watchwords heard!
Of the clashing cries that sound!

Of the ticklish task of linking
Squadrons in order fair!
Of this is the Old Man thinking
As he sits in his Study Chair?

His Captains young and eager,
Like hounds in leash they strain
The foe's stronghold to 'leaguer,
The citadel to regain.
And some would charge like thunder,
And some like Fabius wait,
And some would hotly blunder,
Some coldly lag too late.
Unhasting, yet unshrinking,
The host must forward fare.
Of that is the Old Man thinking
As he sits in his Study Chair?

See, see, his firm lips tighten!
He holds the battle-plan.
Behold his tired eyes brighten!
His place is in the van.
To marshal that mixed host
Demands his long-tried skill.
Forward to the old post!
He must, and faith he will!
No resting yet, no shrinking;
The war-map's ready—there!
Of this is the Old Man thinking,
As he sits in his Study Chair!

THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR LIBERAL CRY.—
"The Grand Old Man and the Grand Old
Manifesto."

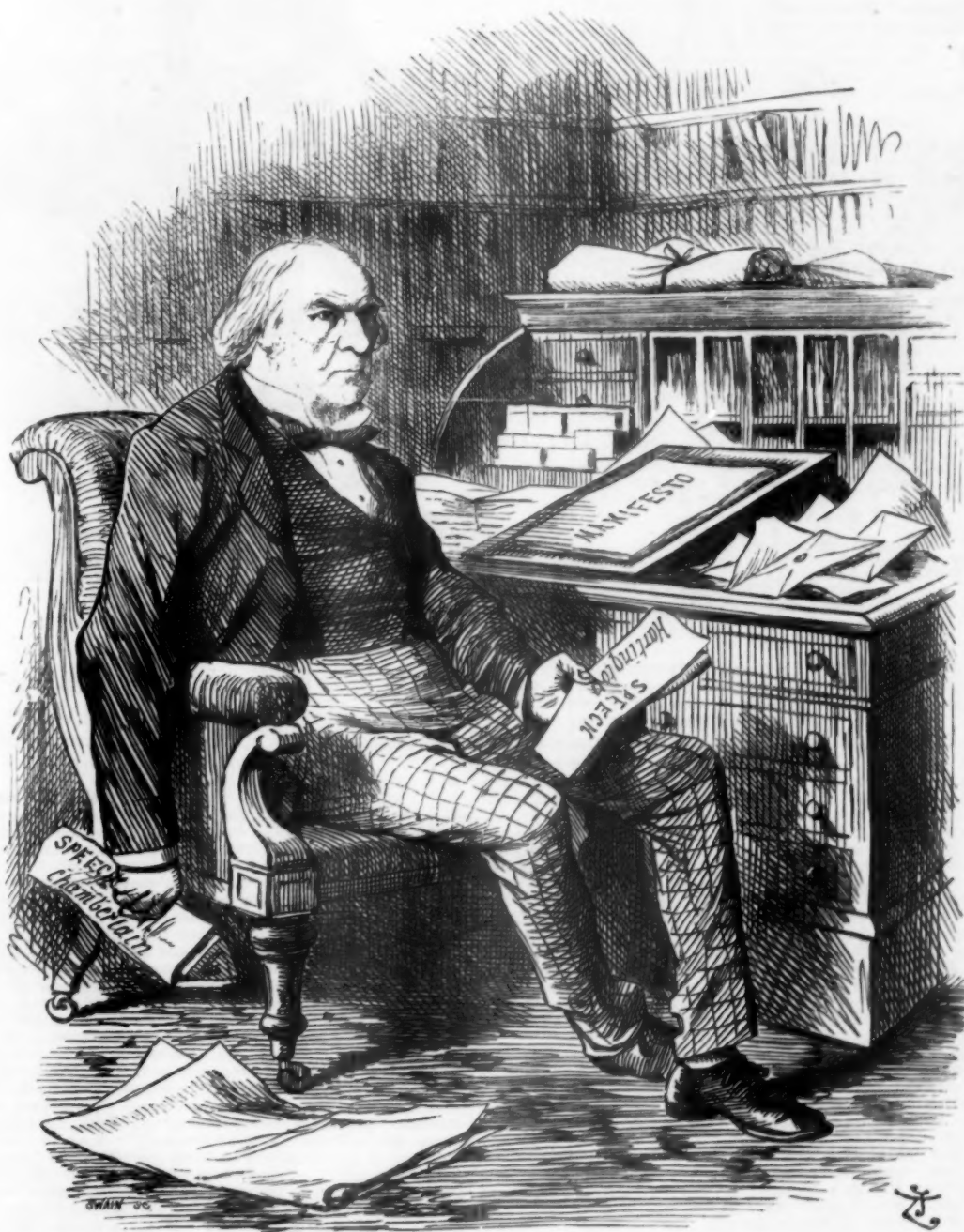
MOTTO FOR THE SURREY CRICKET TEAM.—
"READ-Y, AYE READ-Y!"

MORE LIGHT.

SIR, MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE, in common with many others of your readers, been perusing lately—much, however, to my individual confusion—that correspondence that has appeared in the *Times*, dealing with the subject of "The Standard of Light." The question raised by "A. V. H." as to the moral rectitude of Gas Companies on the one hand, and of Candle Makers on the other, no less than his definition of a "standard test-candle," and "16-candle gas," with all the ins and outs about curvature of wick, snuffing, and what not, leaves me, for all its illuminating talk, practically in the dark. For what I find in the standard of light, the only standard I am acquainted with, is anything but illumination. I don't know how to use a photometer, nor do I understand the test of a pure spermaceti candle, but I do know that the gas that is supplied to me by a monopolising company not only falls short of any respectable standard of light whatever, but fills my rooms with a stifling compound of smoke and sulphur, that blackens my wall-papers, ruins my furniture, and chokes me and my guests. What are the Electric Lighting Companies about? They alone can rescue us from the fume and the gloom to which the gas monopoly at present consigns us. Talk of the standard of light, indeed! The true standard is not in 15 or 16-candle gas, but in that incandescent light which gives you the brightness almost of day. Yours, impatiently,
ONE IN THE DARK.

"JUST IN TIME FOR THE TRAIN."—Poor Jumbo!



LOOKING AHEAD!

"I AM TOO CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE PUBLIC PROCEEDINGS OF THE LAST SIX SESSIONS TO WITHDRAW MYSELF FROM THE ACQUITTAL OR CONDEMNATION WHICH IS ABOUT TO BE PRONOUNCED."—
(Mr. Gladstone's "Manifesto.")



THE CHURCH

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BOSTON, MASS. 1850. BY THE REV. J. A. ALLEN, D.D., Rector.



HOW WE WORK THE PARCEL POST IN THE COUNTRY.

(A Sketch from Nature—dedicated to the Postmaster-General.)

"ARCADES AMBO."

HARCOURT will twit Sir MICHAEL with "Kilmainham,"
 HICKS-BEACH, Sir WILLIAM with "Maamtrama" twit:
 If truth from taradiddles won't restrain 'em.
 They might be saved from silliness by wit!
 And then the party papers need not bother
 To shout—in many columns—"You're Another!"

"A GOOD SHILLINGSWORTH."—Not a very easy thing to find nowadays. For instance a couple of copies of Bradshaw's "Official" Railway Guide are scarcely worth the sum, save as assistance in concocting rather cruel practical jokes. Again, "A really Good Dinner for a Shilling" is frequently an extremely bad investment, in spite of its title. Once more, a place in the gallery at the theatres is never worth twelve pence, save and except at Drury Lane, where the deservedly successful *Human Nature*, the best of modern melodramas, is being played nightly to overflowing audiences. However, it appears just now that a "Good Shillingsworth" can be found not only at Drury Lane, but at every bookstall in the kingdom, in the shape (the convenient-for-the-pocket shape) of *The Dark House: a Knot Unravelling*. This, the latest of Mr. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN's works, is also one of his best—high praise where all are good. The exciting story is capital reading, at all times, for the slowly-departing "open air" or the gradually-coming fireside. The name of its Author is appropriately suggestive of both seasons. It not only hints at summer in the country, but carries us half-way to the fender!

The Fun of the Fair.

SLANGING Free Trade and lauding Trade that's Fair,
 The Economic Tories never wearies.
 The "Unprotected Female," they declare,
 Is English Ceres!

GROWL BY A RUSSOPHORE.—MR. M. E. BENSON publishes a book called *The Story of Russia*. This is either vague or invidious. Which "story" does he mean? Is she not always telling them?

THE TOURIST IN TOWN.

THE INNER CIRCLE RAILWAY.

On the Threshold.—You are struck by the appearance of the Stations, which are, as a rule, one-third brick to two-thirds Advertisement-boards, arguing that the majority of the Directors are not, to say the least, quite as æsthetic as RUSKIN. Taste is not considered in the dividend, so "blowholes" appear amongst the trees of the Embankment Gardens, and the lines of many a graceful building are hidden beneath hideous posters telling of the triumphs of rapid locomotion. When the extension was made from Westminster to the Mansion House, the line was facetiously described as the "Daylight Station Route," on the strength of the Stations being either glazed or open to the air at the top. Deceived by this announcement, many a careless pleasure-seeker (missing the previous word, "Station") descended into the bowels of the earth, promising himself a ride beside riverian scenery of no uncommon excellence, to find that the homœopathic doses of daylight were lost in miles of sulphurous tunneling. But although the Directors showed something of the nature of the wily serpent in describing the subterranean route in such a way as to suggest soft summer breezes and gently-waving trees, they exhibited less artfulness in their posters relative to the advantages of their Stations. Whenever a new resting-place was opened for the benefit of the Public, the Directors considered it advisable to point out the special advantages of the site. Thus, passengers booking for Mark Lane were informed that they would have the great privilege of being near enough to the Tower of London "to pay it a visit," and others going to Putney would find themselves, on arriving at their destination, ripe for "Boating on the River."

At the Booking Offices.—Every convenience for making mistakes. Before each pigeon-hole is a barrier that seems to say, "If you are in the least portly, you will be crushed to death while taking your ticket," and over the opening appears a startling placard, which distracts your attention from everything else, "Beware of Pick-pockets." Squeezed and distrustful you approach the window, to find it sometimes closed; but, should it be opened, there is usually a Clerk behind it, seemingly doing anything rather than attending to the public. "Second single, Blackfriars, please," you murmur, in a conciliatory tone. The Clerk continues adding up a row of

figures, or telling a story to a colleague. You repeat your request, even in beseeching accents. Annoyed at being disturbed, the Clerk looks at you superciliously, snaps out, "Next window!" and returns to his former employment. Having at length secured your ticket, you descend a flight of badly-lighted stairs, to find a door flung in your face the moment you arrive at the bottom. However, you will have something to look at—the train you were striving to catch leisurely waiting before leaving the station.

The Carriage Accommodation.—Miserable. To begin with, the handles to the doors are frequently dirty enough to spoil any kid glove of an alternative colour to black. If you happen to be going to a wedding in lavender or pale straw, you will find the palm of your right hand quaintly decorated, if you attempt to get in or out without assistance. To continue—at certain hours of the day or night the carriages are cruelly overcrowded. In each compartment you will find, besides the regulation number of seated occupants, a crowd of people treading upon one another's toes, who have rushed in, regardless of consequences,—it is to be hoped that an accident will not happen on one of these occasions, or assuredly somebody or other will be put on his trial for manslaughter. About half-a-minute is the regulation time allowed for stopping at each Station, so that if you happen to have taken a ticket for a carriage whose class is situated at the end of the platform opposite to that of your entrance, you have to scamper along the boards amidst an unruly mob until, breathless from exertion, you reach your destination. The Guard, seeing you coming, when you have completed about a third of your way, raises his arm, and shouts, "All right!" This makes you double your exertions, and, pale and exhausted, you are huddled in with the demand, "Now then, Sir, are you going on?" Once seated, you would go to sleep were it not that at every Station you are kept awake by the reckless banging of the doors. It may be added, to preserve a balance, much time is consumed by pauses in the tunnels.

The Atmosphere.—Very bad, indeed; sometimes (especially in the summer) it is intolerable. At Portland Road Station, for instance, a descent to the platform means, to many people, a violent fit of coughing. The mist of sulphurous vapour often reminds one of a black November fog—and is twice as disagreeable.

Conclusion.—Whenever it is more convenient to go another way, do not insist upon the Inner Circle Railway!



A DIFFICULTY.

Captain de Vere Jones. "I OFTEN WONDER, AS YOU AMERICANS SEEM JUST AS FOND OF TITLES AS WE ARE, WHY YOU DON'T START AN ARISTOCRACY OF YOUR OWN!"

Colonel van Tromp, U.S. "WELL, YOU SEE, THEY'D ALL HAVE TO BE DUKES TO BEGIN WITH!"

THE WOLFF AND THE LAMBS.

Fly-Leaf from a Stamboul Diary.

9 A.M.—Twenty-first day. Despatch from Foreign Office, urging me to be more expeditious. Will certainly try. Send round to SAID PASHA to know whether he can see me at eleven. Messenger back. "He will be delighted." Have telegraphed to Downing Street that I am in "active communication" with them. This is literally true. I am sending backwards and forwards all day. Have been for three weeks.

11 A.M.—Present myself to keep appointment with SAID PASHA. Find that he is "out." Really too bad of him. Same thing happened yesterday,—and the day before,—and the day before that. Is always happening. They do not know where he is gone to. Leave a note, to say I "will look in again about one." On my way, meet the SULTAN going to the Mosque. Very civil. Sends an Envoy to ask "who I am." Telegraph this to Downing Street.

1 P.M.—Have called again. Am kept waiting some time, and then Dragoman comes out, and explains that "The Minister is very sorry, but that he is engaged for two hours." Asks me whether my business is very pressing. "Could I name it?" "No, I could not." Tell him I will call again at three. Telegraph this to Downing Street.

3 P.M.—This is really too bad. Have just missed him. Dragoman full of apologies. It seems there has been a misunderstanding. Thought I said five. "Will I take a chair, and wait?" "Yes, I will." Look over my notes of what I have got to say. Better begin with "Joint Occupation of Egypt," and get round that way to possible offensive and defensive alliance. Must be very diplomatic. Hope they appreciate this properly at Downing Street. Half a mind to telegraph it to them. Have. Just five. Ha! here he is!

5 P.M.—No, he isn't. It is a deputy who has come to fill his place. "What can he do for me?" Feel inclined to say, "Nothing," but

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.
A SCIENTIFIC QUERY.

AIR—"Teetotal Family."

"The Teletopometer, an ingenious instrument, has been invented by Dr. LUIGI CERROTANI, a Professor of the University of Verona."—*St. James's Gazette.*

If I ask, you can tell all about a pedometer;
You know, on the Nile, that they use a Nilometer;
Your views are correct on the haughty hygrometer;
You feel quite at home when you bang a barometer!
You garrulous grow on the giant gasometer,
And look mighty wise when you scan a thermometer;
You're doubtless aware how to treat the hydrometer—
But tell me the use of a Teletopometer!

CHORUS.

Oh, Teletop, Teletop, Teletop—ometer!
Pray tell me the use of a Teletopometer!

Prodigy and Poodle.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, at the British Association, on the Intelligence of the Canine Species, told a good dog-story. He has a black poodle, *Fan*, who, out of various cards imprinted with so many words, such as "food," "water," "tea," &c., picks out the one naming what he wants, and brings it, by way of request, to his Master. Here is indeed a clever dog. He has at least acquired the first R; he can read, and with a little more instruction his power of reading may be capable of extension beyond English letters. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, perhaps, will succeed in teaching *Fan* a dead language, and training him in classical scholarship sufficiently to enable him to understand dog-Latin.

Woon-derful!

EXTREMELY pleasant news from far Rangoon! The French they say secure from THANGYER WOON Railway concessions, and their own sweet way With Customs' dues and banks at Mandalay. France has scarce found Tonquin a *terra firma*, And so she seeks a *pied-à-terre* in Burmah. Good! But if Mister BULL is not a noddie, He'll keep an eye upon the Irrawaddy!

merely reply that I want to talk business. Will I do it in French? I will try. Is all attention. Explain who I am. Expresses lively satisfaction. I dash at the subject, and plunge in *medias res*, and begin about Egypt. Skilfully work round to joint occupation. Expresses livelier satisfaction. Finally, get on to important ground, and, after talking for five hours, propose general scheme of offensive and defensive alliance. Seems quite delighted. Expresses liveliest satisfaction. Will I come again to-morrow, and repeat all I have said to the Pasha? Hasn't he understood? Can't say he has, quite. But the Pasha will—to-morrow. Point out that it is always "to-morrow." However, have no choice. Telegraph to Downing Street. Then to bed, sanguine but gloomy.

Rhyme on the International Yacht Race.

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the lip,
As Sir RICHARD well knows, by the *Puritan* whopped.
He won't bring it back to Old England *this* trip
From Yankee-Yacht-Land where so long it has stopped.
That the saucy *Genesta* had not tried in vain
Were what he—and we, too—would vastly prefer,
But take the lick bravely, and try once again?—
Why, Suttonly, Sir!

Come with a Hoop!

COMMON Sense has—at last—deposed Queen ANNE from her "bad (and broken-nosed) eminence in St. Paul's Churchyard;" but Fashion, says a Parisian journal, is about to bring back an even uglier monarch which it calls, "Queen Crinoline." Against such a "Restoration" the most loyal Briton will rebel. Rather Republicanism, or even a dash of mild and mitigated Nihilism, than such a hideous *Astrak Redus* as this. "That way madness lies!"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 20.



IN THE PADDOCK AT DONCASTER.

Oh! who's for a peep at the Paddock? Our scions of race love the Race. And here muster types of swell manhood and stars of patrician she-grace.

Place aux dames! To the right shines the beautiful Countess of MARCH; at her side

The Honourable Mrs. CADOGAN. Lord ROTHSCHILD, with natural pride,

Confronts them near Newmarket FREDERICK. BEAUFORT and WESTMORELAND stand,

The one with his hand on his breast, and the other with book in his hand.

Next Westminster's Duke, just behind, and, then hat-cooked, complacent and cool,

Ineffable CHAPLIN himself, to whom Statesmen must put them to School,

Economists bow, turfmen meekly defer, and the farmers kotow. Below—in position, of course, not in merit, that none will allow!—

The young Duke of PORTLAND, ex-Guardsman, conversing with Scotia's chief pride,

Smart, versatile, genial ROSEBERRY. When he—alas! stands aside From tips and turf-honours, they'll mourn him; but then GLADSTONE's "Primrose" is entered

For a race that is other than hippic, in which his ambition is centred, And which the "ente, Earl" "stands to win," if the omens the world reads aright.

Between them you see Sir George WOMBELL, fox-hunter of ardour and might,

Whom the flat may less charm than 'cross country. Is this that illustrious Peer

Great WICHILSEA standing, and stooping, whilst RYMILL, as great Auctioneer,

Beams blandly above him? That back and that hat with the genial rake,

Say, can they be other than TATTERSALL's? May one his neighbour mistake

For other than ROSSLYN? Ah, no! any more than a Cockney would doubt,

As regarding that phiz to the left, but would cheerily, cheekily shout,

"'ARRY 'AWKINS, by Jove!" Here stern Justice unbends, though its visage looks grim.

And who is that Jock just below? By that face, by that lank length of limb,

All may know the superlative "FRED." "ARCHER up!" cries the Cockney again,

And who "upper" than he with his fellows this prince of the spur and the rein?

Still, if anyone may hope to match him, or melt his imperial mood, It is surely the smart vis-à-vis whom the crowd loves to call

CHARLEY WOOD; These twain to inferior Jocks are as all Lombard Street to a shaddock.

And so Mr. Punch has completed the round of the Doncaster Paddock.

VOLAPUCK.—HEFF SCHLEYER, of Constance, has, we are informed, invented an universal language, which he calls *Volapuck*! "Minerva-Volapuck," says a Russian journal, "has sprung from the brains of JUPITER-SCHLEYER, fully armed to go out and conquer the world." A pretty prospect and a suggestive name! It is to be feared, however, that Volapuck will not, like the other Puck, "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes."

FITZDOTTEREL; OR T'OTHER AND WHICH?

(By the Earl of L-t-t-n.)

"Supposing I was you,
Supposing you was me,
And supposing we both was somebody else,
I wonder who we should be."

CANTO V.—THE LAST METEMPSYCHOMORPHOSIS.

ALL over? Not a bit of it! I guess
A second volume must be filled somehow.
That means a thousand stanzas, more or less.
Eight thousand lines! The knowing dog's bow-wow
Settled that Little Woman's awful mess,
But this is no mere Nursery Tale, I trow.
However, epic longitude and latitude
Come easy with the aid of pompous platitude.

The Art of Arts is that of Spinning Out,
And Genius is a Spider. Conversation
Ad libitum all sorts of things about,
Shows one's encyclopedic information,
And covers paper. EDGAR POE, no doubt,
Would have demurred, but my interpretation
Of a Great Poem that shall outlive Time,
Is—a Colossal Rigmorole in Rhyme.

BEEVOR was—BEEVOR, in his own regard
And that of EDELWEISS; but who was he
To GRETCHEN? There's the *crux*: 'tis there the Bard
Perceives the promise and the potency
Of sentiment and small talk by the yard.
GRETCHEN was pledged as fast as fast could be
To PUMPERNICKEL. Would she marry BEEVOR
When she found out he was an Arch-Deceiver?

LONE GRETCHEN's creed was Love Predestined; her
Faith was in Germany! (Line-endings jerky
Are not mellifluous, but they *will* occur.)
Some may regard the Teuton mind as murky,
The Teuton manners prickly as a burr,
The Teuton spirit less sublime than perky;
But GRETCHEN looked upon the German soul
As honour's home, love's nest, and wisdom's goal.

With such a faith, how *should* she stoop to wed
A mere FITZDOTTEREL? O'er this problem fumbling
BEEVOR went very nearly off his head.
His fix indeed was tight, and rather humbling.
"FITZDOTTEREL, *Keep your Pecker up!*" So said
Old EDELWEISS. "You're wrong—" "Oh, bother
grumbling!"

Broke in the youth. "You know I'm not a German,
Whilst GRETCHEN thinks I *am*, and calls me HERMANN!"

"Her man you are, her man of men indeed,"
Chuckled pun-loving old POLONIUS, winking.
"By Jove!" shrieked BEEVOR, "so I am! I read
Fate's fiat in the fact!! *Hoch!* no more shrinking!
That omen tells me I shall yet succeed.

Bless you, my EDELWEISS!!" Here BEEVOR, sinking
Upon his knees, clasped the old pedant's pants,
And wept all over them. (A Muse that cants,

A Man that blubbers, and a Maid that gushes,
Form the old popular Bulwiggian triad.)
LONE GRETCHEN was all babblement and blushes;
Pensive and pale at times as a lost Pleiad.
Her talk was lavish as Lodore's wild rushes.

BEEVOR discovered her, like a fair Dryad,
Lolling beneath the statue of a Faun,
Midst clumps of borage and soft slopes of lawn.

She saw that he was troubled, by his nose
Still pink with weeping,—such was her capacity
For Sympathetic Intuition! Those

Who have this super-subtle fine sagacity
Alone may understand the marvel. Close
She clung to him, and strove, with sweet tenacity,
To cheer him up. Whatever was the matter
She knew he could be comforted with chatter.

She talked,—oh! *How* she talked! A treatise long
On Transcendental Love (*we'll leave out that*),
A Mystic Legend (*let that slide!*), a Song,
(*No matter!*) Several reams of Roundabout,
She plied him with. "HERMANN," she cried, "you're wrong
My powers of consolation still to doubt.
I know you,—even better than I love!"
"Oh, murder!" BEEVOR moaned; "do you, by Jove?"

"Why, if you *did*, you'd turn me up—bahoo!—
Just as the old Dame's dog did!" "Foolish elf!"
Low gurgled GRETCHEN, "was it not for you
I gave up Twenty Millions—all my pelf?"
"No!" thundered BEEVOR, "No! It's all a Do!
For GRETCHEN, GRETCHEN, I am not myself,
But some one else! There, it's all out! I'll show it—"
"Shut up, you silly goose!" cried she. "I know it!"

Silence! You might have heard tradition's pin
Drop on the tear-soaked turf. Then his Egeria
Began again. He listened with a grin,
Which, half was happiness and half hysteria.
Mystic as COLERIDGE's *Geraldine*,
And masterful as BALZAC's *Belle Impéria*.
She looked, low-bending o'er that moon-struck "swimmy" 'un,
As chaste DIANA stooped o'er dazed ENDYMION.

"How did you find it out?" he murmured. "Why,"
Said she, "you've given proofs in vast variety,
That you are one *beside yourself*. Do try
To be less babyish; it breeds satiety.
De plus, I am a great *Clairvoyante*, I,
A member of the Psychical Society,
An Esoteric Buddhist, half a Yankee.
And—need you further proofs?" Cried he, "No, thankie!"

"Yet, oh my Sibyl! tell me yet one other
Thing. *Who am I?*" "Nay, *there* cocksureness shrinks
Not e'en KOOR-HOOM, the great Thibet 'Brother,'
Could play the *Edipus* to such a Sphinx.
You may be 'Which,' you may again be, 'T'Other,'"
She answered, with the pleasantest of winks.
But on the Vocate why longer brood?
You're just a psychical *Subjunctive Mood*—
"The incarnation of a mystic May-Be!"
"Hooray!" yelled BEEVOR. "All at last is well!
HEGEL was but a metaphysic baby
Compared with you. What matter, oh, *ma belle*,
Whether I be a low-born German gaby,
Or Unfitzdotterel FITZDOTTEREL?
Being and Not-Being are all the same,
And Metamorphic Muddle wins the game!"

They Lived, they Loved, they Lucubrated on,
These twain, with EDELWEISS for minor third.
GRETCHEN ignored her Twenty Millions flown,
BEEVOR resigned his Earldom like a bird.
Love's the true Transcendental Polygon.
(This means a lot, though it may sound absurd.)
As Tillers of the Soil they sought sweet offices,
Thus end—with a bad rhyme—their metamorphoses!

But oh to hear them perorate!!! Their lives
Were one long miscellaneous Disquisition.
GRETCHEN, the most magniloquent of wives,
Pacile princeps, kept the first position
As Twaddler-General. Manacles and gyves
Would not hold guests there on the dread condition
Of listening whilst they prozed with flat facility
On Love and Territorial Nobility.

Just as a specimen I'll here append
Some fifty staggering stanzas—(*No you don't!*
It's high time this long rigmorole should end.)
What more, O Muse? (It is the Singer's wont
To wind up thus.) Ere I lay down my pen
The Reader may demand—I've not yet shown't—
The clue to this long labyrinth Anglo-German,
FITZDOTTEREL-PUMPERNICKEL-BEEVOR-HERMANN!

Who was FITZDOTTEREL then? Ah! there's the *crux*,
Why even GRETCHEN's powers of divination
Failed thereupon to throw their *flat lux*!
She vaguely talked of "Nature's Usurpation,"
Metempsychosis and Perpetual Flux,
And Transcendental Idealisation,
Ending her hints—no soul could understand 'em—
With a serene *Quod erat demonstrandum*!

I cannot say! Perhaps 'twas all a dream,
Perhaps 'twas Fate, perhaps those frightened nurses.
I only know that it has formed a theme
For (*save for scissors*) several thousand verses;
Which, sweetly bound in silver-grey and cream,
Should surely open all your hearts—and purses.
I therefore leave it to the Public Voice.

"You pay your money, and you take your choice!"

THE END.

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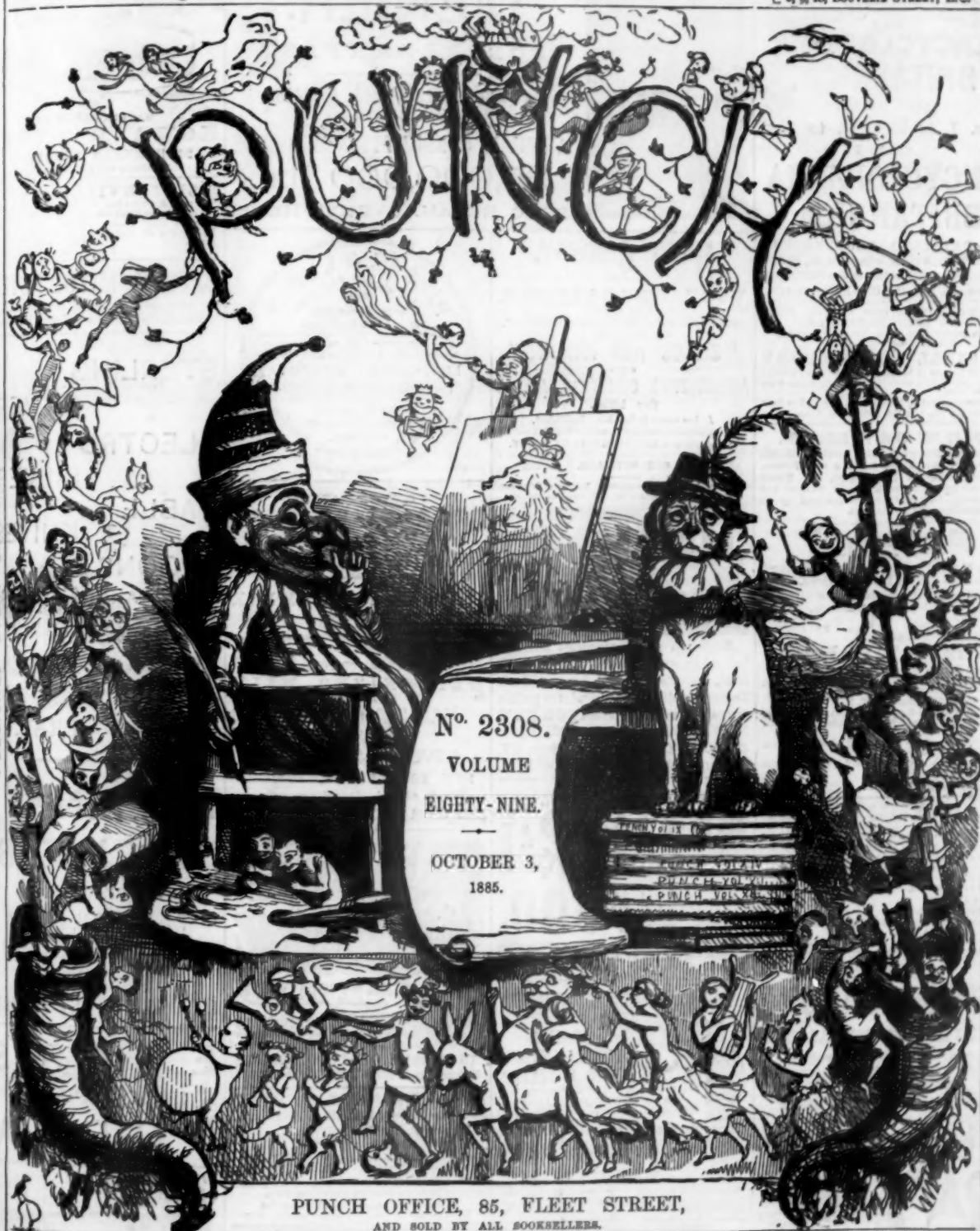
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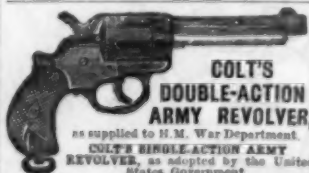
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A WARM CORNER.

"We had capital sport on the First. . . . I was one of a party of four guns posted at the south-west corner of Deadman's Spinney, and in a quarter of an hour we were up to our knees in birds. It positively rained Pheasants!"—Extract from a Private Letter.

SORROWS OF A METROPOLITAN CANDIDATE.



ONLY a month, a little month, has passed since I had the distinguished honour of being selected by the Liberal and Radical Association of my Parliamentary District as their Candidate at the approaching General Election, and yet the enormous amount of absurd, and impertinent, and wearying, and worrying correspondence I have had to endure, and not only to endure, but to

endure without a murmur, and even with an appearance of thankfulness, is simply incredible. My table groans with awful piles of letters, and such letters! Nothing is too great or too small for my merciless persecutors. Am I in favour of a Republic? "Should not the Poor-Law Guardians have power to raise the Beadle's wages without asking permission of an 'aughty Aristocracy?" Should the House of Lords be abolished? If not, why not? and if so, how? How was I to answer this puzzle satisfactorily? It took me nearly two hours to concoct an answer, and even then the only reply I got was that my opinions on this crucial question were very unsound, and would require much re-consideration.

As to Disestablishment and Disendowment, was I opposed to one, or both, or neither? If to one, which? If to neither, why? If to both, what would I say to dividing the proceeds among poor tradesmen, ruined by the wicked Stores, in proportion to the number of the family, he being the proud parent of eight?

As to Emigration, which particular Colony would I recommend for a fine strapping son aged two-and-twenty, and why, and the probable cost, and the means of supporting him until something eligible turned up? Could I possibly have any objection to stand godfather to a sweet blooming cherub, only six weeks old, who was to be named after me?

Was I aware of the startling fact that while one shilling's-worth of the Poor Man's tea paid a tax of eightpence, that a shilling's-worth of the Bloated Aristocrat's champagne paid a tax of only one halfpenny? If so, what did I think of it, and how should I proceed to remedy that gross iniquity when returned to Parliament? Had I fully considered the question of Fair Trade, and with what result as regarded a diseased neighbour's cattle?

An Irish Elector who says that he represents nearly four hundred

of [the same class, asks me to state in plain and unmistakeable language whether I will support that eminent Patriot, Mr. PARNELL, in his endeavour to obtain Justice for his down-trodden country, and better wages for his oppressed countrymen; while a Member of the local Vestry would like to know my views upon the future Government of the Metropolis.

These are but a sample of the various matters I am expected to expound, in lengthy epistles, and to the accomplishment of which task I have devoted every hour of my usual August holiday, and with, I fear, but very moderate success, judging by the unsatisfied tone of the various comments I receive from my numerous correspondents. I am worn out with my incessant work—to me, too, of an especially disagreeable, because an unusual character—I am ill and dispirited, and very doubtful of ultimate success, and despite the cheery tones in which my guide, philosopher, and agent, still addresses me, I am fain to confess that I look back with bitter regret to the day when I madly allowed myself to be announced as a Candidate for Parliamentary honours, and nothing but the fear of the biting sarcasm of my foes, and the still more terrible sympathising pity of my numerous friends, prevent me from at once announcing my retirement from a position that has been, and still is, a most unmitigated nuisance and almost unbearable bore, and then flying joyously away on the wings of an express train and express Boat to Venice or Egypt or Jericho, —anywhere, anywhere, out of the world "of Politics."



The Strict J. P.

THOSE who are apt to sneer at the uselessness of the Great Unpaid, will read the following extract from the *Daily Telegraph* with great pleasure:—

"Two lads under ten years of age were ordered to be flogged by the Barnsley Magistrates yesterday, for stealing a horse value £40."

Whether a chastisement by Justices of the Peace would be more effective than the birch-rod well laid on by an experienced gaoler, we are unable to say. Possibly the Barnsley Magistrates are peculiarly skilful in this kind of punishment; but, if there are many naughty boys in Barnsley, it strikes us that the life of a J. P. in that busy town will be anything but a happy one.

BISMARCK ON BAILIFFS.—*Beati possidentes.*

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

II.—FROM AN AMATEUR AMBASSADOR.

Stamboul, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

How is London looking just now? Have you a blue sky overhead? do you breathe soft summer airs? and can you from your palace windows look out upon the Bosphorus. I trow not, and, thinking of you and your gloomy autumnal surroundings, I am all the more pleased with the decision I took. Of course, I might have had some office at home, and it was naturally expected that I should take one. But I thought better of it, and have never since regretted the decision. Supposing I had been Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, or something at the Local Government Board, what would have happened? I'd have had all the drudgery of the office, and just when I had begun to master the details, and another quarter's salary came due, we would be all bundled out. But see what I get now. A trip to the East with the pleasantest time of the year coming on; am styled his Excellency; am received with more or less distinction at the various Courts; have the newspapers chronicling my movements and making all kinds of guesses of things that never happen. Then I arrive here and a high old time I am having of it I can tell you.

The only drawback to the pleasure of the excursion hitherto has been B-AM-ACK's grumpiness. "If it suits S-L-SN-XY's game, or is one of his necessities, to find a little excursion for you, that's his affair," said the Chancellor when I called on him. "But really you must excuse me. I'm a man of business, with enough serious work on hand to occupy me, and can't join you in playing at diplomacy." That's his way, and we must put up with it. For the rest, they behaved nobly. Not a wink or a smile that I have seen, but everyone making-believe that the Mission has serious bearings upon international politics.

But the crowning delight of the excursion, so far as it has gone, is the conduct of the S-LT-X. He's really nice. To external view things are conducted with most impressive ceremony. There are preliminary meetings with Ministers, audiences fixed, and, when the time comes, we sit together by the hour, smoking and drinking sherbet (which I detest), and only now and then, as it were, breaking the silence by a wink. The other day, to make the thing look more real, the S-LT-X kept me waiting an hour. I confess I thought that was carrying the actuality a little too far. It was particularly awkward for me, for, if you remember, I kicked up an awful shine in the House, when, during the negotiations with Russia on the Afghan business, Sir EDWARD THORNTON was kept twenty minutes in the ante-room of the Russian Minister. Some fellow's sure to remember that, and it would be awkward if my speech on the occasion should be quoted. However, the S-LT-X is such a capital fellow that it is impossible to be angry with him for many minutes. He says he won't do it again, and thought it would keep up appearances.

You'll read in the newspapers, from time to time, accounts of my interviews with the S-LT-X. But I see him a great deal oftener than that. At the second interview he asked me if I ever heard of the CALIPH who used to go out at night *incognito*, as one may say. I said I had. He says, "Will you come with me?" I said, "Yes, your Majesty, if you really mean it." "*Inshallah!*" says he. "Blow me tight, if I don't!" (His English is singularly idiomatic.) So it was arranged, and after dinner the other night we went off, carefully disguised, and

spent a very pleasant evening. I send you a little sketch of our appearance.

I had a letter the other day from the Markiss, in which he says that we must really hasten up, and look as if we were doing something. I showed this to the S-LT-X. But he won't hear of it. "No, Lord W-LFF," his Majesty was pleased to say. "For the first time in my life I am enjoying the Eastern Question. If you get this business concluded, you'll go, and I will be desolate. We will go on as before, and you shall send for the Lord CORNHILL, and we'll show him round."

It's all very pleasant, and I'm certainly in no haste to leave. But I am bound to go on to Cairo, where it will be a little flat after this, and then I must get home in time for my electoral campaign. Pleasure's all very well, and, with a jolly good fellow like the S-LT-X, one makes the most of it. But business must also be attended to. So you'll have me back again shortly, dear TOBY; and, in the meantime, I remain,

Yours, faithfully, H. D. W-LFF.
To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

TO THE DARING DUCKLING.

(By a Moderate Liberal.)

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
You seemed but lately bent
On preaching Liberal Unity,

To our extreme content.
But now you say you will not play,
Unless your pace we go.

How about Liberal Unity, now,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE?

JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE, Sir,
We're facing roughish weather;
Our only chance of victory, JOE,
Seems pulling all together.

Though slow the pace, why should you stop?
Up hill we all would go,
And we'll meet together at the top,
JOE CHAMBERLAIN, my JOE!

THE SAME THING.—The *Daily News* publishes the following:—

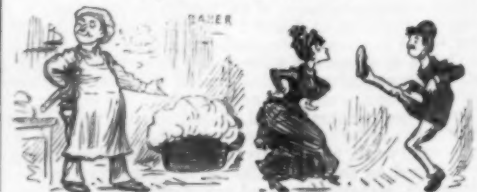
"THE SHOOTING OUTRAGE AT THE PARIS BOURSE.—By a telegraphic error in our Paris Correspondent's message yesterday, it was made to appear that the revolver was fired by a Russian. The word should have been 'ruffian.'"

Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT thinks this correction was entirely supererogatory.

THAT a College Don should in any case be disqualified for the Franchise, is "what no Fellow can understand."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The Rising in the (Y)east.

The Bal-kan-kans.



Rue Mania.

Room, mealy! yah!



A WARNING TO LAWSONITES.

First Scotch Boatman. "WHEE, GEORDIE, NOO GOT YE ON THE DAY!"

Second Ditto (drouthy, he had been out with a Free Kirk Minister, a strict abstainer). "NAE AVA. THE AULD CARLE HAD NAE WHUSKEY, SAE I TOOK HIM WHAUER THERE WAS NAE FUSH!"

"FREE" EVERYTHING.

July 1.—Off to Scarborough. Delightful plan this, Parliament establishing "State-aided Holiday Trips," and forbidding Employers to keep their servants in town during summer months. Quite worth having CH-MB-RL-N as Prime Minister when he gives us an "Emancipation of Toilers' Act" about once a Session.

July 3.—At Scarborough. "Free Railway Journeys" as well as "Free Holiday Trips." Scrumptious! Landladies' here don't seem quite to like the "Free Lodging" plan, it's true; and in fact, most of 'em have been ruined and have left the place. Consequence is, visitors have to make their own beds, and cook their own food, as it's illegal to bring one's own servants with one in July. *Vide* "Emancipation of Toilers' Act," as before.

July 5.—Jolly yachting excursion arranged for to-day. Wonder how it'll come off. CH-MB-RL-N's Act for "Nationalisation of Yachts" gives me right to go and seize any vessel in harbour that I like. But then it also gives everybody else same right, so I have to get up uncommonly early to be first down at the beach. Since the Act, too, owners of yachts have generally anchored out at sea, and fired on any boats that come within a hundred yards of them. Don't want to be fired at, but do want a yacht.

July 6.—Nearly drowned yesterday! Yacht (I got one by luck) leaked abominably. Nobody's interest, now, to repair it. When about an hour from shore, found it sinking! Shouted to fisherman close by to "come and save me." Fisherman shouted back that he'd have me up under "Emancipation of Toilers' Act" if I tried to employ him in July! Finally, had to give him five pounds and promise not to tell anybody about it, and he took me off. *Query*—Was this compounding a felony? Also, doesn't CH-MB-RL-N's "Emancipation of Toilers' Act" let in water somewhere? Don't know what became of Yacht, and don't care.

July 15.—Rather tired of Holidays. Not well. Arises partly, I think, from "Free Tobacco Act." Tobaccoists now paid a fixed salary, and supply cigars, &c., gratis to anybody who wants 'em. Result is that they keep nothing but coarsest shag and stalest weeds. Also "no servants" system fatiguing. Tried to make TOMMY (my

youngest boy) help me in family bed-making yesterday. TOMMY refused. He said Mr. CHIMBELBLAIN's Act of Parliament didn't allow it, and he'd run me in if I didn't take care! *Query*—Is this one of the "infant liberties" that I've read about? This spread of democratic sentiments can only, I think, be remedied by a "Free Birches" Bill being introduced.

July 28.—Staggered to-day by receiving demand for no end of rates and taxes! Collector says "it's to pay for freeing everything by Haet of Parlymint." Somehow I thought I was "free" from taxes altogether. Glad to say TOMMY was taken up yesterday for stealing a bucket and spade belonging to another boy on the beach. TOMMY said "he thought Mr. CHIMBELBLAIN's Act had made spades and buckles free." Not a bit of it. Magistrate ordered him a birching—really pleased. TOMMY says "it's a jolly shame;" only he doesn't quite understand the principles of recent democratic legislation.

August.—TOMMY unbearable—packed him off to Eton—which is now, of course, a "Free School" under the recently passed "Free (Secondary) Education Act."

September.—Back in Town. Holiday over, thank heaven! Done up—also hard up. Hurrah!—salary-day near. Must go down and draw my salary, as I found those sea-side rates and taxes quite as stiff as old lodging-house charges.

At Office.—Horrors! Polite intimation from my employer that as "Emancipation of Toilers' Act" precludes him from giving me employment during summer months, he feels it would be quite contrary to the spirit of the enactment if he were to offer me any salary for the same period, but that he hopes in October that I may resume my duties, and &c., &c.

Only question now is, Shall I go in for taking advantage of "Free Emigrants' Passages Act," or "Free Bankruptcy Certificate Act?" Do latter, and rather concur in TOMMY's depreciatory view of "Free" Eton, Yachts, Tobacco, Holidays, and all the rest of it.

LIVING UPON LAND.—Given to the Agricultural Labourer, Land to cultivate without any Capital, what will he have to eat? Dirt.

A LITTLE HOLIDAY CRUISE.

No time—Dinner—Sea-Cook—Query—Sea-quacks—Walking—Reminiscence—The Tar—Islands—What course—Council—Suggestions—Cautions—Decision.

Next Day.—No date particular. One loses all idea of time at sea, except breakfast-time, luncheon-time, and dinner-time—especially dinner-time.

My rule of sailing is, go where you like all day, from as early an hour as you can, but put in somewhere, that is, as it were, turn out of the main thoroughfare, and go down some quiet street for dinner. This, I am glad to say, is also our host's view. He has an excellent



“Cracking a Bottle” together.”

cook on board, who, I believe, is considered as one of the crew, and lends a hand in that capacity when required. In his line he is a *cordón bleu*, or a Captain Cook. And this leads me to inquire how, in nautical phraseology, “the son of a sea-cook” ever came to be a term of opprobrium. It may not be so nowadays, but it certainly was so in the days of Captain MARRYATT, whose Novels are, I see, being re-issued at cheap prices. In this author's time, when one naval gentleman wished to insult another naval gentleman, he spoke of him as “the son of a sea-cook.” Now, the more I have seen of sea-cooks, the more inexplicable has this term seemed to me. Take our present admirable artist, for example. His appearance on deck—where his visits are as those of angels, few, and far between—the simile being rendered all the more forcible from his being clothed from head to foot in white,—strikes me with a sort of awe, that is, when you see him legs and all, for, as a rule, when he ordinarily comes to the surface—for air, I suppose—he rises from a sort of open trap-door, and shows merely his head and shoulders, like one of the apparitions in the witches' cauldron, and then, after taking in a supply of ozone, he descends once more to his work in his rather limited kitchen, where, as it appears to me, the stove is not half the size of the joint which has to be served. The sea-cook is evidently looked up to by the crew, and is treated, as I can note, with profound respect. *Ex uno disce omnes* sea-cooks, or is this one the exception? In fact if, after the Captain, there is one person who is more deferentially treated than another it is the sea-cook. And if sea-cook *père* is so eminently respectable, why should it be a reproach to anyone to be the son of such a parent? Is it possible that the sea-cook is, after all, only a whitened sepulchre? No, never! tell that, among other absurdities, to the marines.

It is lovely weather, and CULLINS the Composer is full of inspiration. Fresh inspirations are brought by every breeze; we can almost see them coming, and the Composer catching them. The proximity of the Irish coast suggests to him a *cantata* on the Union of the three countries, to include a selection of the most popular national melodies. Mackracken Bay, or whatever was the name of the tranquil spot where we anchored for dinner last night, and which we quitted early this morning ere we were out of our comfortable berths, has also suggested a romantic ballad to him. He says it ought to begin with something mysterious, and some words like—

“’Twas in Mackracken Bay
All night the (something) lay.”

And what next? Being in a lazy mood after breakfast, our host supplies a line—

“And in the morn we were under weigh,”

which has the merit of being strictly true, though the Composer scorns it. Then, from its not having been seized at the moment, the inspiration evaporates, and the Composer sits listlessly in his easy-chair, gazing at the islands and the islets, until he hears the quacking of a sea-bird, when he wants to shoot at it, wherever it is.

The sea-birds are perfectly indifferent to being shot at by us.

They know as well as we do that we only wish to show how near we can go without hitting them. We should all be most unhappy should anyone of the party hurt a sea-bird, as we can't stop to pick it up, and if we could it would be of no use to us either for eating, stuffing, or selling.

On the whole, when we feel that we must shoot—for there are moments on board a yacht when you do begin to be absolutely fatigued with the exertion of sitting still and doing nothing—we prefer bottles to birds by way of targets; and as perpetual popping is apt to result in headache, the necessity for doing something being strong upon us, we put down the rifle and pace the deck sharply up and down, jocosely at first, saluting one another with good-natured nods, just as people meeting on the same promenade at a seaside resort are accustomed to do, until, in default of not knowing exactly what etiquette requires of you on passing a person for the tenth time in the course of three-quarters of an hour, each looks another way directly they spy each other coming, and at last they cut one another dead, with a glassy and even contemptuous stare, which says as plainly as words could, “Confound the fellow! what's he doing here still? Why on earth can't he go away, and let me walk up and down without meeting him?” [And the mention of this recalls to my mind a very comic scene, supposed to take place at Brighton, which was given years ago by Messrs. EDMUND YATES and HAROLD POWER at the Egyptian Hall. We are repeating that episode on deck now, only without an audience.]

So we invent dodgy walks, in and out round the skylights, and avoid one another until we feel sociable, then we make as many variations of companionship in promenading as our number will permit. FORD-BAMLY prefers sitting down until the Captain gives some word of command, when, being a thorough sailor and up in all the mysterious workings of the ship, he suddenly jumps up, rushes at a rope, and is seen hauling at it hand over hand, as if his life, and the lives of all on board depended solely on his dexterity and presence of mind at this trying crisis; and he goes on sternly and manfully grappling with it long after the crew have done their work, whatever it was, until a quiet old sailor comes up, nods to him pleasantly in a humouring, patronising sort of way, and taking the rope out of his hand, fixes it somewhere with a twist, and retires to the fore-castle, whereupon BAMLY, with the modest air of a man who is conscious of having deserved well of his country, but is disinclined to urge his claims, resumes his seat without a word, and betakes himself to examining the coast, through his race-glasses as if nothing extraordinary had happened; but all the time seeming to say to us land-lubbers, “Look here! it is of stuff like this that the British Tar is made.”

We are passing more islands. No one apparently on any of them. Occasionally a small house. Who lives there? How did he get there? How will he ever get away from there? Do they ever see the papers? I can observe no signs of cultivation. I see no boats. Now and then during the day we catch a glimpse of a large house, most picturesquely situated, evidently belonging to some very rich person; for only two classes could possibly reside here, the very rich who can get away, and the very poor who can't.

Revolutions might happen in England, or in Scotland for the matter of that, and the residents in these out-of-the-way islands—if there are any residents—would never be any the wiser, as, probably, they would be none the better, for communication with the inner world. I am not speaking of course of places evidently near such centres of civilisation as Oban, Tobermory, and so forth, but of the wild islands which have names (who gave them?) and local habitations (who live in them?)—Robinson Crusoes and M'Fridays?, and which, when carefully searched for, can be found in the sea-chart, and are known only by sight to mariners, who, however, have never had the curiosity to land and make further inquiries.

All this is old to us; and CULLINS, who has had no inspiration since lunch at 1'30, confides to me at 4 P.M. that he yearns for something new. He longs to sail away, somewhere, where he hasn't been, to see something he has never seen, and do lots of things he has never done. These are, as I recognise, the aspirations of Genius. He repeats these hints to FORD-BAMLY. But BAMLY has been everywhere, and seen everything. To him mere sailing is the purest enjoyment. He loves the sea, he loves sailing for sailing's sake; he loves ships and shipping, he has all nautical phrases at his fingers' ends, and can splice a main-brace, or make taut whatever has to be made taut—for here my powers of description fail me—and can twist ropes into all sorts of elegant shapes, specially priding himself on some peculiar sort of sailor's knot, and on trimming and plaiting a rope's end in a decorative fashion, somewhat similar to the manner in which farmers do up the horses' tails when they are taken to a show. So FORD-BAMLY doesn't care where he goes as long as the ship sails, and he's in it.

For my part, when, after dinner, the subject is broached, and our host politely inquires, “Where we fellows would like to go?” I am ready to leave the matter in his hands, and so is CULLINS the Composer, on the understanding, which constitutes a sort of clause in the agreement made and provided, that we go somewhere fresh to us, and where he (CULLINS) has not been before.

"How about Staffa and Iona?" asks our host.

Of all places the ones I, personally, should have selected. Yes, the Composer, too, brightens up at the mention of Staffa and Iona. He adds, looking round at our host inquiringly, "And Fingal's Cave, eh?" Whereupon our host replies, "Of course."

Already the Composer sees a cantata, or an Oratorio, on Staffa and Iona; though it suddenly occurs to him that "Fingal's Cave" has already been done.

However, we are unanimous for Staffa and Iona, and, indeed, we all become enthusiastic on the subject—all, that is, except FORD-BAMLY, who is never visibly enthusiastic about anything. He has been out yachting and voyaging about for the greater part of his life, is as hardy as an ancient Norseman, as bronzed as a veteran mariner ought to be, and, as he is credited with possessing an inexhaustible fund of nautical experience, we listen to him with that deference to his opinion which the authority of such a navigating Nestor ought to command. For my part, now that we have settled on Staffa and Iona, it seems that the one chief object of my life, up to this time, has been to see these two celebrated



NAUTICAL REPORTEUR.

"Shall I lend you a hand?" "No; but if you don't move, I can give you a tow."

places. I know little more of them, except from photographs, than COLUMBUS did of America before he discovered it.

If I were asked, off-hand, to give my notion of Staffa and Iona, I should say—under correction of anyone who had been there—that they were two weird islands whose grim basaltic rocks rose to a gigantic height above the sea, while their wild and awful aspect seemed to menace with dire vengeance the approach of the temerarious sailor.

Huge caverns there must be, where strange marine monsters lurk; here is the home of the sea-serpent in wet weather, and as to water-fiends, storm-goblins, and amphibious demons, I should say that Staffa and Iona are their nocturnal play-ground, with a submarine communication between the two islands. Then as to Fingal's Cave—what do I picture it? A gigantic Basaltic Cavern piercing the Island (whether Staffa or Iona I am not certain) for miles in every direction; where, at the entrance, the fierce waves are roaring like Lions guarding the Giant's Gates, which, being once passed, the adventurous traveller becoming gradually accustomed to the dim light, will come upon placid silver lakes, caverns within caverns, caves within caves, may even see Sirens and Water-nymphs—will mark the silver-fish darting hither and thither in the deep blue waters, while after passing along another basaltic gallery, flambeaux will be lighted by the guides, and he will enter the Stalactite Hall which is called "Fingal's Refectory," and crossing this will be shown another cavern, glowing with red sandstone called "Fingal's Kitchen," and so on to his Stables, and then out by Fingal's Backdoor, where the Sea-Lions are again roaring, and where the visitor is suddenly blinded by the glare of daylight, and thanks Heaven that he once more basks in the glorious sunlight.

The above, off-hand, is my idea of Fingal's Cave, which, I fancy, commences in Staffa and finishes in Iona, or vice versa. I regret that we can't sail right through it in the yacht; but, as it is a one-hundred-and-forty tonner, this is evidently impossible. Still, to go as near as we can to that grand solitude, with none but the wild sea-birds for our companions—The Composer interrupts, and exclaims, "It will indeed be grand!" He sees violoncello passages all through Staffa and Iona, with drum and ophicleide, and cymbals. FORD-BAMLY, in his most genial and always nautical manner, shakes his head pleasantly. "It is very difficult landing," he says; "in fact, if it is at all rough, we shall not be able to go ashore. Awkward place," he continues, cheerfully, filling his pipe and smiling pleasantly all round, "very awkward place. Not a year but there are some lives lost in landing."

The Composer and myself regard one another with curious interest. Our host, who has been on deck for a few minutes to make some inquiries of the Captain, now returns, takes his seat at the head of the council-table, and having assumed his pince-nez with an air of conducting the most searching inquiry into what has been going on during his absence, listens attentively to the words of experience that are falling from the lips of the great navigator, FORD-BAMLY, who, however, only repeats for MELLEVILLE's benefit, his opinion, with additional force and increased geniality as to the dangers of landing at Staffa, or Iona; and then further exhilarates us by giving us a few cheerful stories of Atlantic swells having quite unexpectedly,

and with no sort of intimation from any fore-cast whatever, taken harmless explorers quite unawares, and on the most lovely days, when the sun was shining and all nature was rejoicing in full summer time, swept yachts, boats, and sailors right away, temporarily swamped Staffa and Iona, choked up Fingal's Cave, and drowned everybody generally in a sort of localised Universal Deluge. Of all this FORD-BAMLY delivers himself with winks, nods, and smiles, in the cheeriest possible manner, as if he alone had escaped to tell the tale, and simply considered himself rather lucky, and that was all.

"But if going to Staffa and Iona is so dangerous, what awful risks photographers must run!" This I put by way of argument, to show that FORD-BAMLY may possibly be mistaken. The argument, I am aware, is not absolutely convincing, and FORD-BAMLY only shrugs his shoulders and smiles, as much as to say, "My dear fellow, no one can answer for what a photographer will do."

Our host here drops his pince-nez, and observes, quietly, "Of course we are not going there in the yacht."

This falls like a thunderbolt on the Composer and myself. I acquiesce silently, but CULLINS the Impetuous almost jumps off the sofa.

"Not in the yacht!" he cries. "Then how—"

"By steamer," MELLEVILLE informs him, and then adds—

"I've just been consulting the Captain, and I find there's a steamer, *The Chevalier* it is called, which starts every morning at eight, and takes people for the day's excursion."

The romance of Staffa, Iona, and Fingal's Cave has all suddenly vanished, and we, the gay Yachtmen, the bold explorers, the undaunted sailors, with our own vessel and our own crew,—that is, our host's, but the effect is the same to outsiders,—we are to become to-morrow mere Steamer Excursionists, taken with DICK, TOM, ARRIER, and ARRY—specially ARRY,—at so much a-head, to "do" Staffa and Iona.

However, it is settled, and to-morrow we start.

I take it philosophically; any change is a little holiday for me. But the Composer is depressed.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.



SEPTEMBER 24. This week Messrs.—but no, we will not give their names—actually sent us Christmas Cards, with the usual wishes for a Happy New Year! Mr. Punch will have nothing to say to anything of the sort until November, which, Heaven knows, is quite soon enough.

AN AMENDMENT À LA MODE.

SOME of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's hearers at the "Vic" we are informed, objected to the old-fashioned spirit-stirring strains of "*Rule Britannia*." Perhaps the Many-headed would like the refrain better if modified thus:—

Fool BRITANNIA, Britain never, never, never
BRITANNIA fool the State! Shall be Great!

THE GOLDEN RULE WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Free Trade, doing as you would be done by. Fair Trade, doing as you are done to.



ORIGIN OF THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE.

"THIS IS THE WAY THEY TREAD THE HAY, TREAD THE HAY, TREAD THE HAY;
THIS IS THE WAY THEY TREAD THE HAY, TREAD THE HAY IN SCOTLAND!"

THE CHEEKY CHICK.

FROM an egg as colossal as that of the Roc
Which astonished poor *Sindbad*, 'tis doubtless a shock
To see such a Chick make his exit.
But *nous* diplomatic seems ill-fated, very,
And facts will combine o'er its fate to make merry,
To baffle and bother and vex it.

O wonderful wisdom at Berlin so busy!
O shrewdness united of BIZZY and DIZZY!
Is this your remarkable issue?
O spectacled Sages, whose joy is to weave
The web of the future, how is it you leave
Fortuitous holes in its tissue?

Could a congress of ostriches scheme to combine
One huge joint-stock egg, it might look mighty fine,
But, laid in the sands and neglected,
If, in fulness of time, the egg-mountain gave birth
To a mouse-like result, moving gazers to mirth,
What more could be fairly expected?

Our protocol-spinners, what are they at best
But ostriches blind, with Fate's sands for their nest?
Their eggs how abortive and addled!
Their hobbies they ride, but the Course of Event
Is run by a steed that is seldom content
By them to be bridled and saddled.

A cheeky young Chick to have broken the shell
Of so monstrous an egg prematurely! Well, well!
Big structures are sometimes most brittle.
What seems to be pregnant with portents of fate,
Will promise, perchance, a new *CÆsar* the Great,
And yield—ALEXANDER the Little!

ADMIRALTY AMUSEMENT.—Playing at ducks and drakes with
Supplies.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

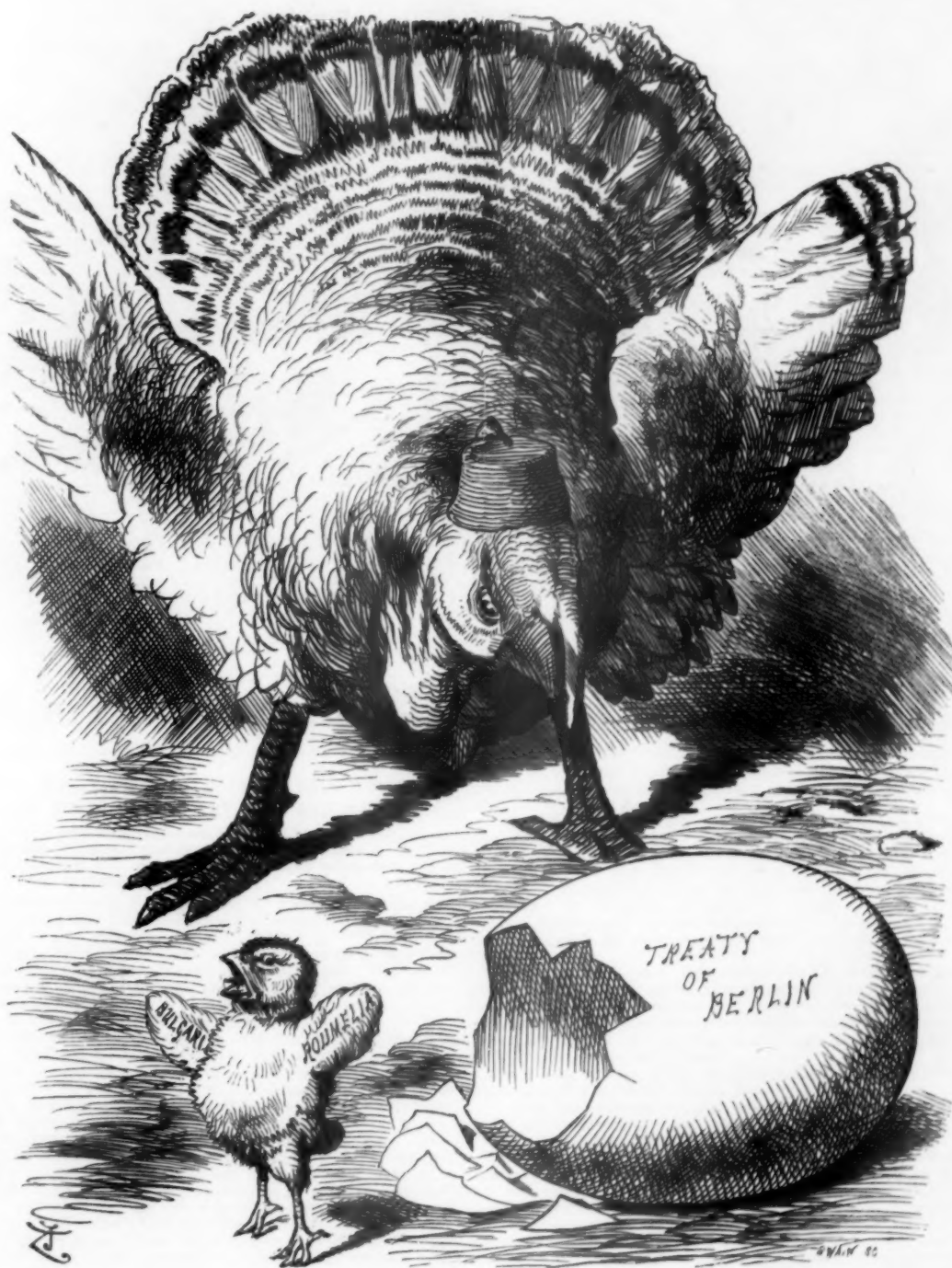
THE London Correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*, commenting on what he calls the anomalies of the Registration, says that, among other absurdities, "lunatics have been put on, and their keepers have been struck off." Sir, I protest. This is too hard upon lunatics, whether in an asylum, like myself, or out, like the majority of party politicians. The latter class of lunatics are so numerous that if they were struck off the Register the electorate would be small indeed. We, the small minority in the Asylums, cannot, of course, pretend to compete in inconsequence of thought, or fury of speech, with the vast horde of political and literary lunatics such as spout on party platforms or pen party philippics for the *Evening Howler* or the *St. Jingo Gazette*.

But I don't think our claims ought to be entirely ignored, much less openly derided. I myself possess pronounced political opinions, though I have no opportunity of pronouncing them. I hold, for instance, that Mr. GLADSTONE is the Antichrist, that Lord SALISBURY yearns to bring about an European Armageddon, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a mixture of *Autolycus*, *Rob Roy*, and *Jeremy Diddler*; that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL means every word he says, and that the one sound, sage, and sober Statesman of the time—except myself—is Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. I also believe that the full establishment of Protection, the abolition of the House of Commons, the Municipalisation of the Land, the three F's—Free Education, Free Feeding, and Free Clothing—will bring back the Arcadian Age of Gold by leaps and bounds. But, bless you, if these select and moderate views are to incapacitate me for possessing a vote, where, in the name of that rampant *rabies* called Party Spirit, are you to find your properly qualified voters? I pause for a reply. Remaining

Yours indignantly,
POOR TOM.

BRAVO, "GENESTA"!

SIR RICHARD's trip will not be vain or vauntless,
The dauntless Britisher has licked the Dauntless!



THE CHEEKY CHICK.

ALEXANDER THE LITTLE. "MY! WHAT A ROW I'M MAKING!!"



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SHOOTING PUZZLE.

GIVEN A MAN WHO HAS NEVER USED A GUN BEFORE—WHAT WILL BE HIS BAG? N.B.—SEVERAL OF THE PARTY ARE ALREADY BEHIND THE HEDGE

HOW BRER TURKEY-BUZZARD BOTHERS BRER WOLFF, AND
BRER WOLFF HAS TO LAY LOW, AND WAIT.

"While the Turkish Authorities are in a condition of anxiety and perplexity, it cannot be expected that progress should be made with Sir H. D. Wolff's negotiations, and several days must elapse before they can be resumed."—*Times Constantinople Correspondent.*

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy, "I want to know how Brer Wolff got on with Brer Turkey-Buzzard, after all."

"Natchul, honey," said the old man, chuckling. "You ain't de only one, nudder, w'at wanten know dat same. Lots er 'quiries 'bout Brer Wolff en Brer Turkey-Buzzard, I can 'sure yer. But wa't I tell yer, honey? Did'n I tell yer ter des hole yo' breff'n wait, cose nex time you hear from 'm he 'd be in trouble?"

"You did, Uncle REMUS," said the little boy, gravely.

"Very well, den!" said the old man, with much self-complacency. "Des like w'at I tell yer des so it 'appen. Brer Wolff he go lippity-clippity down de road to meet up wid Brer Turkey-Buzzard. Brer Turkey-Buzzard, he sorter doddlin' at his doorway like de nigger in de cool er de evening. Brer Wolff he mighty frenly. Brer Turkey-Buzzard he monstus perlitte."

"Howdy, Brer Turkey-Buzzard?" sez Brer Wolff, sezee.

"Lounjun 'roun, Brer Wolff, lounjun 'roun en sufter'n," sez Brer Turkey-Buzzard, not makin' like he 'low Brer Wolff fer ter enter.

"Den Brer Wolff he git sorter palaversome. Brer Turkey-Buzzard ain't sayin' nuthin' 't all. He des ruck off, he did, en kep his mouf shet, en Brer Wolff know'd der wuz bizness cookin' up fer him, en he feel mighty fretsome. Brer Wolff he monstus smart, but Brer Turkey-Buzzard he des de same ole one-en-sixpence wut der ain't much change outer."

"How yo' fren' Brer Alligator?" sez Brer Wolff, sezee.

"None de better fer seein' er you, I 'specs," spon's Brer Turkey-Buzzard, sorter laffin.

"W'at you laffin' at, Brer Turkey-Buzzard?" sez Brer Wolff, sezee.

"At yo' er askin' me 'bout Brer Alligator wut you en Brer Bull-Frog kinder toted outer my charge cose you say he not er doin' well. En now de new doctor bleedzed ter come en ask de ole doctor 'ow de

sym'tums seem ter segashuate. Ho! ho! ho!" En Brer Turkey-Buzzard stood a smokin' er his long pipe, wid mo' proudness dan w'at you mos' ever see.

"Brer Wolff he look kinder conflobusted like. Den he say, 'Lookye yar, Brer Turkey-Buzzard. Brer Alligator he mighty bad cordin' to all tellins! Brer Bull-Frog he kinder give up der case some time ago. Gran' Old Man Rabbit wut scrouged you outer der cump'ney he lay low, en can't say nuthin' des now cose he out'n de cole en los' his voice. 'Spose you en me des lay our heads tergedder en see ef we can't kinder patch up Brer Alligator en be frens again all roun' 'fo' Brer Rabbit he sorter rampage roun' en spile de ole bizness like he done afore."

"Brer Buzzard, he aint sayin' nuthin', but he keep up a monstus thinkin'. Bimeby he 'mark sorter spekyative like, 'I wunner wen Brer Wolff reckon to ev done wid Brer Alligator en to tote hisself outer der house en leave 'fairs cumf'ble like 'tween me en my tenant Brer Alligator, des like dey wuz 'afore he en de udder doctor Brer Bull-Frog interferred wid de case."

"Oh wun er deze days, one er dese fine days," Brer Buzzard, sezee, kinder caboodling roun' wid his fedders spread, so's ter keep Brer Wolff frum der door 'thout er seemun to."

"Some day's des one day attar never," sez Brer Turkey-Buzzard, sezee, kinder caboodling roun' wid his fedders spread, so's ter keep Brer Wolff frum der door 'thout er seemun to."

"Des et dis yer time der wuz a monstus ter-do in Brer Turkey-Buzzard's 'stablishment erlong er wunner his chilluns, Miss 'Melin, wut had run away wid a young naber ez had long bin er castin' sheep's eyes onter her. All de animils en de beastoses wuz dresse discommodated, en Brer Turkey-Buzzard he mighty angry. Dey holler *wahoo!* here, en dey holler *wahoo!* dere, but dey aint done ketch up wid de runaway couple 'twel dey wuz safely mayyied en done fer. Coze, honey, dis yer big contumlement upset all de palaverments, tween Brer Wolff en Brer Turkey-Buzzard. Brer Wolff he des scratch his head en lay low twel der storm blow over."

"So you see, chile," concluded the Old Man, "Brer Wolff, 'fo' all his cunnin', ain't done got no forrerder, not yet he ain't, in de bizness wot he wuz sent out by Brer Bison en Ole Man Har' en Gran' Young Man Fox fer ter segashuate. En 'pears to me, honey, ez he's got a monstus long row to hoe 'fo' he gits ter de end er dat tater-patch!"



EARLY ANGLO-FRENCH.

Willie. "ASK HER WHAT SHE'S THINKING OF, GEORGIE."

Georgie. "QU'EST-CE QUE VOUS PENSEZ DE ?"

[New French Maid smiles.]

Willie. "ASK HER WHAT SHE'S LAUGHING AT, GEORGIE."

Georgie. "QU'EST-CE QUE VOUS RIEZ À ?"

QUID PRO QUO;

Or, the Coming Railway Report—according to Mr. Sutherst.

THE half-yearly Meeting of the General British Railway Company was held yesterday, the Chairman presiding. He said that in moving the adoption of the Report he had, in the first place, to congratulate the Shareholders on the rigid economy that had been practised in the working department, an economy that did credit to all concerned in the management of the line, from the General Traffic Manager down to the most subordinate official. He was proud to say that they had got, on an average, a good working week of 115 hours out of their men all round, and though there had been some complaining, and a break-down here and there, the whole result had been eminently satisfactory. The system of keeping one driver on his engine for twenty-five hours at a stretch, and of sending a guard back straight off on a fifteen hours' return journey, had been found to work efficiently; and though some signalmen had protested on not being relieved for nineteen hours and a half, and in one or two instances had alleged that they were not able to totter to their posts and continue their labours, yet their prompt and instant dismissal had had a salutary effect, and no more insubordination of this kind was likely to be encountered in future. The saving in expenditure under this head had been therefore a matter for decided congratulation.

He regretted, however, that the rest of the Report could hardly be described as *couleur de rose*. The serious accidents that had marked the half-year's proceedings, and he wished it to be understood that he used that word "serious" in reference to the damaging effect on the Company's receipts, had had, he regretted to own it, a depressing effect on their financial interests. It had been urged in some quarters, that these accidents had been entirely due to the failure of the Company's servants, who had broken down under undue pressure and over-strain. He thought not, and he might add that his brother Directors were of the same cheerful opinion. Still, the heavy amounts paid away in compensation for life and limb were not to be ignored, and the fact that the whole of the dividend, not only on the ordinary, but also on the preference and the debenture stock of the Company

SONG OF AN OUTSIDER.

Facit indignatio versus.

OUR poets pipe sweetly *de omnibus rebus*,
Would some one in search of a subject could see 'Bus
As theme for indignant apostrophe. Here I
A tuppenny outsider wet, and so weary,
Sit huddled in horrid discomfort. O life bored
You are *not* worth living, upon a damp "knifeboard."
The seat has no cushions, 'tis reekingly damp,
The East wind is playing wild tricks with my Gamp.
No waterproof apron at all is provided,
My humble petition for one is derided,
By him, the warm-muffled Conductor, whose mind
Seems entirely at ease whilst it's all "right behind."
I sit in a stream with my feet in a flood,
A rill down my spine is congealing my blood.
No comfort, no shelter. Complaint is but "fuss,"
When it comes from a Clerk on a Tuppenny 'Bus!
I am not a poet, but oh, that some bard
Would take up my case, which is certainly hard;
Would wake up the Company, get me redress,
Dry cushions and Mackintosh-apron. No less,
I feel sure, is the right of a constant 'Bus rider,
Though but a poor Clerk and a "regular Outsider."

PRETTY PICKINGS. — One day last week the Hop-pickers on the Duke of EDINBURGH's grounds refused to take a shilling a basket for their pickings, and all went up in a body to interview His Royal Highness. "How much are my neighbours giving?" asks H.R.H. "One and threepence a basket," reply the pickers. "Then," says H.R.H., "I'll give you one-and-sixpence a basket!" Whereat there was great cheering and singing of "God Save the Queen." Now this was very generous, impulsively generous, on the part of our musical and Hop-erratic Prince. But was it quite doing to his neighbours what he would wish his neighbours to do to him? Won't his neighbours have to give one-and-sixpence per basket? And who are his neighbours? Can they afford to be princely too? or are they dependent on a good hop-year to recoup them for previous losses? These questions they'll settle among themselves in that part of the country, but as far as the generous impulse goes, "Bravo Dook!"

had been totally absorbed in meeting the claims against them, must be regarded as unsatisfactory. He, however, recommended the adoption of the Report, and only trusted that they might have "better luck next time." This announcement, together with the declaration of no dividend, appeared fairly to stun the meeting, and was received with indescribable uproar, which, owing to the fact that the Chairman and the Directors were chased several times round the platform by an indignant gang of Shareholders, had not subsided when our Reporter left.

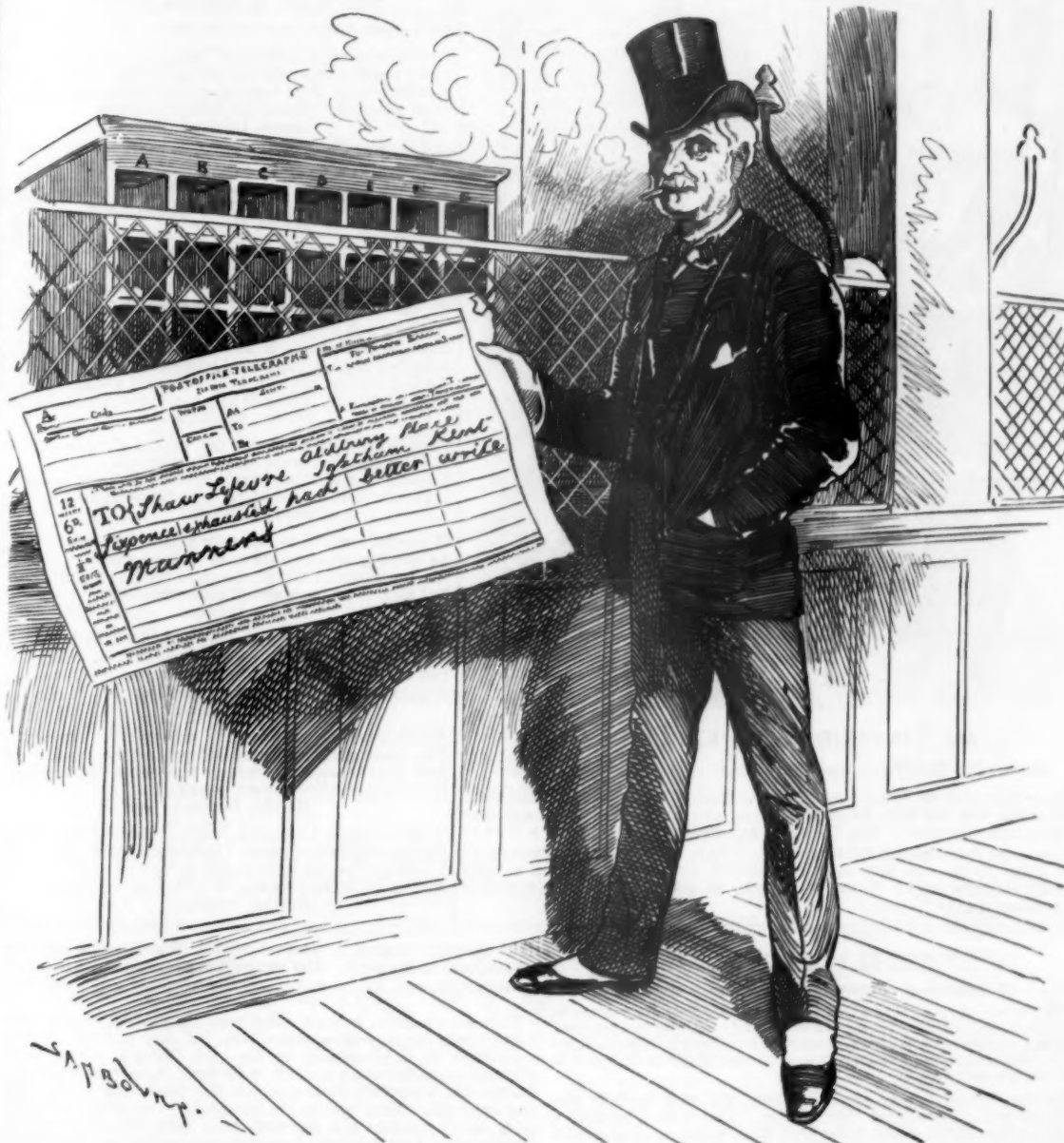
COOLING DOWN;

OR, FOUR PAGES OF A PRINCE'S JOURNAL.

Thursday.—Awoke at four A.M. out of a sweet sleep by my Aide-de-camp. Announces to me through the keyhole that Eastern Roumelia has risen, and wants to know whether I won't get up and "lead it." Jump out of bed and think it over. Make up my mind to toss up for it with a Russian rouble. Do so the best out of three. *Kismet!* I am in for it! Tell the Aide-de-camp that it's "all right. I'm coming." Hurry on a Field-Marshal's uniform, and get down as quickly as possible. Rather like the whole thing. Quite a "little surprise for 'em" at Constantinople—and elsewhere. Wonder how it will go down at St. Petersburg. Anyhow, *Houp-là!* Off we go! Enthusiasm indescribable.

Friday.—Arrived at Philippopolis. Enthusiasm still indescribable. Wonder what I had better do next. Write and explain to the Powers all round? I will. Point out how entirely spontaneous and surprising was the movement. Have proved this to my own satisfaction on six sides of foolscap, and sent it off to the six Great Powers. M. KARAVELLOFF says I "mustn't mind" Russia. I tell him I do. He says "Nonsense." I'm "to think of the movement." Pushes me on to the balcony. Cheering tremendous. Suppose he is right, and that I must "think of the movement." I do. Wonder where it will carry me to.

Saturday.—Still borne on by "the movement." Had interviews with Foreign Representatives, one after the other, in the drawing-



OCTOBER 1ST. "BANG WENT SAXPENCE!"

room. Very, almost disagreeably, reserved. Went on to the balcony with each of them in turn, to let them see the popular appreciation of my conduct. Cheering still tremendous. They were obliged to admit that the enthusiasm seemed quite indescribable. Still couldn't get anything definite out of any of them. Very different, however, with Messrs. FAWCETT and TROTTER, the two Englishmen. Called me "Your Royal Highness" straight off, and proposed "Three cheers and one cheer more" for "the Prince of United Bulgaria." Taken up by the crowd with a roar. Evidently I have done the right thing. Volunteer, in a moment of excitement, "to march to the front." Suggestion accepted with wild demonstrations of frenzied delight. Can't help it. Forward. *Houp là!* Off we go again! Wonder how it will all end!

Sunday.—Bad headache. Occupied all day in reading nasty comments in the Continental Press on the progress of events here.

Feel gloomy, though am still cheered to the echo whenever I am for a moment caught sight of. Manage to keep up my pecker by taking an occasional turn in the balcony. Still half wish I was back at Sofia. Hint this to KARAVELOFF. Says there is no "going back," only "going forward." Afraid he is right. Wonder how far I shall have to go! Bother United Bulgaria!

ON A RECENT TRIAL.

In future, if he has or hasn't any cash,
Until the Verdict's given, he's bound to "cut a Dash."

"The Good Old Times!" and "Old Times Revived,"—new trio lately arranged for LEO THE THIRTEENTH, the King of SPAIN, and Prince BISMARCK.



AN "INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR."

SCENE—New Building in course of erection in view of Government Offices.

Government Clerk (to Fellow Clerk). "SAY, FRED, I'VE BEEN WATCHING THAT BRICKLAYER FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES, AND HE HAS NOT DONE A STROKE OF WORK ALL THE TIME! THE COUNTRY MAY WELL BE GOING TO THE DOGS!"

Easy-going Bricklayer (to Fellow Artisan). "SAY, BILL, I'VE BEEN WATCHING THAT FREE CLERK FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR, AND, BLOW ME! HE'S DONE NUTHIN' ALL THE TIME! TAXES MAY WELL BE HIGH! WONDER WHAT PAY HE GETS FOR THAT!"

THE BLACK BOARD.

A Fragment of Unexplained Metropolitan Romance.

"The matters at issue are of a kind which no public body can venture to leave unnoticed. The Board is charged with wilful complicity in a disregard of its own sanitary rules, and with a downright fraud besides, or, in the alternative, with conducting its business in so muddled a fashion as to deprive it of all claim to confidence."—*Times*.

THE two figures emerged from the gloom, and sped on their way down the newly-constructed thoroughfare. They paused opposite a large but dilapidated public-house that stood alone, as if insolently defying the levelling process that had destroyed all the neighbouring buildings. The foremost spoke. "And this is one!" he asked of his companion. A hoarse laugh of assent was his reply, but he understood its meaning, and, after a pause, approached the flaring side-door of the premises. There was a low parley in a smothered undertone with the landlord, broken only by the chink of gold, and then the two moved on again. "It is something to be a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works," continued the first speaker. "Ha! ha! These foul rookeries pay handsomely for their footing!" And he fingered the loose coin in his great-coat pockets till its ring rattled across the deserted site of the new street.

They were superintending the laying of obsolete granite pavement now. The younger speaker had a sinister look in his eye as he watched the costly and futile process. Then he broke silence—

"BLOOMSBURY" has asked in the *Times*, he cried, "whether any large contract for granite, in which any member of the Board is directly or indirectly interested, has anything to do with this vexatious and wasteful procedure. How can we answer that? Ha! ha!"

SONG IN A SMOCK-FROCK.

(By a Rural Elector, to a very old Air—"Gee-ho, Dobbin!")

PEOPLE calls me a clodhopper, bumpkin, and clown,
And a chawbacon—some on 'um up there in Town;
Also HODGE, in their newspapers sometimes they styles,
Or as commonly crissens me otherwise GILES,
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

Here be I in a new sart o' caricket quite,
As they tells me, come into an Englishman's right,
And their wonder is how I shall act wi' my vote,
A good deal, they expects like a bear in a boat.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

Will the Radical chap be the man o' my choice,
Or the Tory persuade me to gie un a voice?
Shall the Free or Fair Trader my Candidate be,
Or the Friend o' the Farmer the jockey for me?
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

There be some, what, if they gets the uppermost hand,
Says they'll gie every cottidger a good bit o' land
For to farm his own self, keep a pig and a cow,
That's your sort, if they'll help you to find the means how.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

Them's the fellers I'd vote for, beyond e'er a doubt,
If I thought they could carry their promises out,
Knownun best what my wants be, of sitch I should say
Let them there represent me; the fittest be they.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

If I know'd who'd be like so to vote or to speak,
As to bring me a shillun moor wages a week,
'Tis for he that I'd poll, the plain truth to declare,
But there's no beun sartun consarnun that are.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

I knows 't'ood be shameful my suffridge to sell,
And bribery, so penial, perwents me as well.
But what good is a Member to me, a poor man,
Any moor nor to get by un all that I can?
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

And your gentlefolks, too, the same purpose pursues;
They han't nothun to gain, but got summat to lose;
And their hopes, whosomdever their votes they med gie,
Is of losun the least as can possible be.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

What although I be called JOHNNY RAW and JOHN TROT,
Full as well as my betters I knows what is what;
I shall goo for the main chance as well as I may,
And no doubt vote no wus, if no better, than they.
Gee-ho, Dobbin!

right merrily, enough I warrant me!" There was a malicious subacid tone in his voice. His companion responded by a long, low, wicked laugh, and the two moved moodily away towards Marylebone.

They have reached a black alley now. A noisome stench hangs heavily upon the oppressive atmosphere, but they push on. A house condemned as uninhabitable by the local Vestry is rotting in the poisoned precincts with a padlock on its door. A second has been condemned and is partially destroyed, but the third still stands. This they approach. They halt on the threshold. "A pretty bit of property this," remarks the foremost, with grim humour, "but it is sweeter work, I can tell you, fingering your money than collecting it. Bah! but I must in and face it!" And so saying, at the same time muffling himself up with a huge comforter as a protection against the putrid miasma that meets him on the door-step, he staggers through the portal and enters the house. The other looks after him, and then casts an inquiring glance up at the tottering premises. "Hum," he growls, "and that rotten place holds fifty inmates does it? Well I'm blest! However, he knows what he's about—he does, and so," and here he gives an ugly chuckle, "I flatter myself does the Board." Then with an oath he turned towards Spring Gardens.

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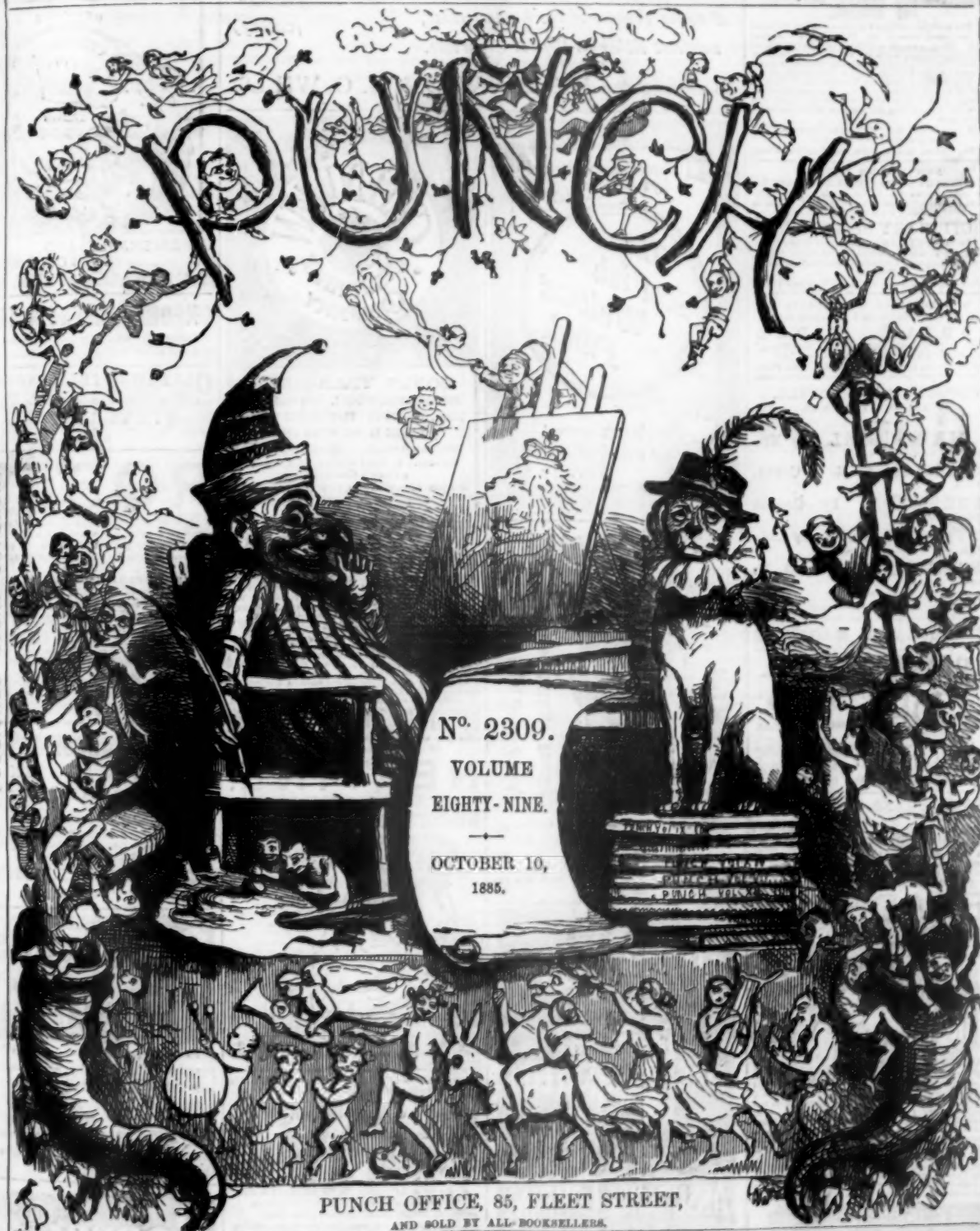
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FIVE GOLD MEDALS
BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
FOR CAKES, PASTRY & PUDDINGS.

OCTOBER 10

Sir,—On my Metropolitan, nearer three, for those models to find, in afford me the first from the first as bold relief at the top of familiar to L commissioned

View (that is, ing his go at Drury Lane, consoling Human played nightly been quite sufficient as to "over" So, after a which was for theatres,—and and, of all place across anything "the best of n I had not "Voices" of a voices, and so not seen The Ecclesiast at Lamb, wants when the even

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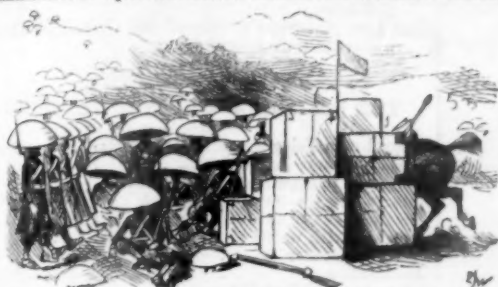
A Shoot

Tole's, is n piece and its Mr. COMY I must defer month, and paragraphs has been brot sion ought fir thing about i

VOL. 1885

SUPER-HUMAN NATURE.

SIR.—On my return to town, not having been inside a theatre, Metropolitan, Provincial, or Continental, for the last two months—nearer three, I fancy—I carefully searched the newspaper columns for those modest Theatrical Advertisements, which are always so difficult to find, in order to ascertain what entertainment was likely to afford me the greatest amount of intellectual recreation. I gathered from the first announcement which stood at the top of a column, in as bold relief against the white background as the figure of NELSON at the top of his column stands out against the clear blue sky so familiar to Londoners, that one of your own young men had been commissioned to report on Messrs. HARRIS and PETTITT's melodrama



View (that is, as much as anyone will obtain) of Mr. Neville modestly mounting his gallant steed in the presence of the Military Mushrooms.

at Drury Lane, and was quoted as saying that "The deservedly successful *Human Nature*, the best of modern melodramas, is being played nightly to overflowing audiences." This opinion would have been quite sufficient to decide my choice, but the statement of fact—as to "overflowing audiences"—made me hesitate.

So, after sliding down this column, and arriving at its base, which was formed of four solid Advertisements from four different theatres—namely, the Grand at Islington, the Surrey, the Standard, and, of all places, the Theatre Royal, Brighton,—I had not yet come across anything which could divert me from my purpose of seeing "the best of modern melodramas."

I had not visited the Covent Garden Concerts to hear the "*Fairie Voices*" of A. CROWE—Crows are not generally associated with fairy voices, and so this would be a novelty; *à propos* of Novelty, I had not seen *The Japs*: nor, in England, had I seen the great ballet *Excelsior* at Her Majesty's, which the Rev. Mr. HEADLAM, or Head Lamb, wants his Head Shepherd, the Bishop of London, to witness, when the event might be thus poetically recorded:—

The shades of night were falling fast,
When out from Lambeth Palace passed
A Bishop, looking clean and nice,
Who cried, I'm off where there's no vice,
"Excelsior!"

PARSON HEADLAM wants his Bishop to visit also the Alhambra. If so, will the Great MACDERMOTT sing that jovial ditty, the chorus of which ends with, "Out of the Gladstone bag?"



A Shooting Party at Drury Lane.

Tooled's, is not quite unknown to me, as I remember the German piece and its American adaptation.

Mr. COMYNS CARR's new play at the Haymarket, *Dark Days*, I must defer till November, as being more in keeping with that month, and then, below this advertisement, I came upon eight paragraphs about *Hoodman Blind* at the Princess's Theatre. This has been brought out in my absence (which sounds as if my permission ought first to have been obtained), and not having heard anything about it, I thought I would read the "Opinions of the Press,"

which the Manager thinks it worth his while to publish, and the critics worth theirs to write.

"As a picturesque and romantic Actor, Mr. WILSON BARRETT has now no rival," says the autocrat "C. S." in the *Illustrated London News*. How pleased Mr. W. B. must be to read this, and how nice of "C. S." to put aside all comparison! "His acting rose to the altitude of genius," shouts the critic of the *Observer*, and then falls back in his chair and faints, overcome by the bare recollection of the stupendous genius of Mr. WILSON BARRETT. "And equally notable," insists the critic of the *Standard*, not to be outdone by the other gentlemen, "was the fire and passion of his denunciation of *Lezzard*, and," he adds, with a burst of emotional force which sends him a long way ahead of all his fellowcritics, "the infinite pathos of his treatment of the crippled child." "Infinite pathos!" This is to raise WILSON BARRETT far above "the altitude of genius," which was as high as the writer in the *Observer* could manage to place him.



Miss Emmeline Ormsby, emancipated from the Romantic Drama at the Princess's, enjoys herself immensely.

Hamlet speaks of Yorick as "a fellow of infinite jest;" but this is quite another matter. What does this *Standard* writer mean? Does he think that "infinite" means no more than "utmost," and that "pathos" is a synonym for "tenderness"? I would not suppose for an instant that he could be guilty of using "pathos" for "passion," in the sense of "suffering" coupled with the epithet "infinite," but will take it that, if he means anything at all, he wishes the Public to understand that in this scene Mr. WILSON BARRETT is a man of infinite "vehemence," or of infinite "warmth," or of infinite "passion," or of infinite "affection of mind," or of infinite "energy," or of infinite "capability for exciting the passions,"

—my authority for these interpretations being Dr. JOHNSON. Were Mr. WILSON BARRETT, as a matter of fact and not by hyperbole, any one of these, he would then be what *James de la Pluche* was in *Mary Hann's* opinion when she saw him "drest in full uniform on the day of the levy," and exclaimed, "Ho, *James*! you are no longer mortal, you are divine!" So *Mary Hann*, witnessing Mr. WILSON BARRETT's performance in this particular scene, and writing "subsequently" to the *Standard*, would have said, "Mortal man never acted so bewtiffe as he did. Ho! wot himfinnit paythus! He were no longer mortal, he were divine." No! I felt I was not worthy to contemplate the performance of the object of the *Standard* critic's adoration, the Transcendental Being, capable of "infinite pathos!" So, Sir, I joined the overflowers at Drury Lane, and am much of your young man's opinion with regard to the piece called *Human Nature*. I am bound, however, to say that I think the hero a prig, a swaggerer, and a cad,—but then it is *Human Nature* to be inconsistent. I have my doubts as to the legal points, but who cares for law where *Human Nature* is concerned? Thank goodness, *Human Nature* has to care for Law occasionally, and obey it.



No one could possibly imagine from their "make up" that these are two villains.

I consider the virtuous husband *Mardyke* very hardly used by the Authors Messrs. HARRIS and PETTITT, as he must be hung for shooting his wife, "extenuating circumstances" not being admissible in this country. The Trafalgar Square crowd is a masterpiece of stage-management, the scenic changes are highly ingenious and effective, the First Act is capitally constructed, and the acting of the two children, *Frank* and *Dick* (Miss MAUD FISHER and Miss KATIE BARRY), is about as good as it can be. It was during their perform-



AN INQUIRING MIND.

"IS THIS OUR TRAIN, AUNT?" "NO, DEAR." "WHOSE TRAIN IS IT?"

since that I saw what your young man meant by "overflowing audiences." The audience overflowed again when little Dick died, and even I wiped away a tear from my opera-glass and blew my nose loudly. I had a warm heart and a bad cold that night, and when a scene of almost "infinite pathos" presents itself, I am but
Yours truly, SOFT NIBBS.

THE RIVAL UMBRELLAS.

MRS. GAMP'S COUNTER-MANIFESTO. SAIREY *loquitor* :—

DRAT that ROSEBERRY's impudence, I says—a intriguing, Paul-Prying young fella, With his rubbidge and roundaboutation consarnin' the Grand Old Umbrella! Wich there ain't only one, and that's SAIREY's, did ought to be called by that name, And to take it in wain, like he's doin', 's a sin and a scandaludge shame!

Umbrella indeed! Why old SAIREY, for many and many a year, Has borne hern aloft, and its flouridge has filled England's foemen with fear. And now they wot set up a rival, a bage imitashun no doubt, Along o' that GLADSTING, whose gingham we all on us hoped was wore out. But it seems as he's got it re-covered, patched up, I persume, once again. 'Cos his lot is all out in the cold, and a shelter require from the rain. And so the ramshackle old brolly is histed above 'em once more, And they're runnin' like rats to a 'aystaok away from the pelt and the pour.

Yah! 'Brellas is 'Brellas, and SAIREY's is puffick from ferrule to knob, Wich its ribs is as good for a "whack" as its pint for a "prod" or a "job;" Oh, many's the heads it has walloped, and many's the ribs it has dug! Whilst as shelter for me and my Party, wot can be more 'andy and snug?

As a sword or a buckler for BENGY it flamed in the front of the fight. He knowed its true wuth—bless his curls!—as was ever his SAIREY's delight. And now, even now—you arsk CHURCHILL!—that 'Brella is well to the front, A refuge in momekns of peril, a wopping in battle's wust brunt.

And yet this young ROSEBERRY welters—a nasty, howdashus young Earl!—A newfangled rival to SAIREY's Great Gingham to raige and unfurl. Gr-r-r! next he will borer my pattens, and claim them for GLADSTING, no doubt! Bat the Country won't be so deceived, as knows fur too well wot it's about.

That Umbrella will be a Big Failure! Old SAIREY is cooksure of that, Though ROSEBERRY cling to its 'andle, and HARCOURT's new Radical hat, All shiny, seek shelter beneath it; though GOSCHEN and CHAMBERLING jine To praise it, the thing's a Sham-Abram, and simply not in it with Mine!

Mine, the true Old Original Gingham, the Giant Can Lettuce, the 'Brella. Not GLADSTING hisself, nor that "Primrose," nor any sich bragian young fella, Can match it in shape, size, or colour, in power of thump or of thrust, Its ferrule, which never gits blunted, its ribs, which 'ave never gone bust.

Woorree! How I long for the momek when Gingham to Gingham we meet; When, ribless, and pintless, and knobless, I see it lay flop at my feet, Asprawl like a bust-up balloon, all bedraggled and dirty and damp, That Lord ROSEBERRY's "Grand Old Umbrella" smashed up by the true SAIREY GAMP!

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Consultation	0 10 0
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SONG OF THE SIGNALMAN.

AIR—"The Young May Moon."

THE rain through the night is streaming, love,
The signal lamps are gleaming, love,
I must keep on the move,

Or this somnolent cove
Would soon be asleep and a-dreaming, love!
So awake!—the Express is in sight, my dear,
I've been at it since dawning of light, my dear,

For one of the ways
By which Railwaydom pays,
Is to keep us at work day and night, my dear!

You, and most people, now are sleeping, love,
But my watch, in my box, I am keeping, love,
For the red or green star

I must note from afar,
Though the sleep 'neath my eyelids is creeping, love,
I've been working since rise of sun, my dear,
Fourteen hours, and I'm not yet done, my dear.

Oh, to watch day and night
For the signal light
Is—Directors think—capital fun, my dear!

SOMETHING TO READ.

AMONG several pleasantly written and instructive articles in the *Fortnightly* for the month, such as *Cheap Telegrams*, by CHARLES CAMERON, M.P., *The State of the Turf*, by Captain HAWLEY SMART—a title which suggests the use of a hose and a garden-roller after a broiling summer-time—and *The London Stock Exchange*, by HENRY MAY—his "quotations" being specially interesting—are views *From Three Platforms*, by Hon. E. B. BRETT, M.P., EDWARD DICKEY, and HENRY LABOUCHERE, M.P., which are well worth reading, especially, as may be imagined, the last.

Mr. LABOUCHERE's ideal foreign policy may be



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THE OLD UMBRELLA.

Gladstone, "MY UMBRELLA WANTS RE-COVERING."

Chamberlain, "STEP INSIDE, SIR. RE-COVER IT WHILE YOU WAIT."

summarised in the following paraphrase of "When'er I take my Walks Abroad,"—

When'er I talk of things abroad,
This is my police,
If I don't interfere with them,
I'm sure they won't with me.

Mr. LABOUCHERE calls his article *The Promised Land*—a good title, though rather misleading title for those who expected it would deal solely with tenant-rights and cognate questions.

The marvellous dressing with which Cardinal NEWMAN has served up Principal FAIRBAIRN on toast in this month's *Contemporary*, for the delectation of the Public, is as perfect as was the sauce which

His Eminence used for cooking Mr. GLADSTONE's goose, *Vaticanism*, and, years ago, for dishing Canon KINGSLEY. So unjust and so reckless has the Cardinal proved the charges to be which were brought against him by Principal FAIRBAIRN in the May Number of this Review, that henceforth the latter had better be re-entitled "Unprincipled UnFAIRBAIRN." All the same, the *Contemporary* ought to be very grateful to "Unprincipled UnFAIRBAIRN" for having succeeded, *quand même*, in "drawing" JOHN HENRY, Cardinal NEWMAN.

(?)—LORD IDDESLEIGH promises a "Policy of Inquiry." He will probably find that a policy which is all question will not answer.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Excursion to Staffa and Iona—The Breakfast—The Islands—The Cave—The Process—Sufferings—The Return—General Satisfaction—Prospects.

AFTER hearing FORD-BAMLY's statement of all the dangers attendant upon landing at Staffa and Iona—(if F.-B. had been one of WILLIAM the Conqueror's advisers, the latter would never have attempted to invade England)—on retiring to my berth, I consult *Murray's Guide*, and after a little time, so full of horrors is this work, with special reference to the Atlantic Ocean where we shall be



Stuffer and I own 'er.

to-morrow, that I close the book under the impression that the traveller who did this journey for MURRAY must have been a grim humorist. However, we are going, and to-morrow morning we shall be ranked among the Excursionists. While trying to remember whether WORDSWORTH's *Excursion* was an account of a cheap trip to the Lake District or not, I fall asleep.

The Day.—Up early. Steward uncommonly sprightly at 6 A.M. Evidently the prospect of getting rid of us for a whole day's Excursion is a pleasing one.

Shakespearean Men.—"Alarums and Excursions." Ah! he was not for an age, but for all time, including 6 A.M.

Everybody takes a cup of something that cheers, but does not inebriate, which would be awkward at the commencement of our "outing." We embark in the gig. Why called "gig" I have never yet been informed. Which had the name first, the boat, or the one-horse vehicle? Nobody in the gig can tell me. MELLEVILLE is steering for some steps which he can't see, and has what the novelists call "a strange far-off look in his eyes." He may possibly be conscious of my question, but he doesn't reply to it, and I remember that I must not speak to the man at the wheel. The Composer, CULLINS, is cold, and in a "don't-care" sort of humour; while FORD-BAMLY tries to look as if he knew all about the origin of the term "gig," but I am convinced he doesn't, and, from the expression of his countenance, I feel sure he is making a mental note to look up the subject, and add to his stock of nautical information on the very first available opportunity.

We are rowed ashore and land; and then we step along the mucky road-way—this part at Oban is invariably mucky—and go on board the *Chevalier*.

Though it is the close of the excursionist season, the steamboat is fairly crowded. With horror I see a German band on the quay approaching us. They are carrying their instruments of torture; but, thank Heaven! they give the preference to another excursionist steamer, going in quite a different direction from ours.

It says much for the liberality, or the indifference, of the Highlanders, that they, who have their own beloved pipes, and their own beautiful melodies (how were these ever composed for the pipes only?) should tolerate the presence of German Musicians.

FORD-BAMLY comes up cheerily. "Fine day," he observes, "but blowing outside." Where did he expect it to blow? "I doubt whether landing at Fingal's Cave will be safe to-day. Pity," he adds, "if we can't get in, as you've never seen it—and it is worth seeing."

"Beastly hungry!" exclaims CULLINS, shrugging his shoulders, and stamping, to get warm. It is an interesting psychological study to note how the lower nature tyrannises even over genius. Would an inspiration be of any possible use to the Composer at this present moment?

I will try the experiment. I tell him what great things I expect from Staffa and Iona! I look forward to the mysterious caves, to the home of the wild sea-birds, to the melody of the mighty ocean, and I ask him if he has read the beautiful description in—when suddenly a bell rings—"Breakfast, by Jove!" shouts the Composer, and in another second he is inextricably mixed up with a crowd of famishing Excursionists, all struggling to be first down the companion and in at the commencement of the Scotch breakfast, for which I find the *Chevalier* is celebrated, and, I may here add, justly celebrated too.

It is simply astonishing what early rising, holiday time, Northern Scotch marine, quite ultra-marine, atmosphere can do for a man who "as a rule never takes breakfast." The Composer and FORD-BAMLY are, so to speak, professional breakfast-eaters, and therefore, given such exhilarating and stimulating circumstances, there is nothing wonderful in their feats of appetite, though there is in it something of the awful and alarming. But when our host MELLEVILLE and myself, whose ordinary breakfast in town is a cup of something—tea or cocoa-nibs—and a piece of dry toast, at an early hour—say eight—and then nothing until twelve, when comes the *déjeuner à la fourchette* which will stand a fair comparison with an English luncheon, I say when a couple of middle-aged gentlemen, whose regular rule of quiet morning life is as just stated, find themselves at 8.30 A.M. on board a Scotch steamer, sitting down with a crowd of ravenous Excursionists, and enjoying a meal consisting of two kinds of fish, broiled ham and eggs, chops and Worcester sauce, muffins, hot buttered cakes, oat-cakes and marmalade, taking all these in the order as I have set them down, and as they were set down before us by the waiters, with the accompaniments of tea and coffee, and not subsequently suffering any inconvenience, but, on the contrary, experiencing such a feeling of tranquil satisfaction as makes the enjoyment of a pipe in the open air the temporary realisation of a sort of natural beatitude which knows no regrets for the past, and only hopes, according to the trade formula, "for a continuance of the present esteemed favours," then it is evident that a new existence has opened out for these two men, who up to that moment may not have considered life so very much worth living, or at all events could have anticipated that this sort of living was worth remaining alive for. Now, after this marvellous breakfast, where all but the tea and coffee is excellent, there is, as the Composer justly and sensibly puts it, something yet left to live for, and that is—luncheon!

So we sit on deck, and placidly examine the scenery which is all familiar to us from point to point. The day continues fine, the breeze is light; the *Chevalier*, actuated by the courtesy associated with the title, stops for a minute at every desolate-looking landing place, in case there should be any solitaires, who, tired of their seclusion, might like to avail themselves of this unexampled opportunity of getting away from themselves, and joining the society of their fellow men and women. But there are none; the desolate landing-places look more and more desolate as we approach them, and in one or two instances, assume an aspect so dreary and forbidding, that the few passengers who had got their luggage ready packed and addressed to some invisible Inn in these outlandish parts, think better of their intention of disembarking, and prevent their boxes being taken on shore, preferring to throw in their lot with the happy Excursionists on board the *Chevalier* and the goods which the *Chevalier* has provided, to encountering the awful depression which must evidently overcome the friendless stranger landing on that sad shore. There is one exception: a very young man, in a tourist suit, with a Tam O'Shanter cap, a thick stick, two big portmanteaus, a hat-box (why a tall hat?), overcoat, waterproof, and rug. He steps on to the landing-stage—I forget its name—his luggage is placed beside him; there is no one to receive him, there is no hotel in sight, no human being, nor living creature, visible for miles, except the aged weather-beaten old man in charge of the landing-stage. The youthful exile casts a curious glance around. We see him, as the *Chevalier* casts off and hurries away, regarding us wistfully; we see him (now through glasses) address the old man, but the old man only shakes his head and disappears into his hut on that desolate landing-stage. Then the last glimpse we get of this young man—a much sadder, a much wiser, and a much older young man within the last few minutes—is that he sits down on one of his portmanteaus in a hopeless attitude, and so remains until he fades away and becomes part of the vanishing distance. Perhaps when we are out of sight he will put on his tall hat by way of something to do. Poor young man!

Tobermory passed, and now, to the Composer and myself, the scene is very soon quite new. In another five minutes we shall have turned the corner, and be in the broad Atlantic, with nothing between us and America.

CULLINS, quoting *Murray's* information, informs me that here the traveller will "probably experience, for the first time, the Atlantic swell"—or words to that effect. FORD-BAMLY explains that an Atlantic swell is a sort of a peculiar roll of the big ocean wave—but that to-day it is his opinion, as an old salt, that it won't be much. Although I am not quite certain as to what he means by "much," yet this opinion, coming from FORD-BAMLY, so far reassures me, that I can contemplate turning round the corner and coming on to the broad Atlantic suddenly, with comparative equanimity.

Here we are. Atlantic swell imperceptible. Beautiful September summer day. Sun comes out uncommonly strong. Excursionists begin pointing out to one another Staffa and Iona in the far distance. As a rule, the person who has been there before, and knows all about it, points out Staffa as Iona, and Iona as Staffa, finally admitting that he is not certain, and that, on the whole, he does not think that those two islands, which we can just see with the naked eye in the

offing, are Staffa and Iona at all. Then, in spite of all the pictures, photographs, histories, and guide-books on board, the Well-informed Person finds himself beset by the following questions:—

Are Staffa and Iona together? If not, how far apart? To whom do they belong? Where is Fingal's Cave? Who was Fingal? Was he a poet? or a giant? or a hermit? or a saint? or a robber? Didn't he write prophecies in ancient Gaelic? If not, who did? Hadn't Fingal something to do with Ossian? The Well-informed Person—there is always one of these superior beings on board—shows a disposition to answer the first few interrogatories in such a manner as to inspire confidence, and at once finds himself lecturing a small crowd of earnest inquirers, until, on the arrival of the boat at the promised land, he is suddenly superseded and snuffed out by the Professional Guide, to whom is intrusted the task of personally conducting the visitors. From the moment of his abandonment by the fickle crowd, the Well-informed Person stands apart, with an expression of supercilious scorn for the Guide, and of pity for the people, who are evidently, in his opinion, being misled and mis-instructed.

Staffa.—Landing in boats: on the basaltic rocks. Rocks shipped up into neatly cut black blocks, as if the Val de Travers Co. had taken a contract for laying down an asphalt pavement, and had already sent a heap of material, and left it there. Here we go, all the Excursionists in a line, young men and maidens, children, fat old women, thin old women, with the *Chevalier's* Guides, dressed like stewards, to direct our steps, doing the whole distance under a broiling sun and against time, with the oppressive consciousness that the *Chevalier*, in spite of all his politeness, won't wait luncheon for anybody, but will sit down at one o'clock punctually. Hurry along—push on—keep your eyes on the rocks to prevent stumbling—a few falls—up again—on we go—everybody very hot—no rest to stop and admire—for fear of being left behind—here, round to the right, Fingal's Cave—"Is this...?" Yes—

The Composer pauses at the entrance—he is enraptured—"Is this indeed Fingal's?"—but the voice of the Guide interrupts. "Pass on, please—pass on!" And then voices from behind, "Now, then, Sir, get on, do, or let them come as wants to,"—and the Composer, just on the verge of a glorious inspiration, is hustled along, and lost to my view as I am shoved aside by one of the stout, sweltering old ladies, carrying a basket and a big umbrella, who, after nearly knocking me off the rocks and sending me anyhow into the deep sea at the entrance of Fingal's Cave, begs my pardon, and bustles on.

Yes, Fingal's Cave is grand. I pick up the Composer a little further on, and we have a few seconds quiet to admire the view of the Ocean as seen from the Cave. Yes, it is grand—but—"Pass along, please—time's up!" We're the last. Where's FORD-BAMLY? Where's MELLEVILLE? Gone back? Yes, very beautiful—should like to see it quietly—but get on—up here—down there—round the corner—look, the boats are going—how they crowd them—'tisn't safe—"Now then, Gentlemen, come on!"—and blundering over the rocks, stumbling into small pools, clutching at sharp edges, and stepping cleverly down into deceptive hollows which are only receptacles for sea-water, we fall at last into stalwart sailors' arms, are stowed away in the broad-beamed boats anyhow, packed closely shoulder to shoulder, umbrellas and legs and sticks all mixed up painfully together, and so we remain tightly wedged in, and hopelessly protesting against everything and everybody, until we are gradually unpacked again, and able to stretch our limbs on the deck of the *Chevalier*.

Then we draw a long breath, and the Composer looks at me and I look at the Composer, and we both exclaim, "Well, anyhow we've seen Staffa and Fingal's Cave." And we agree that, in consequence of high anticipations on the strength of photographs, we are decidedly disappointed, and consider that Fingal, whoever he was, might have done much better. FORD-BAMLY and MELLEVILLE, to whom the show is familiar, have merely strolled about the rocks for the sake of improving their appetites. Luncheon, which is not quite up to the breakfast mark, and then we arrive at Iona.

Iona.—Much the same performance again. Boats crowded with Excursionists, as if we were being taken in batches to be sold for slaves. We are assisted out, and with difficulty recover the use of our legs on the slippery stepping-stones. Guides ready to receive us. Little ragged children selling necklaces of shells, and shells of all sorts and sizes; also flowers and ferns. One Guide leads the way, another acts as whipper-in, and brings up the stragglers sharply. Here is the Nunnery of St. Columba (who was she?—an ancestress of COLUMBUS?)—ruins—last of the Prioresses, or last of the Priors of a monastery in 1400. Then the Excursionists, specially some of the waddling Excursionists who can't keep pace with the Guide but want to have all they can for their money, interrogate one another anxiously—"Indeed? Very curious?" "What's he say?" "Last of the who?" Priors—ah! we're the priors now—and as I do not want to be hurried, and have quite lost sight of the rest of my party, I am quite "the last of the priors" myself. Animated, or rather soothed by mixed feelings of sentiment, reverence, and indigestion after lunch, I am lingering over the Prior's grave; but the Whipper-in won't have it. "You'd better go on," he says, sternly,

"and keep up with the Guide." I obey him sullenly, as the weary slave moves on under the lash of the driver. Then we all gather round the Graves of the Kings, as if for a funeral service, while the Chief Guide tells us, as fast as he can, how many Kings of Scotland and Chieftains occupy the small enclosure of thirty feet by eight, which we are now examining.

An American Young Lady is very much interested. She stops the Guide as he is moving off rapidly, and says, "See here! if all the Kings and Chieftains were buried in this place, what was WALLACE about all the time?" She evidently thinks that WALLACE ought to have prevented this. The Guide, rather staggered, repeats her question, but is unable to give any answer to satisfy the fair American. And he can't shake her off, though he walks on faster than ever; and after each description, which he gives as rapidly as possible, he bolts to another part of the ruin, in order to avoid her questioning. "See here—" she commences again, but the Guide is not to be caught.

There is a Runic Cross with an inscription, and something built by St. Martin of Tours,—prophetically appropriate, for surely he, "St. Martin of Tours," must be the patron Saint of Messrs. COOK & Co. and of all personally well-conducted Tourists.

Now the show is over, and it is time for us to stream back again, stumbling over the ruins, picking our way across the fields, and once more on the dusty road leading to the shore, where the children, becoming desperate at having done but a poor day's work in shells, ferns, and flowers, waylay us furiously with their commodities, and vainly attempt to extort coppers. Then once more we are huddled into the boats, squeezed in shapelessly anyhow, and delivered compressed, but safe and sound, to our old friend the *Chevalier*. Steam up—and off again. Lovely afternoon: perfect evening. Back to Oban. Boat's crew waiting. Once more in the gig (Why gig?), and at 7.30 we are enjoying an excellent dinner, on board. Thankful to get back once more to our comfortable floating home, we dedicate our first glass of Pommery '74 to the health of Staffa, Iona, and Fingal. After dinner we discuss our next move, which is to go far North to the home of the Sea Lions, and beard them, like oysters, in their dens.

IN MEMORIAM.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

BORN, APRIL 28, 1801. DIED, OCTOBER 1, 1865.

Is life worth living? Who will dare to ask,
Remembering thy nobly rounded task,
Large-hearted Earl, whose lengthened track of years,
Death-shadowed now amidst a people's tears,
Spread smiles like sunshine on the earth's dark ways?
If Heaven's approval and the people's praise,
Poverty's blessing, and the joy sublime
Of ministry that lifts the curse of crime,
If these avail to dower our days with worth,
How happy was thy life, who wealth and birth
Mad'st not a perch for pleasure, pride, pretence,
But vantage ground for high beneficence!
Friend of the fallen, helper of the poor,
The poor shall see, the fallen hear no more
That kindly presence, that inspiring voice.
As in thy life their thousands did rejoice,
So at thy death they grieve. Those toilers grey,
Who find so little sun on life's hard way,
Those helpless thralls of trade, whose spirits feel
The long relentless grinding of the wheel,
Those all unchildlike children, victims small
Of modern Molochs, all who creep or fall
On poverty's rough road, or crime's steep slope,
Will miss the presence of incarnate hope,
In the Good Earl. Yet has their champion left
Bequests of which they shall not be bereft,
And legacies of help, in softened law,
And guardian edict; so that MAMMON'S maw
Crushes them not quite wholly as of old.
There be his monuments! His heart is cold
Who reads unmoved the roll of that long life,
With nought but suffering and wrong at strife,
Or marks without a touch of tearful mist,
The passing of the great Philanthropist.

SUMMARY OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S VIEWS ON LAND MUNICIPALISATION, UP TO DATE.—Allotment—and little explained.

THE REAL "BITTER" CRY OF LONDON.—The demand for Bass and Allsopp.



THE GOLF-STREAM

FLOWS ALONG THE EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

(Vide Report of British Association—Section V.)

THE OPEN DOOR!

TRUE, stern restraint on Freedom jars;
We have no fondness, even at need,
For those stone walls and iron bars
Which form no part of freemen's creed.
But that's a creed that's shaped for men,
Not human-visaged beasts of prey;
For these the shackle and the den,
Not mastery of the public way.

Who rails at bonds? The vicious brute
Whose yearning is to tear and rend!
Free teeth, free claws shall doubtless suit
The wolf who'd pose as Freedom's friend.
Grim cruelty must bide the cage
Though loud its thousand throats may
Roar.

For tigerish hate and wolfish rage
There cannot be an open door.

The bolt is loosed, the bar is dropped,
For sullen silence reigned within,
Daunted by chains the brute had stopped
Its ramping fierce, its furious din.
Throw wide the gate! And what avails?
The captive is unchanged of mood,
And its first step beyond the pales
Means angry menace, thirst of blood.

No; sweet is freedom, and to bind,
For freemen, an unwelcome task;
But what is it that hides behind
The shelter of that cunning mask?
Red savagery, whose cruel glee
Gloats o'er the evil power it craves.
When Tyranny alone is free
Where is there safety—save for slaves?

SHOWING THEIR HANDS.

DR. POGGI, in the *Paris Figaro*, undertakes the divination of the characters, political and otherwise, of the French Candidates, from their hand-writing. Why this is worse than thought-reading. How would some of our Candidates, such as Sir J. C. LAWRENCE in North Lambeth, who haughtily decline to submit their claims to any other arbitrament than that of the poll, like this preliminary test applied to them? If the cry were "Hands all round," in this sense, certain constituencies might, perhaps, get rid "(money) bag and baggage," of uninvited Candidates, who, like the Old Man of the Sea, are more tenacious than welcome, more bumptious than well-beloved.

A Questionable Convert.

JONES, staying where the country beer is bad,
Declares he has been driven to adoption
Of WILFRED LAWSON's last teetotal fad,
That is, the principle of Local Hop-ahun!

"HAPPY THOUGHT!"

Mr. Gladstone (on the Sixpenny Telegram).
"Only twelve words, including address. That's
really very cheap. I'll send all my Midlo-
thian Addresses by telegram!" (Chuckles,
and sits down to write fresh Address.)

MESSRS. NISBET & Co. announce, among
their new works, "Four Centuries of Silence,"
by the Rev. R. A. REDFORD. Yes, but why
break it now?

CANZONET BY THE CHANCELLOR.

(AIR—"A Landlady in France.")

Now I think I've done the trick,
As the Yankees say, right alick,
Done it quite pretty considerable tar-
nation O!
In our small affair with Spain,
By contriving to obtain
His good Holiness the Pope's kind me-
diation O!
Should his Holiness decide
In our favour, Spanish pride
Will have not the slightest cause to be
offended O!
If his voice the Spaniards gain,
We can then shake hands with Spain,
And our trumpety dispute will be well-
ended O!

For the Carolines I care
Not a fig, a straw, a hair;
'Tis no question of a valuable dominion O!
Fit to make a fuss about;
I shall quietly back out,
Without prejudice in popular opinion O!
Then I compliment the Pope;
And the Catholics, I hope,
Will accept the timely olive-branch I
tender O!
So that WINDTHORST and the rest
Will be favourably impress'd,
And their services politically render O!
To Canossa I should go,
People prophesied; but no!
I have travelled in a different direction O!
I have only gone to Yap,
Which I care for not a rap,
And I calculate my policy's perfection O!



THE OPEN DOOR!



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OUR ADVERTISERS.

STOCK-JOBBER, SPECULATIVE, FINANCIAL, &c.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS, STOCK BROKERS,

BUY OR SELL with an inclusive Commission of 1-26th, and open any Stock, no matter how shaky, on receipt of 1 per cent. cover.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS have just inaugurated their new West End and City Offices, that have been arranged so that they will be found replete with every convenience and allurement for the Intending Operator. Forty separate rooms furnished with Superior Lounges, approached by Lifts, and supplied with all the leading Stock and Share Journals in the United Kingdom. A staff of polished and experienced Clerks, who have special facilities for acquiring information as to the fluctuation of the Money Market from a Cabinet Minister kept permanently on the premises for the purpose, are in continual attendance to give advice to Speculators. Champagne on the premises for the convenience of Country Customers. Tape laid on to any distance, in any quantity.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS will be pleased to forward, gratis, their Opinion on the probable movements of the Mexican Market to anyone who will read it.

THERE IS NOW A STOCK that should be utilised for the purpose of taking immediate advantage of the public, who will be induced to hope to get out of it handsome profits. Messrs. **GOLIGHTLY** have been studying this stock, and the more they look at it the more they like it, and so they suggest that the sooner intending subscribers forward their cheques, the sooner will they be able to operate to their advantage. That enormous fortunes have been made by simply watching the movements of one Stock is testified to by the fact that a real live Nobleman, who has retired in consequence of a successful operation in this direction, is to be seen any day at their offices, happy to furnish chapter and verse, to vouch for the truth of his experiences.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS advised purchase of New Granada Cents at 69½. They have since been as low as 32, showing a loss of £296, including a cover of £15.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS advised purchase of South Pacifics at 72½. They are now quoted at 16, involving a loss of £427, together with a cover of £20.

GOLIGHTLY BROTHERS, STOCK BROKERS.

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THESE REMARKABLE INVESTMENTS, worked on an entirely new plan, continue to give unbounded satisfaction and surprise to hopeful subscribers.

IT IS CALCULATED that not less than 475 per cent. profit upon the capital invested will be realised, so that

£5 will command	£700
10 " "	1400
50 " "	7000
100 " "	14,000

THESE FIGURES, which will soon be verified by a reference to our books, speak for themselves, and serve to show Intending Customers how carefully their interests will be guarded by Messrs. **PACKWELL**. Shares must be paid for in full on application.

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WEST BROMPTON AND MILE END EXCHANGES.

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INCAUTIOUS ORPHANS,

CONFIDING WIDOWS, and

SPECULATIVE HALF-PAY OFFICERS, are invited to inspect

SQUARUM SHARPE'S SELF-SUPPORTING INVESTMENT CIRCULAR, which will show them at a glance how, with a little ready money, they can, with unbounded confidence, dispose of it irrevocably to somebody's immediate advantage, and in fact enable a more fortunate "Operator" to realise

EVEN IN ONE AFTERNOON all the advantages of

A COLOSSAL FORTUNE.

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His system. The *Lothbury Gazette* says:—"We have recently had experience of Mr. SHARPE's method of proceeding, and can only describe it as marvellously ingenious. By a judicious insertion of advertisement he attracts a certain number of confiding country and other clients, who, greedy of realising fictitious profits themselves, hand over to him their cheques for a one or two per cent. 'cover,' as the case may be. There is a fall in the special Stock or Stocks 'operated upon,' and the result is that the cover at once disappears, and in a short time, though their places are soon filled by other eager votaries, Mr. SHARPE's confiding country clients are well."

MONACOS.—**SQUARUM SHARPE** has confidently recommended a plunge into these elastic securities for the fall with the best results. His clients have been fairly warned off them for good.

SQUARUM SHARPE points out that his system of operating on his clients has been pursued by him with the greatest success, a success which dozens of threatening letters received by him daily, and that can be seen at his office, corroborate and establish.

SQUARUM SHARPE does not recommend caution.

SQUARUM SHARPE does not advise circumspection.

SQUARUM SHARPE counsels all his clients to treat Investment as if it were nothing more or less than

A GAME OF BLIND HOOKEY.

ASOUNDER ADVICE than this was never given to fluttering operators. **SQUARUM SHARPE** does not undertake to guarantee a surprise in every transaction, but we may safely predict that a strict adherence to his methods and advice will, in the long run, lead the speculator to experience astonishment and even amazement.

JERRYWEATHER & Co., large-hearted and philanthropic Stock and Share Brokers.

JERRYWEATHER & Co., though they have never operated with a less profit on the month's transactions than 195 per cent., have no wish to keep the benefit of their successful negotiations for themselves, but are anxious, on the contrary, to secure this handsome profit solely for the good of their clients.

JERRYWEATHER & Co. are contented therefore to pocket a mere nominal commission, together with the amount of cover on each operation.

JERRYWEATHER & Co., Large-hearted and Philanthropic Stock and Share Brokers.

JERRYWEATHER & Co. have hundreds of testimonials from Peers of the Realm, Archbishops, Members of Parliament, and Professional Celebrities, heartily thanking them for their disinterested financial aid and assistance, and they strongly advise their intending clients not to wait, but to forward their cheques for cover from £10 to £500 without delay, when they will forthwith commence operations on their behalf.

JERRYWEATHER & Co. submit extract from *Civil Service Chronicle*:—"Those who wish to part quietly with their money cannot do better than entrust it to the judicious manipulation of Messrs. **JERRYWEATHER.**"

FRANK GRABBINGTON.

FRANK GRABBINGTON'S New and Unique System of rapidly acquiring a Large Fortune.

FRANK GRABBINGTON'S Discretionary Investment Circular should be read by hesitating Operators. He says:

OWING TO EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES I enjoy of being behind the Ministerial scenes, and having direct telephonic communication with the leading Statesmen of Europe, I am in a position to advise my clients in the selection of such Central American Stocks, the slightest movement of which will fairly startle them.

OPTIONS. I do not recommend these. Experience has proved that when Clients have no option whatever in the matter of Investment, the highest and most surprising results are invariably achieved.

REALISING.—Clients should not allow themselves to be deterred from further speculation by realising thoroughly how they have been already done. I strongly advise against this.

FRANK GRABBINGTON receives Stocks, Scrip, Coupons, Cheques, Ready Money, and Postage Stamps, or anything negotiable, and is prepared to deal with them, or with any of his country Clients by telegraph, or attend them at their own residences at tape prices.

FRANK GRABBINGTON'S Discretionary Investment Circular. The *Bloomsbury Mercantile Exchange* says of it:—"We can conceive no readier method of enabling nervous speculators to divest themselves of their little savings, than by taking the Discretionary plunge recommended by this artful paper. Mr. **FRANK GRABBINGTON** is evidently determined not to be outdone by his compeers."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 21.



THE GRANVILLE EXPRESS.

GRANVILLE Express! A rallying cry to "Stars" the whole town over, For which of the host knows not that boast of the "London, Chatham and Dover"?

And which of the (human) Wandering Stars that peregrinate our planet But now and again by that rattling train seeks health, and a host, in Thanet?

Thanet and THANATOS are sworn foes. (No, Baron, that does not signify A Thanet 'oss, of the "Cat's-meat" strain. Your perfect "seat" might dignify

Even that withling-chaffed old steed. The superfluous residual Of MILLER (JOE) forms the stock, you know, of many a dull individual.)

Where are they off to, all these "Stars" on Victoria's platform crushing?

Oh, some are in search of old Thanet's health-flush, and some of the route by Flushing.

Little of that reckes Chairman FORBES; you see him midmost the platform,

Conning a bill; all the Company's friends will quite readily recognise that form.

There's Captain GODBOLD at his sinister elbow—no sinister meaning in "sinister"!—

As Continental Traffic Manager, the Public's assiduous minister.

To GODBOLD's left, and the gazer's right Our Editor is meeting From Baron SAMBOURNE, of Townley Castle, a right baronial greeting.

"Follow the Baron!" A good old tip which he seems to be endorsing, And which, in sooth, to the Castle guests will scarce need much enforcing;

But if it did, there close behind his gracious *Châtelaine* standeth, And who is the churl of so crusty soul as demur when she com-mandeth?

'Twixt Baron and Editor CANTUAR stands. Is the good Archbishop musing

That sometimes policy and good sense combine in calm refusing Of *ad captandum* hot appeals from sentiment plus sensation?

Behind, ineffable HARCOURT beams, complacency's consummation. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, barrister, of the dulcet vocal organ,

'Twixt Editor and GODBOLD stands, next that affable Sec. JOHN MORGAN.

Behind them "CHARLIE" WYNDHAM swells the ranks of holiday-planners, With Ex-Chief-Constructor Sir E. J. REED, and Postmaster, Lord JOHN MANNERS.

Next FORBES's hat whose nose is that? 'Tis Sir JAMES INGHAM's verily,

Chief Magistrate of Bow Street, he. Behind him lounges cheerily Board of Works "Bertie," A. B. MITFORD. Striding along un-swerving

Pince-nez on nose comes Stagedom's pride, much-worshipped HENRY IRVING,

Unheeding "JOHNNY's" shout; 'tis TOOLE who from the window halleth

His famous but myopic chum, and to arrest him failleth.

"LAL" BROUGH stands gazing at the "Star," Mrs. JOHN WOOD, whose laugh is

Infectious, near, whilst EDWARD LAWSON, of the *Daily Telegraph*, i-Forth from the carriage-window, close behind them, keenly glancing

In front, a porter, laden with some canvasses, advancing To W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., of Westgate! Curious rather How many "Stars" seek Thanet's ale instead of circling farther. And where may healthier air be found, life's fever to diminish, Its fag to lessen or—but here this doggerel guide must finish!



PROPHETIC!

The "Rolling Grounds" of Harwich.

Passenger (testily, but faintly). "TA' 'EM 'WAY. BE OFF! TELL YER 'DO' WAN' 'EM!"
Kindly Steward (soothingly). "AYE-E, AYE, BO', BUT YEAOU WILL DEW E'M-BYE!"

SENTIMENTAL HUMANITY.

THE *St. James's Gazette*, last Wednesday, quoted "HUMANITY's" letter to the *Times*, telling how its writer had seen the bird-and-cage trick at a Music Hall, and that it involved the death of a bird every time it was performed. So the *St. James's* thought that the Society for Prevention, &c., ought to look in occasionally at the Music Hall.

Now, in the same column of the same number, a little higher up, was a paragraph about M. EMILE ZOLA, in his early struggling days, living near a house-top, where he caught sparrows in a trap and lived on them. Further, the *St. James's Gazette* remarked that the sparrow, "carefully cooked, is a delicate morsel, and probably quite as nutritious as the lark or the quail."

Good! But as it was no crime in M. ZOLA to live on sparrows, why is it a crime in the Conjuror to live on canaries, especially if the canary, carefully cooked, be little inferior to sparrow, lark, or quail? Perhaps the Conjuror does eat them for supper: and if, as "HUMANITY" reckoned, he performs the trick four times a night, then he has four canaries for supper. Where's the harm? Except to those who are of opinion that no singing-bird ought to be killed for food; in which case how about the larks that at Heaven's gate sing?

But we should much like to know, as to Mr. HUMANITY who wrote that letter about the Conjuror's bird to the *Times* last Wednesday, does he ever eat fish? Is he fond of lobsters? Does he like crimped salmon? Does he know that the salmon is aliced while alive? and is it not probable that the death-struggles of the big salmon, which may be protracted for a considerable time, are a fitter subject for the interference of the Society for the Prevention, &c. (if this Society had to interfere in such matters as these) than the instantaneous death of a sparrow or canary?

The bird is not butchered to make a Roman holiday, but killed instantaneously to make a Showman's livelihood. If this is no excuse for causing the death of a sparrow or canary, how much less excuse is there for the Angler who exposes the salmon to lengthened torture long drawn out, and for the Sportsman who wounds his birds or mangles his ground game.

"Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field!
The bitter little that of life remains;
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!"

When Mr. "HUMANITY" has dealt with the "Sport" provided by the owners of large preserves, and with the selfish amusement of the Wanton Waltonian, then it will be time enough to consider whether the instantaneous annihilation of a bird, as a trick which forms part of a Conjuror's stock-in-trade whereby he earns his livelihood, is an act of wanton cruelty, or indeed cruelty at all.

By the way, there is just the bare possibility that the author of the letter to the *Times* signing himself "HUMANITY," might have been an opposition Professional Conjuror, who had been outdone in this very bird-and-cage trick.

Since writing the above, we have just seen the answers to "HUMANITY," and we have also been informed on unexceptionable authority, that any bird used for this trick, properly and skilfully performed, is neither killed nor injured, nor any more alarmed than a canary when its cage is cleaned, or when a covering is drawn over it at roosting-time.

By a Blandford Blue.

HARCOURT, at Blandford, blandly tries to butter
The Dorset men—contemptuously they toss it,
As "bosh," aside, and, *Middlewick*-like, mutter
"Inferior Dossit!"

"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."—Mr. RICHARD PROCTOR has written a Paper on the "Language of Whist." Surely, according to Mrs. BATTLE and "the rigour of the game," the only language of Whist should be—"Whist!"

"SPEECH IS SILVER."—No, it is copper: being a halfpenny a word by telegram.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY M.P.

III.—FROM A RECLUSE.

Howarden Castle, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

HAVING accomplished the public duty of setting forth, I hope not too briefly, my views on the political questions of the day, I feel myself at liberty to turn to the more attractive duty—or shall I say pleasure?—of acknowledging the receipt of your kind note.

I.—MY HEALTH.

I am thankful to say that the general state of my health is more satisfactory than it was before I set out on a recent sea-voyage. At the same time there remains

the inconvenience and discomfort attendant upon the movement of the vocal organs, which makes public speaking a little more difficult than, I own, I have found it in times past. Just before leaving the *Sunbeam* I took an opportunity of testing the advances made towards restoration of this important organ. *Ba-se-y* secured the attendance of the mariners on what is, I believe, called the quarter-deck, though, as far as I could see, no partition had taken place in this part of the ship.

II.—A DIFFICULTY OVERCOME.

There was a little difficulty at first, for it appears that there is a growing disposition among the crews of yachts to resent participation in services on deck, unless it be regarded from a financial point of view as overtime. *Ba-se-y*, who I must say spares no expense to secure the comfort of his guests, said that would be all right. So I made my speech, and the sailors got their overtime allowance, a combination of circumstances which suffused a glow of geniality over the proceedings, and we parted mutually pleased.

III.—I KEEP MY EYE OPEN.

In obedience to instructions from my medical men, I occupy myself down here with as little labour as I find possible. I read up, as usual, every morning a certain portion of my speeches, so as to be ready to correct any misrepresentations, wilful or undesigned. I apply the axe to the root of an occasional tree. I write a good many letters, and read any Blue Books that may have escaped my attention during the stress of the Session. But, above all, I keep my eye open and watch with interest events as they develop themselves and progress in the political world. I observe that my young friend—if I may call him so—*R-ND-LPH* is still in Scotland, and I am pleased to observe that though the state of his health is not such as is absolutely satisfactory to his friends, he has roused himself to receive Sir *FR-D-R-CK R-B-NRS* in order to talk matters over with him previous to the General's departure to assume the direction of military affairs in India. This must be a great advantage to Sir *FR-D-R-CK*, who will doubtless receive with the respect due to them any hints that Lord *R-ND-LPH* may give him upon the disposition of our military forces in India. *H-RT-NOT-N*, I note, has gratefully retired into private life after contributing to political discussion a weighty speech. *H-ND-RT*, too, has momentarily withdrawn from the scene. I'm afraid, as compared with his successes in the former campaign, his speech has fallen a little flat.

IV.—MR. CH-MB-RL-N.

This brings me to *CH-MB-RL-N*, whose course I have watched with keenest interest. He seems to have made up his mind to outstrip me on a course I had marked as my own. I went to Scotland to deliver a series of speeches, and thither *CH-MB-RL-N* has repaired, as Sir *P-T-N L-MB-N* did to London. He is hailed with enthusiasm by the population, as I was, and, as happened to me, he finds opportunity of keeping up the excitement along the railway line by delivering political speeches in matter-of-fact railway stations.

V.—REFLECTIONS UPON THE LAST PARAGRAPH.

This is a very bold game played with courage, directness of purpose, fertility of resource, and hitherto with success. I question whether, when he first set forth on his campaign, he intended, or was prepared to go the length which now seems to him easily reached. But encouraged by the evident approval of the populace, he has set before his eyes a definite goal, and will I believe reach it. He will not supersede me, but he will succeed me.

VI.—NOT GONE YET.

It would, however, be a fatal error to suppose that I am yet out of the way. I am comparatively young in years. I am positively strong in body and mind, and I dare say you will understand me if I say that the spectacle of *CH-MB-RL-N* going about the country drawing crowds after him and concentrating on himself the attention of the political world has revived in me a strong hankering to be at it again.

VII.—A SECRET PLAN.

Of course any proposal for another Midlothian Campaign would be opposed by home influences. These I am prepared, if necessary, to circumvent. I shall leave the Castle disguised as a delegate from a Liberal Association, shall keep up my *incognito* as far as Carlisle, shall there address the station-master, and porters, and thence work my way to Midlothian, where I shall make the welkin ring, and let whomsoever it may concern know that they cannot yet reckon without me. But this is for the present a secret which I commend to your faithful keeping, and remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. E. GL-DST-NR.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

VIII.—POSTSCRIPT.

How do you like this division of a letter into what might be called particles or paragraphs?

I invented it for my Manifesto, so that for small appetites it might be taken in moderate doses.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY FOR LORD CARNARVON.—
"Fine words butter no Parnells."

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.



The Caroline Difficulty.

The Mussulman Party and the Balance of Power.



Attitude of "Serve yer!"

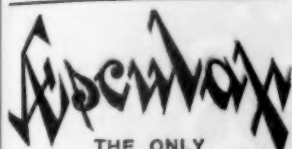
Movement in Greece.

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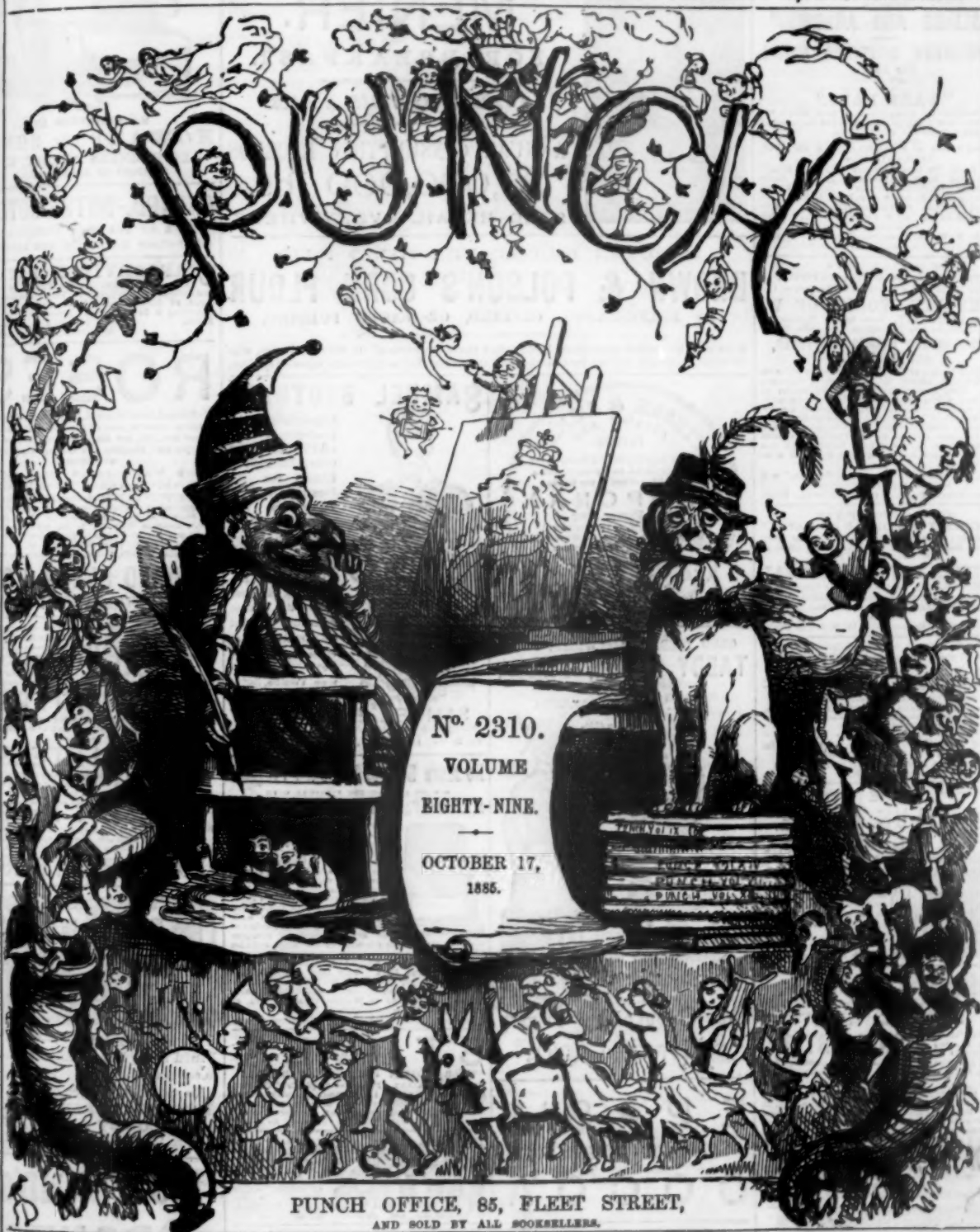
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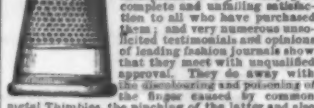
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The *Silver King* would have been much better as a ballet, without those long sermons delivered by the hero, who would then have had a chance of legitimately showing us how "romantic and picturesque" he could be on one leg (this would have been quite leg-itimate), to



No expense spared, and yet this is a Niggardly arrangement.

what "an altitude of genius" he could rise in a pirouette, and of what "fery passion" he was capable in the grand pantomimic situations of the murder of *Geoffrey Wars*, and in the wharf store-house, where he frightens the *Spider* and his friends into fits, and then, as would

be permissible in a ballet of action, he might escape by leaping through an open window, or by bounding off a spring-board and disappearing through the skylight. If *Excelsior*—which is now attracting, and certainly its fame is spreading—is to achieve a substantial successful career, additions must be made to the numbers, and the costumes must be renewed from time to time. Its brightness must be preserved at any cost, and this outlay will ultimately repay. A ballet in Acts, no less than a drama, requires comic relief. Such a *troupe* as the MARTINETTIS, or the HAWLON-LEES, would be well employed as part and parcel of its plot.

It should commence as early as a Drury Lane pantomime, and end about the same time. Our people do not want long *entr'actes*, as our theatres are sufficiently comfortable for the spectators to remain in them, instead of rushing out, as in Paris, where the audience is only too glad to breathe the fresh air for twenty minutes, take refreshments and cigarettes outside, or promenade about the *foyer* with the windows open.

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Yours,

MEDIUM NIBBES.

P.S.—Since writing the above I see that Miss KATE VAUGHAN is now dancing in *Excelsior*. Delighted to welcome her again: just vot vos vaughanted. Excellent notion. But I question whether giving a *lever du rideau*, with Mr. HERMAN VEZIN and talented assistants in it, is not a mistake, unless they dance PLANCHÉ's two-act *Secret Service* as a comic ballet. This might possibly add to the attraction.

Ruminations of a Radical

On Mr. Chamberlain's Visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden Castle.

OUR JOE at Hawarden! What may that portend?
Leaves he it less, or more, the People's Friend?
To the four points of subtle W. G.
Will he, or will he not, postpone his three?
Hugging his ultimatum does he go
Feeling that office—yet—is not for JOE?
Or leaves he yielding, reconciled, and pardoned,
Softened at heart, in fact, by being Hawardened?

The Casting Vote, lately produced, or, rather, early produced, as it is a *lever du rideau*, at the Prince's, is called by its Author a "Musical Electioneering Squib." It seems, judging only by the libretto, a very damp squib, let off by a small backward boy in the lower fourth form of the Gilbertian Bab-Ballad-Opera School. Perhaps if played after the ingenious *Pink Pearl*, which we have seen—once, we may have a chance of hearing the music. But this sort of thing is of very little use unless signed by the firm of Messrs. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, which this squib can't say it is, without lending itself to a cracker.

THE BEARING AND THE APPLICATION.—Lord DUNHAY is reported to have said that "that the only thing the Tories have to fear is ignorance." Yes, but in that case *some* of them, who, if ignorance is bliss, ought to be very happy, would seem to have more to fear than to hope.

THE LITTLE BULGAR BOY.

A WOFUL BALLAD OF THE BALKANS.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Simpkinson of the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

*Sorrowful Suzerain loquitur:—*

It was at Philippopolis, in August of this year,
I saw a little Bulgar Boy.—I said, "What do you *here*?"
The glow upon his youthful cheek bespoke exceeding joy.
I said, "What is your little game, you little Bulgar Boy?"

He sniffed, that little Bulgar Boy, he seemed inclined to scoff;
My heart has been so often bruised, a little sets it off.
He put his finger to his— Well, my haughty bosom rose,
And I applied *my*—hem!—my handkerchief unto my nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man, your Suzerain speaks!" I
said.

"How would you like a sack, a cord, the Bosphorus for a bed?
Run home to your Bulgarian home, or I shall scold. Oh, fie!
This is a most improper game for Bulgar Boys to try."

The mockery in his little eye began again to spring;
His bosom shook with giggling strong,—he laughed like anything!
I stooped, and, 'midst his chortling low, I heard him murmur,
"Boosh!"

I haven't got no Suzerain, so *that* kibosh will not wash!

"If you into your Bosphorus, to your exceeding joy,
Can land me right, then blow me tight!" (A vulgar Bulgar Boy?)
"And now I 'm here, old Pint o' Beer, it is my fixed intent
To raise to diplomatic rot a lasting monument."

"Tut! tut! my little man—tut! tut!" I genially said.

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head.
If you go breaking Treaties thus, as though they were but eggs,
Either we 'll have to stretch your neck, or you to stretch your legs!"



FORWARDS!

Followers (at the Tail of the Procession). "E-H, D'YE SEE YON WEE TAM M'GOWKIE THE-R-RE! HE MAUN BE I' TH' FRONT, YE MIND, WHATEVER'S GAUN ON!"

His Companion. "I' THE FRONT! AYE, MUN"—(viciously)—"HE'D BE I' THE HEA-ARSE IF HE COULD!"

"Go home at once, my little man, or scimitar and Krupp Will have to take a turn at you—and won't they keep it up? Don't pull the chestnuts from the fire for Mister ROMANOFF. Cut home, you little Bulgar Boy! Skedaddle, slope, be off!"

"Home?" chuckled he. "Oh, certainly, with willingness and joy! This is my home, old Bubblycock!"—a vulgar Bulgar Boy! I said, "Remember Mrs. BULL, the kindest of her sex!" Will you snarl up her Berlin wool, and her kind bosom vex?"

But Mrs. BULL did not seem cross, she made but little noise. She said she didn't care to "sit on" little Bulgar Boys. She said, "Old Turkey-Cock, 'tis time you were upon the shelf. Spank him? Go to—Roumelia, and spank the Boy yourself!"

I went not to Roumelia—I didn't like the job. My purse was low; I scarce could raise what Cockneys call "a Bob." The Powers that be looked shy at me, they saw that I was riled, But said, "We can't have rows all round, so please to draw it mild!"

When I went back I gazed about—I hunted everywhere, I could not see my little foe—because he was not there: I peeped at Philippopolis, and at Sofia too, I cried, "You little Bulgar Boy, what has become of you?"

I could not see my Tribute, no!—I looked, but could not see The little fiddle-faddle sham they call my Suzerainty. I could not see my Treaty-rights—my Balkan-range—oh, dear! The whole great BIZZY-DIZZY game was a great fraud, I fear!

I could not see my *status quo*—it was not to be seen!—Nor yet my Pan-Islamic Flag, that flag—like me—so green. My Carpet-Bag, that held them all, my sole remaining joy, Is gone, for ever gone!—and so's that little Bulgar Boy!

I ran to Mrs. BULL—her SALISBURY once admired me so!— "Oh, Mrs. BULL! what do you think?—ain't this a pretty go?— That horrid little Bulgar Boy you thought we'd tied so tight,— He's stolen my things and run away!!!"—Says she, "And serve you right!!!"

"TWELVE WORDS ONLY."

(By Lightning Wire.)

To Gladstone, Hawarden Castle, Cheshire.

Delightful visit. Manifesto and Mutton Cutlets excellent. CHAMBERLAIN.

To Salisbury, Foreign Office, Downing Street, S.W.

Send next speech for revision.—CHURCHILL.

To Chamberlain, Birmingham.

Send best man's expenses. Will explain Royal Grant later.

DILKE.

To Dilke, Chelsea.

How about Royal Grants? Am writing to mutual friends.

HARTINGTON.

To Hartington, Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

Hope my young friend has convinced you.—IDDLESLEIGH.

To Worms, London.

Your assistance invaluable. Will you canvass borough for me?

BOORD.

To Boord, Greenwich.

Nothing give me greater pleasure—but am too busy.—WORMS.

To Lord Chancellor, Westminster.

Sorry must decline Indian Judgeship. Absorbing Parliamentary duties.—CLARKE.

To Churchill, India Office.

Bar-practice quiet. Send me to help WOLFF.—GORST.

To Harcourt, late Home Office.

Hope you are disengaged for the winter.—STAPLES.

To Lord Chamberlain, London.

Yes. PONSONBY can have Gaiety Matinée, Ash Wednesday.

HOLLINGSHEAD.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Sporting Prospects—Seals—Nautical Terms—Irish Names—Porpoises—Herrings—Classic—The Sea-Serpent—Theories—Jelly-fish—Lotos-eaters—Calm—Fresh Arrival—Disappearance—Dinner—Nights—Rose—Anchored.

STAFFA and Iona done. What next? Anything—on one condition that we don't go as tourists on an excursion steamer. We take our time to consider. Our host has made up his mind. Our ultimate



The Origin of Fin Gal's Cave.

of Robinson Crusoe I should have been! I forget the name of the island where we are to lead this wild kind of life, subsisting on what we may shoot or catch (except in the way of drink—as we cannot very easily catch Pommery or Lanson, or another nice light champagne with which our host varies the entertainment, and which I think is called Goulay or something like it), but the Composer, who has been once before disappointed in seal-shooting and big fishing, is delighted at the prospect, and so am I.

FORD-BAMLY knows the island well. "If it's fine when we're up there, it'll be difficult work getting at the seals," he says, "and if it's bad, we shan't get a sight of one. As to fetching it at all, it's a question of time, and, if the wind's unfavourable, we may be days doing the distance." He speaks nautically of "fetching" the Island. This expression takes, so to speak, the wind out of the sails of the old proverb about MAHOMET and the Mountain. Substitute "Island" for "Mountain," and then the proverb nautically stands, "If the Island won't come to Admiral MAHOMET, R.N., then Admiral MAHOMET, R.N. can tell Captain SANDBALLAT, R.N. to 'fetch it.'"

However, we are not to be discouraged, and, above all, our host MELLEVILLE is not—and he has determined on the expedition. First, though, we are to go, he says, to a place that sounds to me like "Ballyhuish." This certainly ought to be in Ireland. Ballyhuish is decidedly Irish; and there's a joyous, jiggy kind of air about the name, suggesting knee-breeches, shoes and buckles, red waistcoats, open collars, blue stockings, loose tie, mis-shaped hat, shillelaghs, short petticoats, bodices, and bare arms akimbo, which are all associated with Irish peasantry at a fair,—perhaps more on the Stage than in real life, as should be from a name beginning with Bally or Ballet-huish,—the "huish" representing the shout that Pat gives in the excitement of the national dance. I regret to find on the map that it is spelt Ballachuish, and that it is on Loch Leven.

As we go along with, on the whole, a fair wind and, for the time of year, a really wonderful supply of sun, the objects of interest are more remarkable for their scarcity than any great variety. First, at intervals of half an hour between each shoal, are porpoises, whose life appears to consist in turning head-over-heels—like the dirty little boys "two wheels a penny" in streets—only that these latter do it for money, while the porpoises go on at it hour after hour, aimlessly rolling over and over, in a lazy lolling sort of manner, as if they were monotonously humming over to themselves the tune of the old chime, "Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton, Turn a-gain, Whit-ting-ton!" and so on all day. Do porpoises sleep? If so, having got in the habit of rolling over and over, they must still continue it unconsciously "e'en in their sweetest dreams."

Then we watch a number of youthful herrings, shining like silver, as they jerk themselves up with a great muscular effort an inch above the surface, and then sink back again exhausted. Very weak-minded of them to show how shining they are, as for this act of vanity they are punished by the gulls and the quackers, who soon show them a short and easy way of doing small fry. And not only do the glittering little fish attract the birds, but even the playful porpoise will swallow four or five of them down at a gulp if they don't get out of his way in time, and then he'll take two or three extra turns

after his meal, for the sake of digestion, as if he were chuckling to himself and saying, "Capital eating, those young herrings; capital! Over we go again! There's more where they came from! Over we go again! Always take two or three rolls with my dinner! Flop, boom, over again! Here's a lark!" Occasionally we shoot at a porpoise. But he only turns over once more head-over-heels, and rolls out of the way with a sort of "Oh, don't bother me!" movement, and disappears for a few seconds, to reappear, still doing turnovers some distance off and well out of shot.

The porpoise is a living illustration of "*multa revolvens*," which might be porpoisely translated, "Turning head-over-heels lots of times."

I do not believe that any line of porpoises, no matter how numerous, nor of whales either, whatever their size, could ever have been mistaken for the Great Sea-Serpent. If I feel certain of anything, specially while in this listless state out yachting, it is of the existence of the Sea-Serpent.

"Or of a Sea-Serpent," says the Composer.

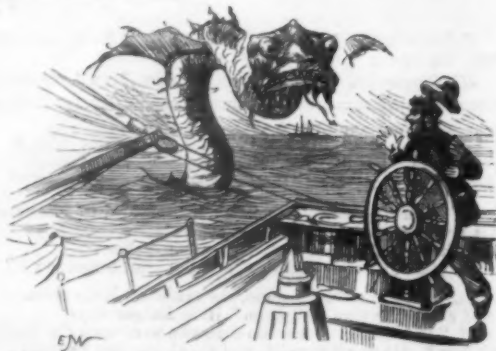
"Yes," observes MELLEVILLE, who has lately been reading FRANK BUCKLAND'S Memoirs, "it is impossible to imagine that only one Sea-Serpent exists. Unless," he adds, correcting himself, "it is the last of its race."

"You can't suppose," says FORD-BAMLY, waking up and joining in, "that captains of position, crews, and passengers have all been lying for years?" Then he places his book on his knees, and is off to sleep again.

We consider this proposition silently.

The Composer is presently heard to murmur to himself that "the Sea-Serpent wouldn't be a bad idea for a Cantata," and he disappears below, carried away by an inspiration, to the piano. But the divine afflatus doesn't take him further than the sofa, and when, on not hearing the sounds of music, I look through the skylight, I see him stretched out fast asleep, with, I rather think, a brandy-and-soda, half emptied, by his side. Thus with him ends the possibilities of "The Sea-Serpent, a Cantata by CHRISTOPHER CULLINS, R.C.M."

But with regard to this marine monster, we have arrived at this conclusion, that either there is somewhere a family of Sea-Serpents—there is plenty of room for them in the Atlantic—or the one occasionally seen is the last of its race gradually expiring, and coming up to the surface now and then to give a last look round before disappearing for ever. There is something inexpressibly sad in this latter theory about the Sea-Serpent.



"Oh, please, Serpent, don't speak to the Man at the Wheel!"

Second objects of interest are the jelly-fish. It occurs to me that we must have come to the very extreme of idleness when we are sensible of the smallest excitement from watching jelly-fish.

We try to read papers, whose news is now the ancient history of a week ago: we try to write letters; begin them and leave off at the bottom of the first page. We try to read books: futile. FORD-BAMLY is the best at this sort of thing, as he takes up a book, places it on his knees where he can't possibly see to read it, folds his arms, and goes fast asleep. When he wakes up, if he feels more than usually lively, he sets to work to plait ropes'-ends, and as this involves a good deal of plucking and pulling to pieces, the employment at first suggests oakum-picking as a fine art.

MELLEVILLE has by his side all his charts, maps, two sets of glasses, and a couple of novels. After a while the charts weary him, he knows the route by heart, the glasses discover nothing new, the novels he has tried on the system of "one down t'other come on;" but as most of the time is occupied in finding out where he left off when he last looked at either of them, he too gives himself up to listlessness and torpid enjoyment of the mere fact of existence, with the consciousness of becoming gradually hungry without the necessity of exercise.

Occasionally, as in the instance above recorded, the Composer

retires below, and plays the piano. This is soothing. I tell him so through the skylight, and ask him to continue. Whereupon he immediately leaves off. Evidently I have interfered with an inspiration, and stemmed,—I was going to have said “damm’d,” but it does not sound polite; so, on consideration, I will say “stopped,”—the flow of genius. I betake myself to watching the jelly-fish. We try a little bottle-shooting, but everyone has become such a dead shot that there is no variety in this form of amusement. We are developing into lotos-eaters, when suddenly we are aware of a dead calm, and we are not yet within measurable distance of Ballachulish.

There is nothing for it but to put into a bay—nice quiet little siding where we can dine—but to get there we must be towed by our cutter. To be towed by a cutter sounds like being kicked by a tailor. Present this to Mr. DUMB CHAMBO JUNIOR.

During the day one exceptional object of interest to us has been from time to time the approach of a large schooner yacht, evidently bent on the same journey as ourselves. Through the glass MELLEVILLE has made her out to be the *Norseman*, belonging to Mr. BRUSH, R.A., who, the Captain happens to know, is on board, and, being very fond of it, probably sailing her himself. This will give the artist some trouble now, as the wind has dropped. We are well ahead of the *Norseman*, and in fact have lost sight of him.

We are nearing Kintallen Bay—or some name like that—at a very slow pace, the men in the cutter rowing and singing. Oddly enough their selection of songs is not at all nautical. This present one is about “Bill was a hackney coachman rare,” which is a peculiar favourite with the crew, on account of its offering rare opportunities for shouting out a rough and ready chorus at the end apparently of nearly every line, with an increased fortissimo chorus to mark the conclusion of each verse. The sails are of no use. We are being towed by the musical mariners towards the bay.

What dramatic changes there are at sea!

SCENE I. (*Afternoon up to Four.*) Warm—sun—calm.

SCENE II. (*Four and after.*) Dark—cold—gusts of wind.

We are in the darkness of Kintallen Bay. One light ashore; probably cottage. We descend to dinner; always a pleasant time. Dinner just finished; noise on deck; hollering; shouting; up we go. The *Norseman*, forty tons bigger than our yacht, has arrived late, and is trying to crowd into this small bay, where we have settled for the night. Plenty of room without interfering with us or two other vessels whose lights are visible. Altercation between the Captain of ours and the Captain of theirs: *Norseman* rude, we polite. *Norseman* swings round, and nearly bumps us in the most unmannerly fashion. The *Norseman* is not behaving well, and if it hits anything, ought to select a craft of its own size and weight, and not “A weaker vessel” like the *Cyrena*.

If Mr. BRUSH, R.A., is sailing it himself, as I was informed, then I say, “Better throw the painter overboard,” an old jest exactly suited to the occasion. But surely an artist ought to know all about canvas. Why doesn’t he adorn his own sails with his own works? On second thoughts he leaves that to the picture-dealers, who adorn their sales with his works. The difficulties and dangers are overcome: it was an exciting moment; and now we return to the saloon and, oddly enough, talk about anything except nautical subjects. We discuss chiefly city matters, and financial affairs. We burst out into stories; FORD-BAMLY tells some remarkable ones about America and Foreign travel; the Composer tells his unique experiences of the Stock Exchange; I narrate little anecdotes of half-hours with the best Brokers; and MELLEVILLE enlightens us as to what it is to be a trustee. So we go on until I utterly and entirely forget that I am on board a yacht in a small bay thousands of miles away from Piccadilly, and am only recalled to the fact that we are not in a club smoking-room by MELLEVILLE putting the end of his cigar into the ash-tray and saying, “Suppose we go on deck before we turn in.”

Go on deck from club smoking-room? No—surely—why, of course. So we go on deck and have a last look at the *Norseman*, and wonder if Mr. BRUSH, R.A., is taking it easy in his berth, and if he will get out before us to-morrow morning, and sincerely hope, as there appears to be rather a gale springing up, that neither of us will get loose, drag our anchors, and come whack one against the other. So hoping, we retire to bed.

Night. Terrific noises. I pause in my reading—I listen—is it the anchor dragging?—if so—again—a pause—I listen intently—the noise repeated—no, it is not the anchor dragging—it is only FORD-BAMLY in the next cabin to me, and he has gone to sleep immediately on getting into his berth.

“APPLAUSE IN COURT.”—The only Magistrate who never makes the slightest attempt to suppress applause in Court is Mr. ARTHUR CECIL in his own Theatre. This must be seen to.

SANITARY LOGIC.—Premises, Slums and Cesspools. Conclusion, Typhoid.

THE ENGLISH ABROAD.

(By One of Them.)

IN these days of Cheap Excursions, when the summer-time comes round,

Many thousands of my countrymen repair to foreign ground, Where their manners, as a rule,—although exceptions are not few,—Leave a deal to be desired from a local point of view.

I have watched them on the Continent through many a season past With profound humiliation; and the time is come at last

When I feel that I no longer can refrain, at any price,

From endowing British Tourists with a little good advice.

Lend your ears, esteemed compatriots,—ye ROBINSONS and BROWNS,

Who frequent Italian lakes, Helvetian peaks, and German towns,

Who recur upon the Righi, and are annually seen

Huddled up in plaids, and shiv’ring, in the chilly Engadine;

Ye, whose aspect is familiar to Parisians, Viennese,

Neapolitans, Venetians, Genoese, and Milanese;

Let me give an useful hint or two to each and ev’ry one,

As to what the Briton, whilst abroad, should do—and leave undone.

Take no notice of the persons whom you meet in boat or train,

For civility to strangers goes against the English grain;

If they venture to address you, look them coldly up and down

With a smile of scornful pity, or a supercilious frown.

Your expression will recall to them the destiny forlorn

Which created them mere foreigners, whilst you are British-born;

Thus incisively brought home to them, no longer will they shirk

The conviction that an Englishman is Nature’s noblest work!

Never raise your hats on entering a shop or restaurant,

Where, enthroned behind the counter of the smart *établissement*,

Sits a lady, whom the natives all salute as they come in;

Such politeness, in a thoroughgoing Briton, were a sin.

Speak in English to the shopmen and the waiters, by the way,

They will listen with deep interest to ev’ry word you say;—

Should they fail to seize your meaning, shout and swear, and “give

them fits.”—

A few hearty British expletives will stimulate their wits!

Always carve your name, in characters indelible and bold,

Upon statues of renown, reputed worth their weight in gold,

And on palaces and churches, which are manifestly meant

To record the patronymic of an Anglo-Saxon gent.

On the very oldest Masters ’tis a truly British lark,

With the point of an umbrella or a stick, to make your mark;

Or to chip off, here and there, a little finger or a toe

From a marble god or hero, fashioned centuries ago.

When you enter a cathedral during service, never fail

At the mummeries of ignorant idolatry to rail;

And you need not be too careful not to jostle those who pray,

As you stride about the building in your stalwart British way.

Whilst conversing with your Guide, too, never moderate your voice,

But address him in a louder tone than usual, for choice;

Thus the superstitious natives will be made to understand

Why we Britons are so popular in ev’ry foreign land.

Whilst at meals, attract the notice of your sisters and your wives

To the gobbling French and Germans, as they juggle with their

knives,

And be sure that you revile the “beastly cooking,” “sour wine,”

And “abominable service,” when at *table d’hôte* you dine.

Pray remember that, on principle, such observations should

Be made audible to foreigners—they ought to do them good!

And suppose they prove offensive, you, at least, are none the worse—

For the feelings of a Parleyvoo what Briton cares a curse?

Disregard all regulations wheresoever you may go;

Foreign edicts were not made for freeborn Englishmen, you know.

In the station and the custom-house be blustering and bold,

And on no account demean yourselves by doing as you’re told.

Thrust your noble nationality in everybody’s face,

Show the Continent fine samples of the Anglo-Saxon race,

Whose innate superiority to Latin, Teuton, Gaul,

Is a fact that cannot fail to be acknowledged by them all!

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—On Licensing Day, permission was given, in almost every case, to Restaurants to have their dinners accompanied by music. This fashion was all very well when quite a novelty at the Holborn Restaurant, but the Restaurant frequenter has no desire to become like the Old Lady of Banbury Cross, and he told that “he shall have music wherever he goes.” A quiet dinner will be a rarity; and the real “dinners” will be the musicians, specially the Big Drum.



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.

(SCENE—Grand Hotel, Laventennisville-super-Marc.)

He. "I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not quite catch the name——" She "MISS FITZ-MONTMORENCY."
 He. "THANKS, THANKS! WHAT A PRETTY NAME! AND SO UNCOMMON!" She (haughtily). "DID YOU THINK I WAS CALLED JONES?"
 He (feebly). "A—PARDON—BUT—ER—MY NAME IS JONES!"

THE CONTENDING SWAINS.
A POLITICAL PASTORAL.

(Some Way after Virgil's Third Eclogue.)

ARGUMENT.

DAMOCYTAS and MENALCAS, two Shepherds, after some smart strokes of country railery, and having tried their skill in a song, refer it to PALEMON, a Rustic, to judge of their performance and award the crown. PALEMON, after a full hearing of both parties, declares himself puzzled to decide so weighty a controversy, and—for the moment—leaves the victory undetermined.

Menalcas . . GL-DST-NR. Damocytas . . S-L-ED-RY.
 Palemon . . New Rustic Voter.

Damon (referred to by Damocytas) . . CH-MB-RL-W.

Menalcas. Ho, Swain, what Shepherd owns you straggling sheep?
 Damocytas. No matter: they are given me to keep.

Menalcas. Unhappy sheep, wide wandering o'er the plain,
 Whilst you their Mistress court, but court in vain,
 And fear that I her favours shall retain.

Damocytas. Bah! blunderer, is't not known, and to all men,
 That you have muffed her business, how, and when?
 Never again you'll win the premier prize;
 Your flounderings have been watched with mocking eyes,
 And in the general scorn your condemnation lies.

Menalcas. Pooh, Sir, your pipe a borrowed music plays;
 My Muse you rail at, but you steal my lays.

Damocytas. Oh, you would claim all Music for your own!
 The crown is mine; by singing fairly won.

A solemn match was made; you lost the prize.
 Ask DAMON if his beating he denies:

I think he dares not; if he does, he lies.

Menalcas. Thou sing with him, poor mimic? Never pipe
 Was so profaned to inappropriate lip.

Vain thine attempts, as soon shall be allowed,
 To tickle on thy straw the rustic crowd!

Damocytas. To bring it to the trial, will you dare
 Our pipes, our skill, our verses to compare?

Menalcas. Talk not of daring, boaster, but begin!
 I prophesy beforehand I shall win.

PALEMON shall be judge how ill you rhyme.
 I'll teach you how to brag another time.

Damocytas. Dullard, come on, and do the worst you can!
 I fear you not, nor grander, older man.

Silence, ye Swains, and with attention wait,
 For we have business here of high debate.

Palemon. Sing then; these fields afford a proper place.
 This garland shall the happy victor grace;

The challenge to MENALCAS shall belong,
 DAMOCYTAS shall sustain the under-song:
 Each in his turn your tuneful numbers bring;
 By turns the tuneful Muses love to sing.

Menalcas. From the great Sire of all the gods above
 My Muse begins: all hail the Liberal Jove!
 To him the care of all by right belongs,
 My flock he blesses, and admires my songs.

Damocytas. Me all-conserving Phoebus more inspires;
 He lights our courses and he tunes our lyres.
 Your god and you your charge have failed to keep,
 You've shirked your duties and misled your sheep.

Menalcas. With pelting stones persistently you plied
 My flock, in pleasant pastures feeding wide,
 And now my careful shepherding's decried!

Damocytas. The nymph you claimed has come unasked to me,
 Glad from your feeble folly to be free.

Her mastery now is mine, and still shall be.

Menalcas. Not so. Again she'll seek my constant arms;
 Loyal to the old love, yield me her charms.



THE CONTENDING SWAINS.

Menalcas . . GL-DST-NR.

Palemon . . New Rustic Voter (called in to award the Crown).

Dametas . . S-L-EB-RY.
VIRGIL'S Third Eclogue.



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Let her once more my honeyed accents hear,
 She'll shrink from your harsh notes with loathing fear.
Dametas. Pooh! What avails your "long and dreary" flight?
 She knows you now, and shudders at your sight.
 You spread your net, but I possess the prey,
 And challenge you to lure the nymph away.
Menalcas. Election-day's at hand, and then she'll come,
 Like a strayed dryad, to her Woodman home.
Dametas. Nay, with her now I'm more in grace than you;
 You'd fell her trees, her sylvan altars hew.
 You and your axe she bids a long adieu!
Menalcas. Absurd! Right well she knows mine is the hand
 To guard her Treasure and improve her Land,
 To lop the straggling growths that bar her way,
 And teach or thrill her with my toothed lay.
Dametas. Nonsense! To hive, or tithes, her golden store,
 To till her pastures till they yield her more,
 To give Protection to her fields and farms,
 Shield her from native broils and foreign arms,
 My hands with yours have more than equal skill.
 My pipes than yours more musically trill;
 Whilst never herd I with that robber host
 Who make your artful championship their boast;
 Wolves by the Shepherd tempted near the fold,
 Thieves by the Watchman warned of hoarded gold,
 Whose hands the faithless priest dares not restrain
 From ruthless pillage of the hallowed fane.
Menalcas. Who loathed the Nymph might say, oh let her be,
DAMETAS, doomed to test thy works and thee!
 But no, one might as well decide to join
 Dog-foxes in the yoke, or shear the swine,
 As link her fate with thine, or from thy rule,
 For all thy sounding cry, expect much wool.
 What loudliest you denounce, your friends and you,
 That, given the chance, most readily you do;
 What hotliest, out of power, you advocate,
 That longest, when you sway, the Nymph may wait.
 Woo to her, if she trust to care of thine
 Her Land, her Gold, her Harvest, or her Shrine!
Palemon (puzzled). So nice a difference in your singing lies,
 I hardly know which most deserves the prize.
 Each of you pipes a more than Lydian lay.
 Both of you promise lots. What can I say?
Arcades ambo! Yet, perhaps—for choice—
 Well, for the present, I'll reserve my voice!

[Left considering.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Truth About the Stage, by "CORIN." Vulgarly written, uninteresting, except perhaps to a limited few, and like most theatrical memoirs, uncommonly dull reading. Truth is generally supposed to be unpalatable; but in this form it is nauseous. Who wants to be bored with the personal experiences and opinions of a, presumably, middle-aged provincial actor, probably a Blighted Tragedian? for of this and nothing more valuable does the book consist. Occasionally the writer, whoever he may be, gushes about a certain Provincial Manager, who, it appears, like *Papa Eccles in Caste*, has always been "a very clever man, if he had only had his chance." So high is "CORIN's" estimate of this eminent person's talents, which he seems to say have not been duly appreciated in the Metropolis, that he thinks, if there were a subventioned National Theatre, this Mr. VINCENT CHUMMLES ought to be placed at the head of it.

Now we shall argue ourselves hopelessly ignorant when we admit that, having but a very limited experience of Provincial theatricals, we have never seen this distinguished performer act. We believe that he did once, perhaps twice, it may have been oftener, appear professionally in London, but in what character (something Shakspearian, we imagine) we are not aware, and (how we now regret the lost opportunity!) never even thought it worth while to inquire. "CORIN" hints pretty plainly that the Unappreciated One ought to have a Benefit! Why not? Why should London wait? We will head the list with one guinea down—being unable to afford more in consequence of the withdrawal of *Paradox*—in order to insure for ourselves the treat which we have missed, up to now, of seeing Mr. VINCENT CHUMMLES play something, anything, no matter what, we leave it to him.

Mr. "CORIN" gives a list of managers and actors whom he considers worthy of being mentioned, by him, as models for imitation in their public capacity and private life. Very nice and very kind, though to name examples seems invidious. But, speaking for ourselves and the public generally, as with a great Minister, or Lawyer, so with the artist, how, as far as the interests of the public are concerned, private life can affect professional performance, we do not quite see. As an artist, be he author, actor, painter, or sculptor, the public have to judge him. For his work as an artist the public

pays, and so long as he honourably, and in a businesslike manner, discharges his part of his contract with the public, why should the public wish to go outside that contract, in order to pry into his domestic life, which is no business of theirs at all?

We do not refuse our guinea for a stall to hear Signor UPAGINI, because that unrivalled artist ran away with another man's wife; nor do we shut our eyes and stop our ears when Signora TRILLA enters upon the stage, because we happen to know, what all the world knows as well as ourselves, where her diamonds come from, and how two gentlemen of family and position ruined themselves utterly for this marvellously-gifted Syren. No; we thank our stars—our operatic Stars—for their voices and execution, and listen enchanted.

We are far from denying that, accidentally, the knowledge of a professional person's spotless character in private life adds a separate and distinct pleasure to the delight his performance gives us, if he be an artist, or to our interviews with him if he be a solicitor, portrait painter, barrister or even doctor; though we can't see that such knowledge would be any comfort to us in the case of a dentist. However, enough said on this subject, which, after all, is of little real consequence to anybody outside a limited domestic circle.

We turn with pleasure to the green covers of *In a Grass Country*, by Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON. It begins in a fishing village, and proceeds to hunting-quarters, later on, quite seasonably. It commences with a "smack" country, and goes to a "crack" country. The three heroines are charming each in her own way. It is well sketched, full of character, with sharp observations on men and women—not too hard on anybody—a clear story carefully written, and therefore easily read. Recommended.

Here too is delightful reading! *The Pychley Book of Refined Cookery and Bills of Fare*—the only bills we care to see, though we won't say we are not sometimes a little afraid of them. It is compiled by "Major L. . . ."

But Major L.'s arrangement of menus is not, on the whole, so good as Sir HENRY HOLLAND's in his admirable work on *Food and Feeding*, because the idea is not based on the excellent principle of getting at your *piece de résistance* as soon as possible, and then going in for your palate-ticklers and high art dishes if you will. Not that the Major is always for the kickshaws first and the substantiality last, for "Variety" is his motto, and his receipts seem to be excellent. A well-arranged book this,—bills first, and the receipts to follow. Also recommended for the use of English Students, and, of course, Irish Stew-dents.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



This represents the status quo ante—"Stay, tuak! Whoo, Aunty!" (Police!!)



Boy-Cotting in Ireland.



A Panslavist.



The Cascus.



A Cabbin' it Counsel.

SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTURES OF THE PRINCE'S NEXT TOUR-ANYWHERE.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Illustrated Papers.)



1. The Prince puts one foot before the other; 2. The Prince takes his Hat off; 3. The Prince puts it on again; 4. The Prince has a Donkey-ride; 5. The Prince goes to Church; 6. The Prince goes Yachting; 7. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales feels Sleepy; 8. The Prince snores; 9. The Prince blows his Nose; 10. The Prince in a Lift; 11. The Prince lays a Stone; 12. The Prince smokes another Cigarette; 13. Ceremony of Opening an Oyster by the Prince of Wales; 14. H.R.H. inspects Our Special Artist's Sketches; 15. H.R.H. kindly dispensing with Our Artist's attendants.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

IV.—FROM THE UNSLEEPING PARTNER.

Birmingham, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

I GLADLY seize the opportunity of a quiet day to write a few lines to you, hoping they will find you well, as they leave me at present. I daresay you have observed that I have of late been on the wing. My colleagues may go fishing, or shooting, or yachting; but I am a man of business, and accustomed to attend to business. H-N-T-N-G-T-N and H-N-R-Y J-M-S may have made good bags since the Twelfth. But I fancy that since I went out on the tramp at the beginning of August, I have brought down more birds.

By the way, what has become of H-N-R-Y J-M-S? We were accustomed at this period of the year to hear him twittering at Taunton, or some

other place, settling imperial affairs. He has not appeared upon the scene as yet, and is, I think, on the whole well advised. He is a pretty young man, but not strong enough to swim in the troubled waters of politics.

Now, I like it, TOBY. I do not care about your spells of fair weather such as we had immediately on going out of office. There was for me too much bowing and scraping between the two Front Benches. It was a very thin crust, I know, and would have broken through in a twinkling if the Tories had gone wrong on any point. But, artificial as it was, it did not suit my taste, and so I broke away, beginning at Hull, and going, as J-M-S L-W-T-H-R humorously puts it, to a place that differs only by a vowel.

I have enjoyed myself immensely during the past six weeks. There is only one thing necessary to complete my satisfaction. I should like to know what GL-DST-NR, H-N-T-N-G-T-N, and H-N-C-U-R think of my goings on. I don't believe GL-DST-NR cares very much. He means to be out of it soon, and in the meantime is very much of my opinion on the points I have raised, only declines to take any fresh departures. H-N-T-N-G-T-N is, I fancy, chiefly bored. He does not bear me any malice, but would be exceedingly obliged if I wouldn't be bringing up new things. He will come along slowly, with one hand in his pocket and a scowl on his face, like a man who has got up too early in the morning. But he'll come, and if the Tories are looking to him to put a spoke in my wheel, they'll find their mistake.

But H-N-C-U-R-T? Ah! that would be funny if it were not too pathetic. I remember, as it were but yesterday, how he came down to Birmingham, and patronised me. That was some half-a-dozen years ago, and his prospects were looking very brilliant. He was, next to Gladstone, the crack speaker on the Liberal side. He had his triumphal progress, in the course of which he visited Birmingham, and all the papers were full of what he said, and what they had to say thereupon. He was running straight for the reversion of the Leadership of the Liberal party, and though I don't believe that, in any circumstances, he would have won the prize, he at least had the satisfaction of contemplating it as within his reach. But where is he now? Though I say it what shouldn't, there's a comet in the sky, and the ordinary constellations are singing very small.

I was much amused the other day to read his warm tribute of admiration of myself. Some people might think he was jealous. On the contrary, he was delighted, and could not say too much in praise of "my right hon. friend." And there is C-R-T-N-Y, too, not usually regarded as a humorist. But what could exceed the humour of his appearance in Somersetshire, making a speech in

support of a resolution advocating "Union among the different sections of the Liberal Party under the leadership of Mr. GL-DST-NR?" Yet even amid the mental anxiety attendant upon the unwonted exertion of making a joke, C-R-T-N-Y did not fail to pay a tribute to me.

These are little things, but they show how the wind is blowing. I shall get my own way in the end, a success largely attributable to the fact that I have a way unmistakably indicated and resolutely followed. Amid a company of shifting politicians anxiously looking out for a sign, a man capable of making the sign himself and dauntlessly construing it, is certain to have a following. Ponder on these things, my young friend, apply them to the direction of your own affairs, and may Heaven bless you.

I generally conclude my addresses with a verse of poetry. But I have during my tour used up a large stock, and you will probably excuse me, and believe me to be

Yours faithfully, J. CH-MB-RL-E.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

P.S.—I have just grown a new orchid. Mean to call it after F-NST-N, for whom, as I mentioned at Bradford, I have a great esteem. Besides F-NST-N always had an orchid manner.

A SCARE FOR SPORTSMEN.



"Fox et præterea nil"—but it was a Stag, after all!

While staying with Count FETSTICS he went a good deal about the country, visiting the peasants' cottages, and performing many kind acts of charity. The sport in the preserves of Count FETSTICS was very good. Among the 'game' shot were forty-two foxes, of which eleven fell to the Prince's gun. The fox is not held to be free in Hungary."

His acts of charity included relieving the poor in the Hungary districts. Excellent. But now as to the sporting extraordinary. The Prince may, according to the telegram, "preserve the strictest incognito," but, evidently from this, he was not inclined to strictly preserve foxes. That Count FETSTICS—no, we beg his pardon, Count ATHLETICS—no, dear us, wrong again—we should say, Count FETSTICS—should be a Vulpecidist, is what would naturally be expected of a "furriner." But that some eleven foxes should have fallen victims to H.R.H.'s deadly aim! Heavens!—when, as we were preparing to justify the conduct of H.R.H. in the eyes of English sportsmen, up-stairs rushed a boy with some other evening's *Globe*, containing this correction of the above information:—

"His Royal Highness, it seems, shot seven stags the other day, not foxes, as was incorrectly stated at the time."

Ah! the world of sport breathes again. Home Securities have gone up with a bound. Stags are very like Foxes in Hungary, hence the mistake. But what if H.R.H. had indeed shot foxes in Hungary, he would only have been acting in accordance with his rule which has made him everywhere so popular; that is, of doing in furrin parts as furrin parties do. However, he "did not shoot that fox, brave boys!" and he can sing, with the sailor in *Pinafore*, that, "in spite of all temptations" (to shoot foxes) "he remained an Englishman," an English sportsman, and let Brer Fox go free.

NEWS FOR THE SANDWICH-MEN IN LONDON.—The old town of Sandwich is once again to have a port and harbour. Sir WATKIN is said to be taking considerable interest in the movement. If it succeeds, he will take more later on. This is now one of the many burning Eastern questions—a South-Eastern question, of course.

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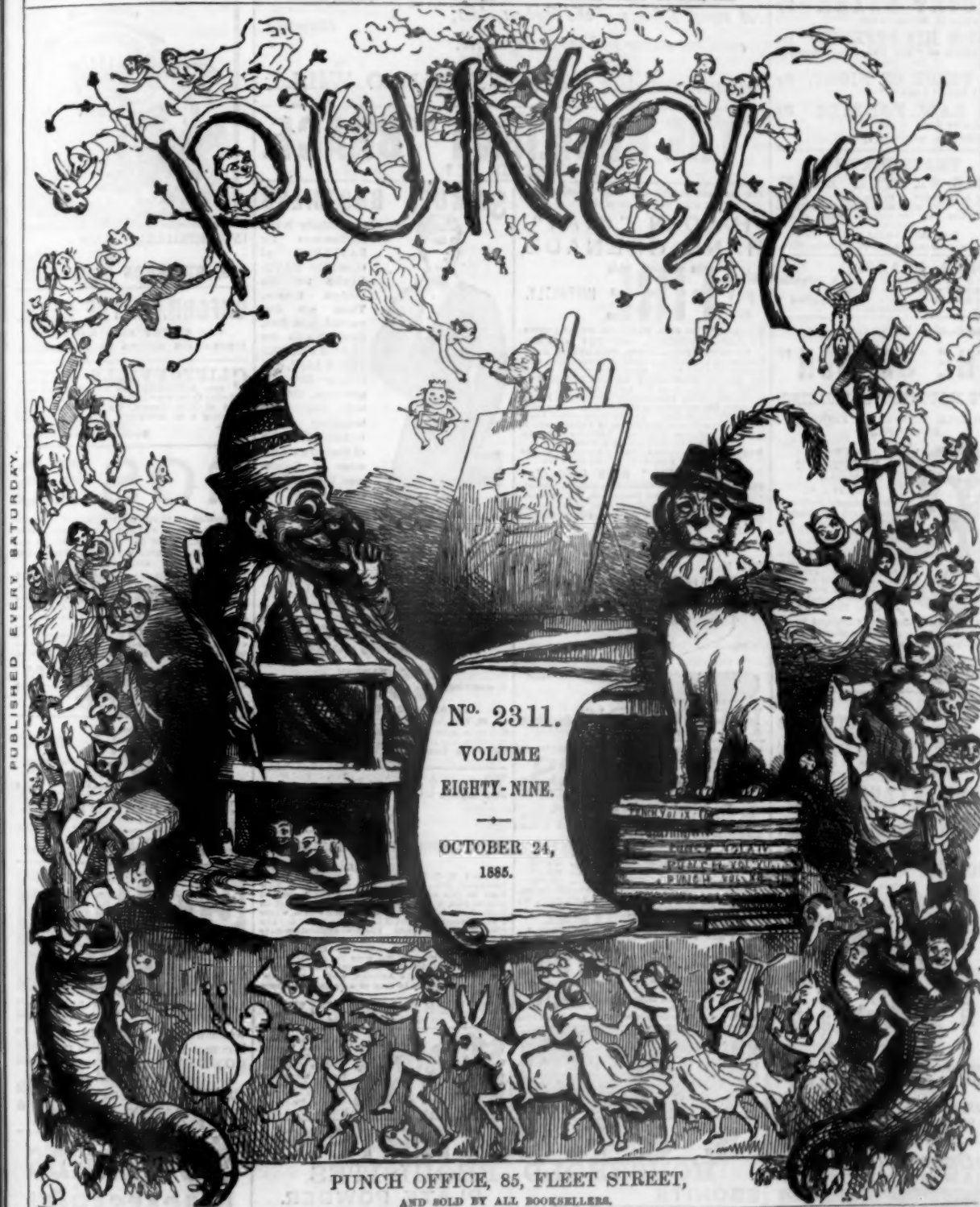
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TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

Treated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



'Ot too man, and the Sublime Porte.



A Peasant Prop-Rioter.



Ma said O' near. Calling out the (P)reserves.



Stormy Meeting of the Servian-Skup-tchina.



Small All-'ot-ments.



Dis end, 'ow meant?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Royalty Restored, in Two Volumes, by Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY, who professes to give us a social history of the Wits and Beauties of the Merry Monarch's Court. The work is written in a pleasant style, tinged with an affectation of the mannerisms of the period he is describing, which assimilates fairly well with the quotations from EVELYN, PEPPY, and such well-known writers. But such a social history ought to have been a *chronique scandaleuse*, otherwise it tells us very little with which we were not already acquainted. The horrors of the Plague, details of the Great Fire, the story of the Popish Plot and of that soundrel, TITUS OATES, neither a Wit nor a Beauty of the Court, should have had no place in this social history. If the *vis intime* of CHARLES and his dissolute Court cannot throw into the shade the stories of the Regency, then in these days of memoirs and revelations, we shall gradually come to look upon the Second CHARLES and his friends as much maligned, and to consider whether, by some typographical error in History, the Merry Monarch is not a misprint for the Moral Monarch. From the expectations which Mr. F. MOLLOY in his preface had raised, we were disappointed with this latest edition of the story of the Beauties and the Beast.

As one volume of a most useful, and in every sense, readable series called *The World's Workers*, brought out by Messrs. CASSELL & Co., the eldest daughter of CHARLES DICKENS has published a collection of incidents in her father's life "most likely," she thinks, "to interest and to appeal to young people." The result, at all events, is most acceptable to the grown-up, old, and middle-aged, who know their DICKENS pretty well by heart, and have read all that can be told about him in the *Life and Letters*. Whether this present little work—a labour of the purest affection—will lead children to read CHARLES DICKENS'S works, or whether this is by any means the best way to give them a Dickensian taste, is open to question, and must remain a matter of individual opinion and experience. For ourselves we should say decidedly not; that the ordinary course being the reverse of what "MAMIE DICKENS" has attempted, that is to say, that a perusal of the books leads to an inquiry into the writer's private

and personal character, while a knowledge of the latter would not be, to most people, any inducement to read his books. The two things are to the external public entirely distinct, though we can understand how naturally they come to be closely associated in the mind of so devoted an admirer as his own daughter. Still, whether for young or for old, this little book, coming from such a source, will be gratefully received. We wish it had appeared at Christmas time, which to some of us, is peculiarly associated with the name of CHARLES DICKENS, whose *Carol or Chimes*, or whatever might happen to be his story for the time, was sure to be one of the Christmas literary presents bought for the elder boys, while the *Annual* of our old friend *Peter Parley* went to the younger ones. Pleasant Christmas mornings those! New silver coinage, fresh from the Mint, wonderful books in brilliant bindings, with highly coloured illustrations inside, and then the prospect of grand festivities in the evening!

Another volume of the same series is given up to HANDEL. The monographeress is ELIZA CLARKE (is it "Mrs." or "Miss"?), and her book we recommend to everyone who, wanting to learn all about the great Composer, is pressed for time, and can only take a turn at the Handel for half-an-hour, or so. It is amusing to be reminded that he wrote an Oratorio called *Theodora*, which the great ladies of the day would not go to hear, because the story was not sufficiently interesting to suit them. But the plot was evidently not the same as SARBOU'S *Theodora*, which SARAH BERNHARDT has made her own particular character, as HANDEL calls his plot "a Christian story," which the French dramatist's certainly is not. We know very little of HANDEL from himself. He was not a man of letters—very few could be found; but he left a wealth of notes, with which the world has been thoroughly satisfied.

Solomon's Mines, by RIDER HAGGARD. What a weird name! It sounds like a sort of first cousin to *Rogue Riderhood*, only infinitely more tragic and grim. What awfully overpoweringly thrilling works ought to come from the brain of a man with such a name as this. I regret that Mr. DUMB CRAMBO JUNIOR is not on the spot to furnish us with a fancy portrait of "THE" RIDER HAGGARD. *Post equitem sedet atra cura* must be his motto. However, what we have to do with, just now, is his latest book called *Solomon's Mines*. This ought to have been worked up into as powerful a romance as *Treasure Island*. But the promise of its commencement is not fulfilled. There is a false ring about the narrative, which deprives it of that absorbing interest which ought so to master the reader that he cannot put aside the book for a moment until he has reached the end, and learnt how the heroes have escaped. The introduction of a low comedian into it (Oh, RIDER HAGGARD! not up to your own name by any manner of means!)—a naval officer with an eye-glass and gutta-serena collar—is a mistake, as forced humour must always be. Then the almanack and the eclipse, among savages, have done similar service on several previous occasions, while a parallel can be found for the use made of the Lieutenant's false teeth, in somebody's wig in an Indian tale (the name of which does not recur to us at the moment; but, by the way, what a good title—*Somebody's Wig!*) where the would-be scalper is terrified by all the hair coming off in his hand, while the scalped one remains in the best possible health and spirits. *Solomon's Mines*, all the same, is worth reading. It is clever; if anything, it is just a bit too clever. But in future please don't forget that your name is RIDER HAGGARD, and "write as sich." Yes, Sir, if there is anything in a name, you ought to have been the Author of *The Headless Horseman*.

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O Islington the Blest!
Whose groceries have gamely stood
The analytic test;
What other district doth exist
Whereof it may be said
No sweepings figure in its tea,
No bone-dust in its bread?

You need not fear, in this retreat
Of virtue which will wash,
To lunch on sirloin that is horse,
Or butter that is "bosh."

The milky mother of the herd
Would be surprised to see
Her ill-used product quite devoid
Of all impurity!

Here e'en the goodies children suck
Are unadulterated,
And some undoctored brand of wine
Seems specially created.

An Officer of Health! Why, sure,
This place can hardly need 'un,
And Merry Islington henceforth
Must change its name to Eden.

THE REAL "BUFFER STATE."—Old Bachelordom.



DYNAMICS.

"WHAT, TIE YOUR SASH AGAIN, MOLLY! I'VE TIED IT ALREADY FOUR TIMES. YOU MUST TIE IT YOURSELF!"

"HOW CAN I, AUNT! I'M IN FRONT!"

THE MARES AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WELL, I must say as I feels werry sorry for the cumming Lord Mare, having to foller on such a dubble-barrelled steepel-chaser as his predecessor. He'll have to put up one or two hextra Staples to keep him all right and tite. Wot a gallaeksy of glorious Bankwets have preceded each other without paw, month after month and weak after weak. Lords follers Commons, as is natral, and Judges follers Common Counsellmen, which isn't, and Bishops comes after Bankers, which they shouldn't, and Gills follers up Her Majesty's Ministers, which they shoold: and then, as a winder up, we has all the Mares and Mareesses of the hole united Kingdom—as it ort to be, but isn't—a commin hundreds of miles to a grand Ball, and all deek-orated with such massiv reel gold chanes as, I was told, if all linked together, woud have been strong enuff to have wayed the anker of a 70 pound three Master, and long enuff to have reeched from the Lor Courts in the Strand to Mr. ATTEMBURROW's the Porn Brokers at the corner of Chancery Lane! *Habsent Homen!* And let me say this for them afore I goes any furdur, that a finer or a bigger or a helthyer looking set of gentlemen I have never seed henter the onerd Manshun House since I fust waited in the Egipshun All of dazzling light. Sum of us well-seasoned atendants, as we now calls ourselves, who has had a large experience of the effects of enthousiastick dinners on enthousiastick gents as has been a travelling all day, was a leetle afeard as the gents mite have looked jost a leetle seedy and sleepy wen they marched in about eleven o'clock. But no, they wun and all looked as brite and as kean and as intellygent as if they had jest cum out of the conventual ban-box, tho they woud suttently have required a hextry big 'un.

There was wun fine-looking Mare and his good-looking Mareess, and their brite-looking Dorter, as looked capital speessimens of our northen countys, so I was of course surprised to hear as they come from *South sheelds*. The ever-poplar dramattick perfession was there to give 'em all a arty welcome. Mr. ONAGUSTUS ARNIS worlist away with a charmin partner as if he quite bleevied it to be in accordance with Human Natur, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSED was there two with his beautiful dorter,

KING THEEBAW.

"The King [THEEBAW], it is said, refuses to make any concession. If the refusal is not withdrawn, he must cease to be a King."—*Standard*.

KING THEEBAW 's a shooeking fellow,
Far too long has had his fling,
Drinks and gets extremely mellow—
He must cease to be a King.

He has murdered his relations,
On adjacent trees they swing;
That's the way with savage nations—
He must cease to be a King.

He is crueller than NERO,
Like a tiger he will spring;
Not by any means a hero—
He must cease to be a King.

Now he'd stop all British trading,
Unto bankruptcy woud bring
Folks who deal in bills of lading—
He must cease to be a King.

All his subjects gladly gather
Underneath the British wing;
Off with THEEBAW then—or, rather,
He must cease to be a King!

SHORT ANECDOTE BY BEN TROVATO.

THE other day, Mr. J. C. H-B-S-L-Y, R.A., entered a music-shop. He is an excellent musician, and a great admirer of the works of HANDEL and ARNE.

"I want," he said to the Shopman, "I want to see some old songs of about a century ago. I cannot sing the old songs myself, but wish to make a selection for a friend."

The Shopman paused thoughtfully; then shook his head, and replied,

"Very sorry, Sir, we haven't any old songs in stock; but I can show you some of our new ditties, if you care to—"

But before he could finish the sentence, Mr. H-B-S-L-Y drew back horrified, exclaiming, "Nudities!" And, darting such a look at the man as ought to have shrivelled him up on the spot, he strode out of the shop.

and Mr. BANGCROFT was as conspicuous as usual. I was glad to overhear him tell a delited Common Counsel Man that he had not given up the Stage, but only the handling of the ribbons, wish I should have thort woud have been better left to his better half, but praps upon the whole he's right.

The Lord Mare looked partickler fressh and brite at about harf-past two, hay hem. As he had only had his magistrate's work to do, and go to three or four meetings and attend a great public dinner as the gest of the hevining, and then to receive about a thowsand visitors later on, of course that was rayther a slack day for him. There was wun thing as struck all us Waiters werry strong, and that was the grate call for Corfees, another bad sine of the progress of tea-total-lunacy we all thort, till we remembered as all the gents had jest come from the dinner-table, witch consoled us.

They all spoke werry well of the maynu and the wines, but from a glance I got of one as was left on the tabel with my experienced eye, I shoold scarce look upon it as quite hup to our Manshun House mark. I think as I noticed a hutter habsence of foi graz. The wines two might ha' been holder without no fear of dotage. I was littorally amazed at diahcovering that there was no less than three reel Lord Mares! My only wunder is that our own hollowed Coporashun never allowed it. They always was a libberal set, but I wonders as they didn't draw the line at One Lord Mare, One and indiwizabel. BROWNS told me as there was only one Irish Mare present and he was a Lord. Wot could have kept 'em away? Was it gelosity, or mal der Mare, or unsisterly disaffection, or was they persuaded by Mr. Boycott's Who nose? Of course there's no accounting for taste, nobody never tried, but I thinks of the too, I'd rayther be a umbel hed Waiter and go where I liked, and buy and sell as I liked, and generlly do as I liked, than to be even the prowd Mare of Cork or of Bonnygal, but under the constant superwishun of prying Mr. Boycott. And this I bleve is what they calls Ome Rule. I sumtimes thinks as we married men gits quite ome rule enuff in this 'ere blessed country, the land of the brave and the fre, but we ain't allers being a follered about to see wet houses we gos into for a drink, and then to be told as they can't serve us eoz of Mr. Boycott. I hopes as we shan't find Sir WILLIAM



THE MODEL "BRITISH MATRON."

Mr. H-r-el-y, R.A. (as the M.B. Matron). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! WHO COULD HA' SAT FOR THAT?"

LAWSON a trying of the same little game, tho I rayther thinks as his friend Mr. Local Hopahun must be a werry near naybour of Mr. Boycott.

I got a peep now and then into the Ball Room from our little corner, and was pleased to see that the stately Mares confined themselves to quadrails and such-like dances, and left the rayther too affectionate Wallases to the younger and less dignified offshals, such as Common Counsellmen and Town Clerks and setterex.

I don't no as I'm werry partickler, but I suttently shoold draw the

line at Wallases for a portly and dignifide and chained Mare, and so they most on 'em did. Of course there's allways a few exseptions to all good rules, and there was there, but they was mostly confined to little burrows and fishy Ports, so they was easily owerlooked and did not much interfere with the ong sarmbel as the Germans says, which was certainly uneek. We broke up about 3, and I was pleased to see from a glance at the Hat Plate that whatever they were in Politics when at home, the Municipple gests wen at the Manshun House was Libberal to a man,

ROBERT.

A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE.

Dramatic changes—Weather—Ballachuish—Hotel—Misery—The Pass—The Driver—Queries—Loch Leven—Storm—Off—Canna—Bock agen—Loloman—Diddin Junior—Music—The Mull—Awful nights—Night at Sea—Lamlash—End of Cruise.

DRAMATIC change of scene. Last night murky, this morning brilliant. We rise with the lark—or say the sea-gull—and leaving the yacht, *Norseman, R.A.*, in the bay, we are off to the Scotch place with the Irish name—Ballachuish.

SCENE I.—Fine breeze, lovely weather. Now we sail with the gale, &c.

SCENE II.—Weather beastly: gusts from the mountains.

Loch Leven.—Pouring. No use stopping on board. "Let us land," MELLEVILLE proposes, "interview the proprietor of the hotel, and get a trap to take us to see the Pass of Glencoe."

By all means. Carried *sem. con.* FORD-BAMELY says it is just the very day for seeing the Pass of Glencoe, as it ought to be done—he

speaks of doing the pass as if it were a conjuring trick—in the mist. He tells us that this is quite the rainiest part of Scotland. Does he think from his experience that there is any chance of its holding up? No he doesn't: in fact he is sure that the rain will get worse and worse. But what of that? He, personally, has waterproof hat, coat, and high fishing-boots, and is ready for anything.

We land. The hotel may look lively in the finest weather, but now its appearance is that of highly respectable misery. A few elderly and feeble tourists are in the sitting-room, one asleep, another wandering sadly about, occasionally stopping to flatten his nose against the window pane, sighing wearily, while two elderly ladies and a very old gentleman, a party of three, are wrapped up and stowed away in a corner, to be left there till called for, and, but for a vigilant landlord, running a considerable chance of being forgotten

altogether. Patients waiting in a dentist's ante-room on a damp day present a cheering spectacle compared with the aspect of these miserable tourists. They seem to be the remains of a once large party, which had gradually dwindled away without paying the bill, leaving the feeblest, and probably the wealthiest, as security for the amount. One or two, here and there, like flies at the end of autumn, are doddering about the large sitting-room, to which not even a recently-lighted fire, struggling to look bright and cheerful in the most depressing circumstances, can impart any idea of warmth or comfort.

There are also two young men in the hall, sitting mournfully among their luggage, and looking out with yearning gaze for the long-expected coach that is to take them away for ever. They are dressed in perfectly Scotch Tourist Suits, carrying plaids, waterproofs, umbrellas, and stout crooked-handled sticks for climbing. I expect to hear them say to one another, that is if they have the heart to talk at all, with rain pouring down on all sides, and everything and everybody cold, damp, and dreary, "Eh, SANDIE mon, but it's just a wee bit moist." So I am considerably surprised when the more Scotch, if possible, of the two says to his friend, in a subdued tone, "*Dis donc, Eugène, savez-vous à quelle heure part-il, le—comment s'appelle-t-il?*" "*Le Co-atch,*" suggests the other, which the first speaker accepts as correct, and continues, "*Oui—le Coatch pour—*" "*Le bateau?*" says his friend mournfully, "*Oui—*" and then he gives him the required information.

These two young Frenchmen, what could they have been when at home? Gay Parisians? What brought them here? The love of travel, or the wish to ascertain for themselves if all they had heard about the Scotch climate was true? Sad experience. Neither EUGÈNE nor ANATOLE will come here again. They looked wretched enough in my eyes when I thought them Scotchmen on their own native heath, and their name Macgregor; but now I know to what nationality they belong, they seem to me to be doubly, nay trebly miserable. Never did I see two such unlively Gauls.

MELLEVILLE informs us that the traps will return presently—



Sir William Waterproof, the Black Knight.

"Traps" sounds unpleasant. "Traps for Tourists"—as most show places are. But MELLEVILLE, of course, means "vehicles"—and that we shall have one to ourselves—not with other damp tourists—for visiting the Pass of Glencoe.

The coach arrives. The two damp young Frenchmen show some signs of alacrity in climbing up on the roof. The other "dismal Jemmies"—I call the lot dismal Jemmies and Jemimas—come out slowly, as if suffering from cramp and rheumatism, and grumbling all the time (no wonder!), are, some of them, hidden away inside, while the weakest of all, physically unable to secure inside places, are hoisted up aloft, where the rain will finish them, I should say. Oh, the pleasures of touring!

We can have one open trap with two horses and driver. It is a waggonette; and, wrapped up in waterproof capes, coats, and caps, with a waterproof rug over our knees, we pack ourselves inside. Off we go. What a day! Rain pelting on us, and driving at us! Gusts of wind which threaten to stop the horses with a facer and to knock the driver backwards on to the rug that's over our knees. FORD-BAMELY repeats, more than once, and quite pleasantly, that "This is the very sort of day for seeing the Pass." But he buries himself in his cape and sou'-wester, and not until there is a lull of five minutes does his head emerge. MELLEVILLE is the only one who braves the storm, in a yachting cap, a high waterproof collar touching his ears, and his pince-nez defying the elements. The Composer has disappeared, and admires as much as he can of the scenery through the top button-hole of his mackintosh.

For my own protection I have a black waterproof, a cap of the same material, with a curtain all round it, fastening under the chin. When thus arrayed, I look like the Black Knight (waterproofed) in *Ivanhoe*. It is effective, theoretically; but though it protects the ears, it strikes so intensely cold a-top, that I feel as if I were going about with a wet sponge on the crown of my head; and as the wind will blow up between the fastenings of the cape, I find myself sitting in a system of thorough draughts; while the stuff being the most expensive and of the very lightest texture, so as to allow it to be called a "pocket waterproof," or some delusive name of that sort, has invariably gone with a rent—like a Land-Leaguering tenant—when the slightest opposition has been offered by my accidentally treading on the skirt as I am mounting anywhere, or by my catching on something sharp—a very unpleasant situation—as I am descending, say from the yacht into the gig, and so there are two or three fancy openings not included in the original bargain, and an aperture just below the middle of my back which takes in as much water as a portion of my under-coat can conveniently carry. However, we are all in the same boat—the only occasion when we are not in the same boat, by the way, but all in the same carriage, and we try to come out as *Mark Tapleys*, and be at our very best and jovialest.

The driver keeps his head down, as if he were butting at the weather with his hat, and volunteers no information. Presumably, he is the guide, so being all pretty well up in our MURRAY's History of the Pass of Glencoe, we determine to obtain more precise details on the spot. The Composer, who thinks there is a fine subject here for a Dramatic Cantata, after carefully sheltering himself with his left arm holding a bit of his big cape as if he were afraid that the driver was going to turn round and hit him, looks up obliquely, and asks, "Isn't this where the MAC IAN? &c." To which the driver, slightly turning his head towards CULLINS, only replies, quietly, "Aye, Sir."

MELLEVILLE sees a ruin, which must have some connection with the awful story of Glencoe. "Is that," he asks the driver, "Is that where HAMILTON, &c., &c." And again the driver most civilly replies, "Aye, Sir, yes." He confirms all our guesses, which proves to us how thoroughly we have mastered the history of the place and its geography. We drive on for some time: asking various questions and receiving the same unvarying answer. At last it occurs to me that either the driver wants to get the journey over, and is therefore uncommunicative, or that he is not quite so well up in the subject as we are. So, when we arrive at the most desolate, and most uninspiring part of the Glen, I ask him, in quite a matter-of-fact tone, "Does the band play here every evening?" He turns round sharply with a suspicious "Eh?" and I repeat the question gravely. "No," he answers, hesitatingly, regarding me askance, "No, there's no band plays here." "But," I continue, as if astonished at his reply, "how do they amuse themselves here, then? Aren't there any theatres, or concerts, or fireworks?"

He looks down at me over his shoulder, considers awhile as if trying to remember whether he had ever heard of the existence of these entertainments in the Pass of Glencoe, and then he replies, slowly, "No. There are no theatres; no." Then, evidently thinking it necessary to make a clean breast of it, and apologise for his ignorance, he turns quite round and says, ingenuously, "You see, Sir, I'm a stranger in these parts, and this is the first time as ever I was here at all."

He has appealed to our compassion; he is only a servant: the hotel proprietor sent him with us, as we wanted a carriage to ourselves. MELLEVILLE inquires, "Can you tell us whether we've seen the whole Pass, and ought to turn back?" "No," he sadly shakes his head,

he had been rather trusting to us, as we seemed to know all about it. Does he know where we are now? Not a bit; he is humbled and cast down, and so to speak, throws himself on our mercy, and hopes we won't shoot him. "Has he never heard," asks the Composer, coming right up on end, as it were, like a Jack-in-the-box, suddenly, and displaying the most vigorous indignation, "Has he never heard of the Massacre of Glencoe?" No, the driver hasn't; this is, he abjectly repeats, most abjectly, the first time he's ever been here; but if we like he'll ask where it is (meaning the Massacre, which he probably thinks is the name of a house of call on the road) as we go back.

Storm increased. A heavy sea on in Loch Laven. The gig is pitched and tossed, so that we have to hold on tight when we get alongside the yacht, and the gig is shot up in the air high enough to bump against the other boat suspended on the davits, and then comes down again with a whoop into the waves. We have each separately to choose our moment for being chucked up in turn on to the deck, where we are caught in the arms of the Captain and First Mate.

Dinner compensates for all; and, full of Glencoe and its horrors, we drink confusion to the memory of WILLIAM the Dutchman, and wish he had been the Flying Dutchman, and confusion generally to the memory of everyone who had a hand in that diabolical work.

Next Morning.—Another dramatic change. It is still pouring. We purpose fishing. All are dressed as *Dirk Hatteraicks*, when suddenly out comes sun, up dries deck, a fair wind, a lovely day, off go waterproofs, and we are once more in ordinary costume and under weigh.

To *Canna*, to shoot the seals. Progressing beautifully. Suddenly the Composer comes below, and, with a disturbed expression of countenance, reports that the Captain, in reply to a question about *Canna*, has said that "he canna go." This is not a joke it appears, but a fact. There are nautical reasons which I am unable to comprehend; but whatever they may be, they do not quite satisfy MELLEVILLE, who is clearly annoyed; FORD-BAMLY looks solemn, the Composer bewails his ill-luck in being a second time done out of shooting seals—by which sport I rather fancy he entertained some visionary hopes of making a large fortune, and retiring for life,—and I, taking it philosophically, begin to inspect my maps and see where I will go to instead of *Canna* for the remainder of a short holiday. The Yacht's course is altered. We are going South. I elect to be set down in Lamlash Bay, off Arran, thence by steamer to the mainland, then, *via* Kilmarnock and Carlisle, up to London, and then by Dover and Calais to Mayence, to come down the Rhine and see how it looks immediately after a fortnight among the Scottish Isles.

For one night we put up in Lowlander's Bay, pronounced Loloman's Bay, which I well remember on a former occasion. The Composer has not yet written that song about Loloman's Bay, which was to have handed his name down to posterity, as DIBDIN Junior. He has chosen his beautiful subjects, "*Loloman's Bay*," and the "*Spinnaker Boom*." He says the sort of thing he wants—"DIBDIN wrote his own words," he reminds me—is this:—

The Frenchmen (or any other people if this isn't popular) came down in
terrible array,
To fight with the British in Loloman's Bay—Loloman's Bay;
To fight with our sea-dogs in Loloman's Bay.

We none of us care about the introduction of "sea-dogs" and "British," but the Composer says it is only the idea of the sort of thing required, and that the finish should be:—

"The moon was full up when we got under weigh,
And left all the Frenchmen in Loloman's Bay."

He thinks it would do for SIMS REEVES or SANTLEY. More chance as a Baritone for SANTLEY, as SIMS REEVES seems to stick to "*The Bay of Biscay*" and "*Tom Bowline*." The "*Spinnaker Boom*" he would treat heroically, thus:—

He—anybody—a pirate or buccaneer, the Composer explains—"it doesn't matter who 'He' is." We agree that it doesn't, and the Composer recommences:—

"He bounded on deck little knowing his doom,
So I knocked him flat down with the Spinnaker Boom."

"It couldn't be done," objects FORD-BAMLY, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I don't say it could," retorts the Composer. "I'm only giving you the idea of the sort of verses I want to compose for." Then he goes on:—

"They buried him sadly, and wrote on his tomb,
'Just killed by a blow from the Spinnaker Boom.'"

CULLINS then gives us several specimens of the kind of music he will write for the song when finished. We join in a chorus, and, having had a musical evening, all retire, humming.

Sailing all Night.—Beating about the Mull of Cantyre. At midnight I go on deck to see a phantom ship in full sail passing us. Strange and weird sight. It looks like three fiendish giants sailing

along on the back of a monster duck, which had been badly wounded in the middle of the body, where it exhibited a bright red mark that seemed to tinge the sea as it went by slowly and silently.



Phantom Shapes at Sea.

After this—and rather expecting the Sea Serpent to follow—I retire. But not to rest; oh dear, no. The Mull of Cantyre says sleep no more. Never was such a Mull! No sooner am I dropping off than I hear the word "Bout!"—and about we go—flopping, rolling, then pitching, heaving, banging, whopping. I am nearly out of my berth: I clutch at the side. Just beginning to think that I can at last get some sleep, when 'bout we go again, and I am rolled over on to the other side. After four turns, I get up, fall out somehow, and attempt to re-make the bed. It is a struggle: but I think I have made a slight improvement. I bide my time, and then in again, holding on. No distinct notion till to-night of what "taking forty winks" meant. I never got more sleep than this graphically describes, for I never succeeded in keeping my eyes closed—the seconds of rest were literally "winks." "Wink," I am aware, is the abbreviated form of "periwinkle," and just time to take forty winks might have come to mean, nautically, the time occupied in extracting that number of winks out of their shells with a pin—a tedious operation, which I should say would rather represent a period of forty minutes. I only wish that in this sense I could get forty winks. But it is impossible. We are on "short tacks" all night, and each short tack is like a nail driven into my coffin.

I make up my bed five times to-night, and on each occasion it is rather worse than it was before. I remember the proverb, "As you make your bed, so you must lie on it," and appreciate it thoroughly. "Lie on it" I may, and must—but to sleep on it is an impossibility. Mull of Can tire, indeed! It evidently can tire me!

At last, about seven A.M., I fall asleep, and dream that I am in an old-fashioned four-post bedstead; then, somehow, going through no walls or doors, but merely "somehow," I am wafted through the air, still in night-attire, among branches of trees, at which I clutch occasionally, until I find myself fluttering above the heads of some people on to an old-fashioned landing outside the room where I am supposed to be asleep in the old-fashioned four-poster. Then someone coming up-stairs, a chambermaid, I think, who holds her hands before her face, as if inexpressibly shocked, which quite astonishes me up in the air, exclaims, "How can you, Sir! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" and I am about to explain that it is no fault of mine that I am flying about in this costume, and that I wouldn't of my own accord offend anyone's feelings for worlds, when somebody else says, "Half-past seven, hot-water, Sir," and, opening my eyes, I see the Steward. He informs me that we are very much where we have been for the last five hours, but that breakfast will be as usual. It isn't as usual, as we form acute angles to the table, and are in generally uncomfortable and absurd positions. However, wind and tide serve our turn at last, and, about ten hours or so later than we had expected, we come to an anchor in Lamlash Bay, and go on shore to inspect that lively watering-place. Scotch weather set in: more rain, more Macintoshes, and more Macmisery. The pier of Lamlash in the rain, with luggage, damp passengers, cattle, cattle-drivers, boatmen, and baggage, is a delightful place—especially for Ladies. But, Farewell, Bonnie Scotland! Away to foreign shores!

Parnell and his Plank.

"Mr Programme has only one Plank," says PARNELL,
"And that's Independence." Delightfully frank!
But in old Naval days,—some remember them well,—
The Mutineer's doom was called "Walking the Plank!"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Deaf Old Gentleman. "THE CONVERSATION SEEMS VERY AMUSING, MY DEAR. WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT?"
Hostess (fortissimo). "WHEN THEY SAY ANYTHING WORTH REPEATING, GRANDPAPA, I'LL TELL YOU!"

THE IRISH "VAMPIRE."

"The Vampire Bat (*V. Spectrum*), hovering over its victim with quivering wings, descends and fans him gently as it breaks his skin and draws his life-blood."

Poor Erin! Ghoul-beset and harpy-haunted
 Has been thy path, pale victim, from the first.
 Undying charms by many singers chaunted
 Are thine, but shadowed by some spell accurst.
 By foe beset, by friend betrayed for ever;
 Deceived when trusting, and when hostile foiled;
 In thy hot haste discriminating never,
 And through thy love despoiled!

Succubus stealth and vampire greed united,
 Now in new shape thy troubled drowae molest;
 Sad semi-sleep by visions dire affrighted;
 Pallid prostration not akin to rest.
 The fatal fanning of perfidious pinions
 Lull thee to opiate slumber, whilst beneath
 Sinister stupor's deadliest of dominions
 Creeps on the cruel death.

Wake, palsied sleeper, for that fiendish flutter
 Of harpy wings preludeth not repose,
 But subtle life-sap and exhaustion utter!
 Those winnowing bat-wings are thy ruthless foes,
 Lulling but lethal. Wake, and banish quickly
 The hideous death that o'er thee hovering hangs,
 Before there comes, through night-fears mustering thickly,
 The piercing of the fangs.

'Twill suck thy strength's last remnants; drain the sources
 Of beauty left thee after many tears;
 Arrest the rallying of thy long-strained forces.
 The crescent brightness of the coming years
 Those ghouliah wings eclipse; beneath them languish
 Late quickening hopes—they faint, they fail, they die.
 Rouse, Erin, rouse from this dread dream's dull anguish,
 And bid the Vampire fly!

A TIP TO STATISTICIANS.

IN the interest of the Public Health, *Mr. Punch* considers that we want a new sort of statistics. We are instructed as to the Death Rate, and the comparative prevalence of different diseases. But as regards the real origin of disease, and the actual cause of death, we are generally very much in the dark. The number of deaths from rheumatic affections there are means of discovering. But who can tell us what proportion of these are due—for example—to damp and draughty Hansoms? If this information could be made public, we might, perhaps, not have to wait until the Greek Kalends—as we seem likely to have to do in present circumstances—for that simple but long-delayed boon, a clean, comfortable, and non-homicidal Cab! This is only one instance. The wide range and the practical advantage of such statistics must be immediately obvious. They would be an invaluable weapon in the hand of the practical reformer. Fancy such an announcement as this, "Forty deaths in a week from damp cab-cushions," or untrapped drains, or draughty theatres, or "doctored" drinks, or jerry-built houses, or bad milk, or any one of a hundred other remediable mischiefs! How it would set the public talking, the reformers investigating, and the inventors scheming! Here's a chance for the men of tables and averages, and particularly for the "passionate statistician," *Mr. GOSCHEN!*

"Good Words!"

"ENGLISH, I own, is the best of all tongues"
 Says JUSTIN M'CARTHY, that stout Anti-Saxon;
 Yet he bullies JOHN BULL, and his optics up-bungs,
 And all Ireland's woes lays our countrymen's backs on.
 Is it just in you, JUSTIN, or o'en fairly using us,
 Our "best of all tongues" to use but in abusing us?

CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER desires to acknowledge the receipt of one-half of a halfpenny postage-stamp for Succession Duty omitted.



THE IRISH "VAMPIRE."





COMFORTING!

Collager. "OH, DOCTOR, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE COME. MRS. HARKER HAS HAD SUCH A VERY BAD NIGHT!"

Doctor. "A BAD NIGHT, EH! HA, WELL, KEEP HER QUIET,—AND MIND SHE GETS SOME NICE SLEEP THIS AFTERNOON!"

[Rides off to the Meet with a clear conscience.]

NEITHER FOR CHOICE.

In view of the approaching Election of School Board Candidates, the following correspondence, continued from a daily paper, will be read with interest:—

SIR,—In reply to "AN INQUIRING COLOSSUS," who would be "glad to know that every child in need of education could be furnished, if necessary, with a couple of seats and an arm-chair, at every Board School in the three Kingdoms," I have only to ask him whether he thinks the intelligent British Ratepayer will stand any outlay for addition to the already superabundant accommodation provided to meet all the educational necessities of the country. Why, Sir, what do statistics show? Take the Board School for this District. Here we have a magnificent Hall, luxuriously appointed, and supplied with, I am informed, a staff of eminent native and foreign professors, three-fourths of which is occupied daily by empty benches. And yet there is a clamour for still further accommodation. Now, if I had my way I would shut up and sell all this useless educational lumber, and tack the proceeds on to the credit side of the local rates. What is the meaning of it all? I ask. Where are we drifting to? Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wants all education free. Well, I would have it free; free for the parents to leave it or let it alone, and until some move is made in this direction, and soon there must be, it is clear there will be no peace for

Yours indignantly,

A BRITISH RATEPAYER.

SIR,—I have read with some interest the correspondence that has already appeared on the subject of the London School Board Expenditure, and, as one who has taken an active part in the discussion of the various measures that have come up before that body from time to time for deliberation, I may perhaps be permitted to speak with some authority on the subject. It is not true, as your Correspondent "ONE-AND-TWENTY IN THE POUND," asserts, that this sum is the limit which will be chargeable to the Ratepayer. On the contrary, the Board has a wide and sweeping scheme in hand that will materially raise the amount levied above that moderate figure.

Nor is it true that we are satisfied with the existing accommodation, which is equal only to about 25 per cent. in excess of that absolutely required. We propose authorising the erection of buildings sufficient to provide for the wants not only of the present, but of the coming generation, and we shall fearlessly appeal to the Ratepayers to find the sinews for this wholesome and important work. With regard to the appointment of a Persian Professor of double-back somersault-throwing, at a salary of £1200 a year, I certainly voted for that item, as I consider the physical and moral training of the young intimately connected; and, though it was not ultimately carried, if returned, as, with this programme, I confidently expect to be, at the forthcoming election, I am in hopes of being able to introduce it on some future, and more auspicious occasion.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your Obedient Servant,

AN OUTGOING MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

SIR,—Is there no possible medium between blind niggardliness on the one hand, and reckless expenditure on the other, and have we no alternative but to choose between those who would let education go to the dogs rather than pay an extra halfpenny in the pound, and those who would bring about the same result by making the financial yoke intolerable? Bigger issues, in a wider sphere, happen just now to be at stake, but when in a day or two the London Ratepayers are called on, as they will be, to select their Educational Representatives, let them keep their eye on the "Moderates," which is the advice of

Yours faithfully,

THE MAN WITH THE VOTE.

A Wail in Wales.

(By an Old True Blue Tory.)

MONMOUTH and Macedon! Oh, by St. Jingo,
My SALISBURY, what a fearful falling short!
In place of BEAKY's hot Imperial Stingo,
A draught—with borrowed brand—of thin New Port!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 22.



AT CHARING CROSS STATION.

RAILWAYDOM! Marvellous realm! Behold one of its knottiest centres! Abandon all hope—of calm ease—whosever its labyrinth enters. MINOS stands there, to the right,—RHADAMANTHUS he rather resembles,—The pompous supreme Great Panjandrum at whom even Parliament trembles With fear—or with laughter—the great Sir E. WATKIN! Just look at his attitude. He's monarch of all he surveys, and expects our unquestioning gratitude. A little bit anxious, perchance, as he stands with his hands in his pockets, For shares in these very bad times are not quite all ascending like rockets. Behind him, the chaos of crowding and crushing poor creatures intent on. The smart Traffic Manager stands, which his name, as all know, is MYLES FENTON; His Dep. at his side, M. D. TREWHITT. In front, "off again" to the Congo, The gun-armed Great Gun of Explorers, whose motto is, "On, STANLEY, on go!" Before him low bowing to *Punch* is the Gallie *Paul Pry*—no offence meant!—The BULL-sketching smart MAX O'RELL, he's only just made a commencement, In right understanding of JOHN, who is not to be plumbed with a finger, Or summed in an epigram; sketches are 'chic, but an artist must linger.

Behind, with the smile that is bland, appears TSENG, almond-eyed and astounded, No doubt, at the wild charivari and chaos by which he's surrounded. Next, one whom naught now can astound in this world from Bhagdad to—say, Merton, Whose life full of marvels has been as *Arabian Nights*, the great BURTON. Close by—can the artist mean satire by such a quaint juxtaposition?—Ex-Liberal, late KNATCHBULL-HUGGESSEN, soul of uncertain condition And strangely fortuitous title, Lord BRABOURNE, who writes fairy stories, Because not allowed by the Whigs, nor indeed, up to now, by the Tories, To fill his true rôle, ruling England! Count MÜNSTER is seen in the rear of him; Then BRASSEX, as bright as the *Sunbeam*, the peaked yachting cap and the cheer of him Speak of the Amateur Mariner, sweet on the briny and wavy, Let's hope he'll find time, at odd moments, to keep a sharp eye on our Navy. Next comes that mysterious nondescript EHRINGTON, trim and touristical, Nothing about him suggestive of "ways that are dark" and sophistical. Should wear a cloak and a cowl, but appears to be fairly contented With cape and a billycock; sight that must drive Irish Members demented!



'DESIRABLE!'

Saxon Passenger (on Highland Coach). "OF COURSE YOU'RE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE COUNTRY ROUNDED ABOUT HERE. DO YOU KNOW 'GLEN ACCORON'?"

Driver. "AYE, WHEEL."

Saxon Passenger (who had just bought the Estate). "WHAT SORT OF A PLACE IS IT?"

Driver. "WHEEL, IF YE SAW THE DEIL TETHERED ON'T, YE'D JUST SAY 'PUIR BRUTE'!"

Everyone's favourite next, "dear old FRITH," with his sketch-book. He should know.

And *does*, Railway Stations as well as—say Bettws-y-Coed or Llandudno.

Last, in order, but least by no means in the Public's affection and *Punch's*.

The owner of medals in heaps, and the wearer of laurels in bunches, Our gallant-souled General ROBERTS. The rest is a "regular moodle," "No Porters!" the usual cry. The poor Frenchman, wife, daughter, and poodle.

Are frantie. A Pelion on Ossa of luggage, and no one to take it! The tidal train just on the start! If Sir E. has a heart, this should break it.

For thus, luggage-cumbered and late, must the traveller oft be a tarrier.

Unless, like yon Bobby-chased youth, he dares make a bold dash o'er the barrier.

Look to it, Olympian WATKIN, and earn the sincere commendation Of all who, Big Pots or Mere Nobodies, flock to the Charing Cross Station!

PREHISTORIC MAN.—At the request of the Lieutenant-Governor, a report has been drawn up by Professor BOYD DAWKINS, F.R.S., on the Antiquities of the Isle of Man. They include Runic crosses, early tombs, habitations, camps, and places of assembly. Tools and weapons of flint, with other relics of the Stone Ages, and various implements, likewise, of the Bronze Age, should also be numbered among the monuments of Prehistoric Man discovered by Professor DAWKINS. Of course the learned Professor has pursued his researches amongst the Manx remains in the spirit of a philosopher, impressed with the conviction that "the proper study of Mankind is Man."

CON. FOR THE LAND REFORMERS.—Can a young fellow, embracing his sweetheart, be excused on the ground that he is studying "the enclosure of scuit spaces"?

THE RETURN OF THE TOURIST.

A Lilliputian Lyric.

BACK to Town,
And, egad!
I am brown,
And I'm glad.
Here's the play,
And my "rub,"
Every day.
At the Club.
I don't miss
The hotels,
And the Swiss,
And the smells.
E'en the views,
Very nice,
I'd refuse,
At the price.
Now I shan't
Hang my hat
Where you can't
Swing a cat.
Though I ne'er,
Entre nous,
Did that there,
Nor did you.
I have been
Everywhere,
And have seen
All things fair.
Seen the Alps
Rising high,
With bare scalps,
To the sky.

Seen Berlin,—
Rather slow,—
Unter Lin-
-den, you know.
Seen folks dine,
Germans swill,
Blanked the wine,
Paid my bill.
Left the Spree,
Went to France,
Tried Parée—
Just a glance.
Venice, too,
Overpraised,
Nothing new,
RUSKIN's crazed.
Constanti-
-nople shirk,
Tourists fly
From the Turk.
Then Jeru-
-salem see,—
What a few
Jews there be!
Rome? Why, it,
From the talk,
Seems a bit
Of New York.
When in Spain,
You are bid
Take the train
From Madrid.

For just there,
Well-a-day!
News will scare
Folks away.
Thus I've spent
All my tin,
And the rent
Will come in.
Welcome still
Quarter-Day,
With a will
I can say.
For I'm back,
And I joke
At the black
London smoke.
After all,
When you roam,
All things pall,
Saving home.
A cigar,
My own wine,
Better far
Than the Rhine.
And I swear,
No strange land
Can compare
With the Strand.
As I pace
Up and down,
You're the place,
London Town!

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

V.—FROM THE DEPTH OF DESPAIR.

Hatfield, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

ANXIETIES, annoyances, and troubles of various kinds have prevented my writing to you earlier. I suppose there are people who, knowing that I am *Pr-me M-n-st-r*, and (instead of the ordinary hat of civilisation) go about all day in a coronet, think I am happy! A coronet's all very well in its way, airy, especially at the top, and to some people of dark and striking visage becoming. But you have to sleep in it at night as well as wear it by day, and that is quite another pair of sleeves, as we say at *Château Cecil*.

These things are a parable, dear TOBY, which your keen intelligence will unravel and apply. The fact is, I am not the happiest of men, and sometimes look back with tender longing to the time when I was still a cadet, and used to earn a little pocket-money as a gentleman of the Press. I am popularly regarded as a man of imperious manner, born to lead, and incapable of following. Yet, it has happened that of late years I have been in subjection to a will stronger than my own. There was *BEAKY* for example. You remember how, in my young days, I "went for" *D-ZY*, pouring out upon him all the bitter scorn I felt, partly patrician and partly moral. Then he came to the front, passed us all, took up an unassailable position, and I bowed my neck to his yoke.

That was hard to bear. But there were substantial compensations. Besides, *B-C-N-F-LD* was my elder, a veteran Statesman who had slowly and laboriously won his way into a position of command. But look you, TOBY, at that young *R-ND-LPH*, who has me in tow now. He is young enough to be my son, and was in jacket and trousers when I was already a power in the State. *D-ZY* led me with a certain courteous gravity. But this young man hustles me along, first this way, then that, with an energy that leaves everything to be desired in the matters of comfort and courtesy. One never knows where to have him. If he doesn't have his own way, he immediately sulks and throws out hints of appearing upon the platform and denouncing us, of which he is quite capable. I live in a constant state of terror, arising from twofold conditions. In the first place I dread some new escapade or demand from *R-ND-LPH*; beyond that is the constant fear of something happening in Ireland, or a general revolt of the Party.

The other day I had a consultation with *Ck-as* and *Sm-TH*, and submitted to them a proposal which will show you how I have fallen. "Let us, my friends," I said, "withdraw from this business, leave the country, and in some foreign land begin afresh. You, *SM-TH*, are a man of business, and could turn your hand to many things. *R-ND-LPH* himself has suggested a particular commercial avocation for you in copartnership with *Ck-as*. You might run a store in the Far West, or you'd make a capital clerk in a big hotel, or you might open a bookstall on the Rocky Mountains. There is the making of a capital school-master in you, my *R-CH-RD*; or, if you could sing, you might lead a church choir, or you might do for a beadle, though a little slim in figure. As for me, I have no fear. Without further preparation I am qualified to earn fair wages in a laboratory. I personally conducted the fixing of the Electric light at Hatfield. I can take photographs, and can do a little conjuring. These openings are modest, but they will bring with them peace of mind, and we will never more see *R-ND-LPH*. Let us fly!"

They hesitated for a moment and seemed inclined to consent. It was a great price, but there was a great prize. After talking it over, however, the proposal was rejected. *Ck-as* said: "*R-ND-LPH* will be sure to find us out, follow us, jeer at me, suppose I got a situation as beadle, fire squibs in *SM-TH*'s bookstall, and play the deuce with your laboratory." "There's nothing that fellow isn't capable of," said *SM-TH*, with a little shiver.

So here we still are, fighting on under difficulties of which the public have only the slightest notion. To me a crushing defeat at the polls would be the sign of deliverance from a situation becoming daily more insupportable. I can only beg your sympathy. When you see me upon the public platform thundering forth anathema at the enemy, you will know that my defiant attitude hides a breaking heart, and will drop a tear for

Your friend, and Markiss

To TOBY, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.* S-L-SB-RY.

HOW THEY SETTLED IT.

"At the moment of the departure of the Varna mail it is rumoured that the *SULZAN* has issued an *Irade* approving the resolution of the Council of Ministers regarding the proposals on the Egyptian Question presented by Sir H. D. WOLFF, and that His Majesty will promptly appoint a Commission in the sense reported in my previous telegram."—*Times' Correspondent at Constantinople.*

It having been officially intimated that the Mission of Sir H. D. WOLFF to Constantinople has at length come to a favourable termination, there can be no reason why the following, the concluding telegraphic despatches passed between the British Commissioner and Lord SALISBURY, should not be made public:—

Sir H. D. WOLFF, Constantinople, to Lord S-L-SB-RY, Foreign Office, London.

This Bulgarian business has knocked the "Commission" into a cocked-hat. I can get no attention from anyone. It was bad enough before, but now it is simply outrageous. They don't even tell me to call again. All I can get from them is that "they don't know me." This is very irritating, and renders negotiation quite impossible. I am prepared to try anything, but what am I to do? Please wire instructions.

Lord S-L-SB-RY, Foreign Office, London, to Sir H. D. WOLFF, Constantinople.

Your telegram to hand. Very confusing. Not being on the spot, cannot tell you what you are to do. Act within your own discretion. Meantime, hint that you have something to say about the Bulgarian business. Perhaps they will let you in on the strength of that. Anyhow try, but do not compromise Her Majesty's Government.

Sir H. D. WOLFF, Constantinople, to Lord S-L-SB-RY, Foreign Office, London.

A thousand thanks for your excellent suggestion. I have tried it with much effect. Tone altered at once. I am to see *HALIM* Pasha after luncheon. Certainly will not compromise Her Majesty's Government. Suppose you will have no objection to my promising active support as against Russia, Austria, and Germany, and advising opening of Eastern Question by an appeal to force without delay. Think of threatening Greece as well. See a fine crop of complications a-head if I follow up this line, but am confident of the result. Sure to be satisfactory. Better wire by return if you have anything to add to this.

Lord S-L-SB-RY, Foreign Office, London, to Sir H. D. WOLFF, Constantinople.

Stop! Most unsatisfactory. You must do nothing of the kind. Hint what you like, but don't commit Her Majesty's Government to anything. It must reserve to itself complete liberty of action. Pray understand this. Let me hear from you at once.

Sir H. D. WOLFF, Constantinople, to Lord S-L-SB-RY, Foreign Office, London.

Very sorry, but your reply turned up too late. Have settled everything on the lines indicated in my last. Full particulars will reach you by despatch in ordinary course. Her Majesty's Government only slightly compromised. Never mind. Worth the candle. Three cheers for the Commission! I'm off to Cairo.

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HIGHEST AWARD

Apollinaris HEALTH EXHIB' 1884.

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Read what the Gentlemen say:—
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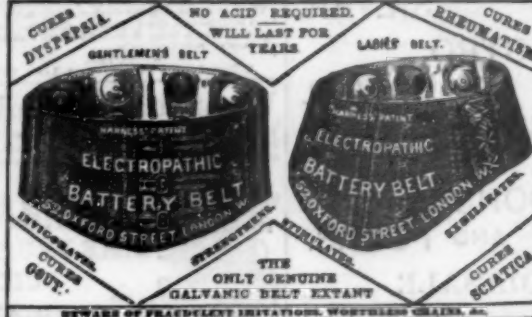
L. G. Bourcier, Esq., B.A., Ph.D., Gosford House, Gosford Hill, Gosport, writes:—"Aug. 27, 1885.—I have always intended to tender you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the benefit I have derived from your advice. I was only waiting a little longer for my cure to be quite complete. My case was thought to be quite hopeless, and I never expected to be spared much longer to my family. Since I have used your Electropathic appliance I am not the same man; I feel as well as ever. Knowing as a certainty the efficacy I could say the miraculous efficacy of your treatment, I recommend it to all the sufferers I come across, and I shall continue to do so as long as I live. I shall be glad to reply to any questions from those requiring further particulars."

The Rev. G. W. Johnson, M.A., Crookham Vicarage, 16th Bridge, Kent, writes:—"April 4, 1885.—That he is able and willing to testify to the curative efficacy of the Electropathic appliance."

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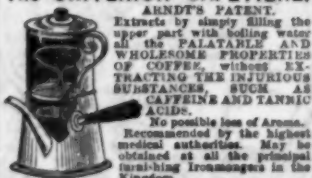
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TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

Treated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The Baw.



"Birm— ah!"



Mobile eyes, eh?—ahun!



The Bull-gorey-un difficulty.



Proposed 'Am-Bass-adore-I-all Conference.



Despatch of a Detachment to Strum-djah.



The Armstrong Trial.



"Dis-establishment!"



Helen Taylor, her name and a-dress which be camb-er-well.



Mr. Maple, if elected for St. Pancras, will always be in the Van!!

POLITICS AND POLITENESS;

OR, WHY NOT IN THIS STYLE?

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, addressing an Agricultural Meeting in a large marquee at King's Lynn yesterday, began by deprecating the vituperative style of eloquence which had become so common in English politics. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*) He had himself, he was aware, said some harsh things of his opponents, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not really meant one of them. (*Laughter.*) Personally, he did not consider that the fabric of our Constitution would be instantly dissolved if we agreed to abandon the present oratorical presumption, which was that every Politician who differed from you was an Adventurer actuated by the meanest motives, who had only been saved by good luck from being tried for housebreaking, arson, and forgery, while every body on your own side was an Angel of Light. (*Sensation.*) For example:—he was quite

sure that in advocating the compulsory purchase of land for allotments, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN honestly believed that the scheme was a practicable one, and that it involved no injustice to the owners of land, but, on both points, he extremely regretted that he was unable to agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. (*Cheers.*) It was of course open to him to say that the Radicals were only shamming sympathy with the labourer, and that gentlemen with top-hats and black coats were by nature debarred from knowing anything about the wants of the rural population. (*Laughter.*) The first statement, however, would be grossly uncharitable, and the second utterly ridiculous. (*Cheers.*) No, he believed the motives of his opponents to be at least as pure and good as his own; but he could not help thinking that some of their proposals were mistaken. He was rather inclined to fancy that they were, unintentionally of course, raising false hopes all over the country, but that did not seem to be a conclusive reason why he should brand them as hypocrites, thieves, and liars. (*Loud cheers, and expressions of surprise, amid which the noble Lord resumed his seat.*)

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, last night, addressed a large gathering of his constituents, at Birmingham. He said:—

"I think I ought at once to put myself right with you, by saying, that probably a great many of my views are incorrect, and most of my facts utterly wrong. (*Cries of 'Oh! oh!' followed by cheers.*) I confess I do not pretend to infallibility in politics. You must take my views for what they are really worth, which may very likely be precious little. (*'Oh! oh!' and laughter.*) Now, having made that admission, I think we shall get along much more comfortably. I trust that Lord SALISBURY, when he next makes one of his clever and interesting speeches, will imitate my modesty. (*Cheers.*) We must, I think, acknowledge the great ability which Lord SALISBURY brings to the service of his QUEEN and country. (*Dissent.*) Nay, let us try and give the Prime Minister his due. (*Laughter.*) He is, I repeat, a man of great ability, mistaken in many things, and certainly too dogmatic; but we must give him credit, as fair-minded men, for having settled the Burmah Question, and half-settled the Afghan and Egyptian difficulties, in a satisfactory manner. (*'Hear, hear!'*) What, however, you will have to decide in November is whether you are willing to intrust the destinies of the nation to him for five or six years, and I do not think I am going beyond the limits of courtesy and impartiality when I say that the record of the Tory Party in the past is not such as to inspire us with confidence in their reforming zeal in the future." (*Cheers.*) The Right Hon. Gentleman concluded by saying, that if Lord SALISBURY would adopt free education, local councils, and compulsory sale of allotments, he, for one, would cordially welcome the accession of a Conservative Ministry to Office and to Power.

The meeting separated shortly afterwards in some confusion.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, in the course of a speech delivered yesterday before the Brighton and South-Coast "Habitation" of the Primrose League, remarked that there had been some dispute as to who ought to have the credit of the passing of the Franchise Bill. "It would be easy for me," said the noble Marquis, "to maintain that the Tories, and the Tories alone, passed that measure through Parliament. But then that statement would have the slight disadvantage of being untrue. (*Laughter.*) I do not understand why I should not at once admit that we formerly opposed the extension of the Franchise to labourers, honestly believing them to be unfitted for a vote, but that we subsequently were reassured on this point. If the merit of proposing the measure belongs, as I quite admit it does, to the Liberals, the merit of not opposing it—nay, of helping it on—belongs to the Tories. (*Cheers.*) I notice that Lord DERBY has stated that the Tory Foreign Policy would be one of 'swagger and bloodshed.' Now, Lord DERBY is a relative of my own, and as such I might be expected to do what is vulgarly called 'giving it him hot.' (*Laughter.*) I might say that I wondered such a statement did not choke in his throat, but then the remark would, I fear, be exceedingly rude on my part. What I do say is that, acting, no doubt, from the best intentions, Mr. GLADSTONE in his Egyptian policy was not very successful, and that, therefore, it does not lie in the mouths of Liberals to taunt us with our Foreign Policy. (*Cheers.*) At the same time I willingly acknowledge that Mr. GLADSTONE's action in Egypt was guided by patriotic motives, and that he met with immense difficulties. (*'Hear! hear!' and 'Oh! Oh!'*) Why should we not be honest and fair in these matters? We may depend upon it that, although a great deal is said about reform of procedure in Parliament, the procedure which most needs reforming is that adopted by Members of both Houses when they are on their Party Platforms." (*Laughter and loud cheering, during which the noble Marquis entered his "Special," and returned to Town.*)

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—Fair-play pugilists are like safety matches, they strike only "on the box."

A NEW EDITION.—The Baccha of Euripides. His Smoking Mixture.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET

Wife of Two Years' Standing. "OH YES! I'M SURE HE'S NOT SO FOND OF ME AS AT FIRST. HE'S AWAY SO MUCH, NEGLECTS ME DREADFULLY, AND HE'S SO CROSS WHEN HE COMES HOME. WHAT SHALL I DO!"

Widow. "FRED THE BRUTE!"

BOARD TO DEATH!

THE following published stipulations, drawn up by a "very moderate voter," in St. Pancras, show how keen the School Board contest promises to be in certain quarters. It will be seen that a spirit of compromise has inspired their drawing up, and that they do something more than meet the aggressive Educational party halfway. They will at least be perused with interest, if not patience, by distracted Ratepayers, who, at the present moment, are at a loss which way to turn and what to vote.

1. The frontage of any additional School Board buildings shall, in future, only be half-dressed with Portland Stone, and the interior accommodation provided shall not be more than 25 per cent. in excess of that required for the district, as shown by the published statistics.

2. The Head Master and Mistress shall not enjoy an income of more, respectively, than seven and six hundred pounds per annum, nor shall their attendance hours be less than three hours a day for four days in each week.

3. The Assistant Staff of Professors shall be limited to a dozen, and no permanent provision shall be made for the teaching of the rudiments of Chinese, advanced trigonometry, or Persian Calisthenics without a special vote of the Board for the purpose.

4. No infants under three will be expected to present themselves for education, but on attaining that age their attendance will be counted on at all the junior classes of Physiology, Applied Science, and Political Economy, and rigorously enforced by the local agents of the Board.

5. The proposed limit of the rate to be levied shall be fixed as low as seven shillings and sixpence in the pound; but in the event of it being found necessary to exceed this sum to any material extent, it shall be competent for the members to vote for and pass the extra amount required without any further discussion whatever.

Such are the "stipulations" referred to; and it is calculated that a reference to their general provisions will be likely to wake the Ratepayer to a sense of his responsibility in the forthcoming Elections.

HORSLEYANA.

Lady (interested in Mr. Horsley's model speech at the Church Congress, to artist friends). What are Mr. HORSLEY's initials?

Artist. J. C. HORSLEY. "J" is JOHN.

Lady. And "C" what's that?

Artist. Evidently, CLOTHES-HORSLEY. [Exit.]

The other evening Mr. H-RSL-Y was dining at the "Ath-n-m" with the Archb-sh-p of C-NT-RE-RY, and the B-sh-p of L-ND-N, when the following incident took place:—

Mr. H-rsl-y (as they were sitting down to the soup, addressing the Archb-sh-p). My Lord—

B-sh-p of L-nd-n (whispering Mr. H-rsl-y, aside). You should say "Your Grace."

Mr. H-rsl-y (annoyed). I did. I always do, before dinner and after dinner. (Resuming to Archb-sh-p.) Shall we order a salad?

Archb-sh-p (sweetly). Certainly. But do tell them that I prefer it not dressed.

Mr. H-rsl-y (horried). Undressed!

[Exit, indignantly, and considers whether he won't vote for Disestablishment.]

Mr. H-RSL-Y has taken to spectacles. He has conscientious scruples against the use of the naked eye in painting. (To be discontinued in our next.)

WAIST NOT, WANT NOT.

"Many a poor girl hurt her health very materially by trying to rival the reigning beauty of the day, the Duchess of Rutland, who was said to squeeze herself to the size of an orange and a half."—*Mary Frampton's Journal*, 1779-1846.

OUR Ladies still are *débonnaire*;
Olivia bonnets many wear,
With figured silks so rich and rare
From ALLENBY'S or GORRINGE'S;
But is there one who can compare
With Rutland's Duchess, all so fair,
Whose waist, we read,
Did not exceed
In size two China oranges?

CRIME FOR THE CAUTIOUS.—SAFE-Robbery!

GOOD LAWES!

WHILE the Radicals are talking—rather loosely—about Allotments, and the Tories joking—just as loosely—about "three acres and a cow," Sir JOHN LAWES has signified his intention to let out to labourers and others in the Luton district portions of land varying from twenty poles to an acre, for the growth of vegetables or farm produce. For the first year he will charge only the amount of the tithe and rates, and afterwards the allotments will be let at £2 per acre, compensation for improvements being given to tenants upon quitting. This prompt practical experimenting—very much the reverse of the *Lawes'* delay—sounds more earnest, and therefore more hopeful, than a great many windy promises on one side and spiteful gibes on the other.

A Crewe-cial Question.

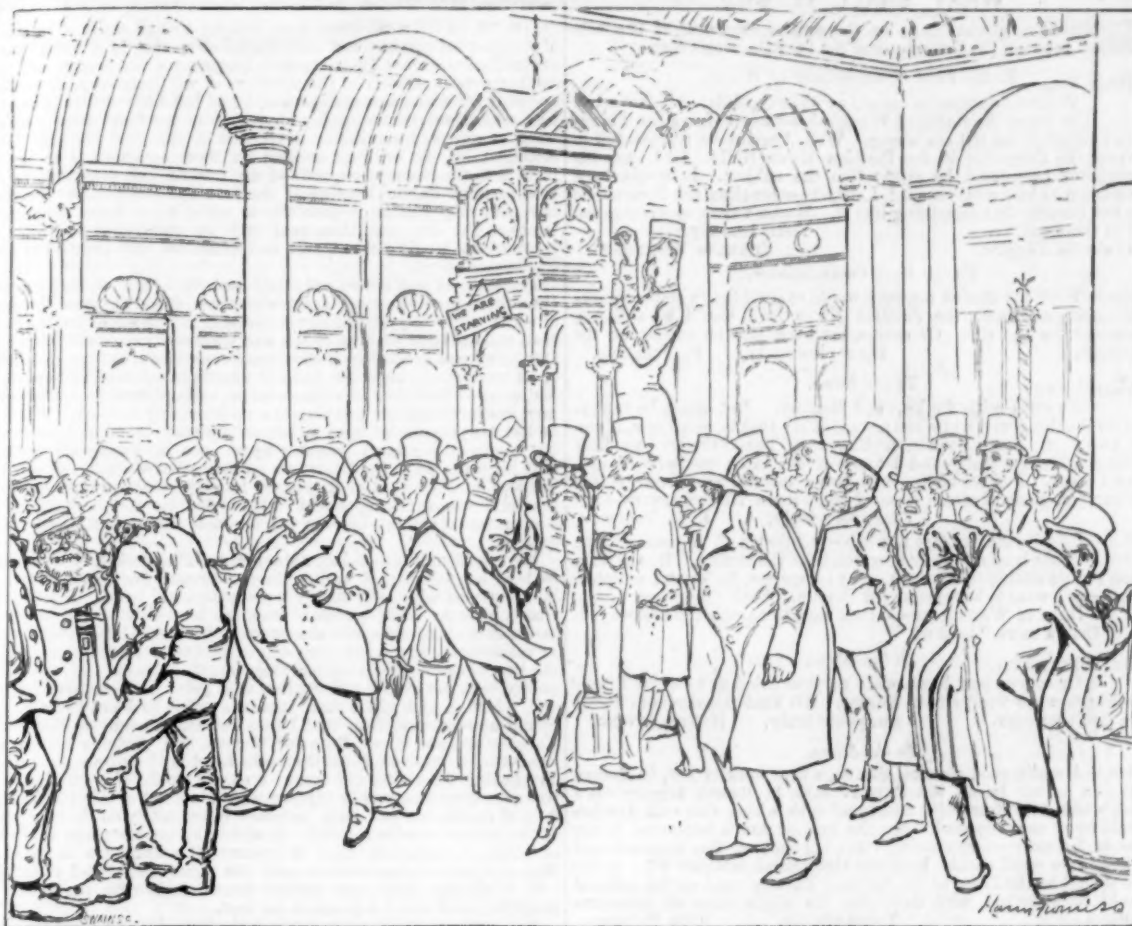
THE London and North-Western Railway, perchance, MAY prove MELLOR, HODGSON, and LATHAM romance; But if what DALE reports of their tyranny's true, The Liberal Ship must look after its *Crewe*!

PROVINCIAL NEWS.—Off the Suffolk coast some fishermen caught an enormous conger-eel, so big that it was taken for a shark, whereat the shark of course must have been much pleased. On the arrival of the gallant fisherman at his native town, the local band received him, playing "See the Conger Hero comes!" The fish was afterwards sent to the Bishop of ELY, who, the next Sunday, made an appeal on behalf of the Suffolk Fishermen to his Conger-regation.

OUR OWN TOMFOOL AGAIN!

THE person whose conversation can throw a light upon any subject.—The Man with a Lantern Jaw! Ha! ha!

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. NO. 23.



VIEW OF THE CORN EXCHANGE. HARD TIMES.

BOGEY!

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL says that "if the Radical Party of the present day were only like Mr. BRIGHT, he should feel little fear about the future of the country." To those who remember how long Mr. BRIGHT was regarded as the great Radical Bugbear, this reads passing funny. But so scared Reaction goes its regular round from anathema to benediction, with the monotonous regularity of a mill-wheel or a parson's drone. In a reformer's active state he is held up as a Bogey of violence, to frighten the timid; in his less volcanic old age he is held up as a Bogey of virtue, to darken by contrast the blackness of those who are doing now what he would have set hand to forty years ago. It is all Bogey from beginning to end. And, forty years hence, the CHURCHILL of the day will be saying that, if only the advanced party of that period were like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, he should have no fear, &c., &c., &c. If only that much-talked-of "future of the country, Sir," would take on the buckets-full of black paint—"hues of darkness and eclipse"—which Bogeydom has from generation to generation prepared for its be-daubment, what a tenebrous time we should all be having, to be sure! But it won't. The Ship of State, though, according to the scaremongers, "built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark," persists in pointing prow towards the eternal dawn, and sailing steadily on into the sunlight.

"OUR READERS."—MR. GLADSTONE and Lord IDDESLEIGH. We hope they study their "Lessons" over-night. This lay assistance may possibly be considered as lesson-ing the difficulties of Disestablishment.

"WHAT IS A GIRL TO DO?"

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, how can you Ask us, "What is a Girl to do?" That is the title, now we see, Borne by a novel by Mr. E., He dares ask, in the public view, Boldly, "What is a Girl to do?" What is a Girl to do? Why, sing, Dress, and chatter, and have her fling;

Vex her mother and rile her dad, Drive her lovers all nearly mad, That is the answer some think true Given to "What is a Girl to do?" What is a Girl to do? To teach Kindly lessons in gentle speech; Heal the troubles that come to vex All the souls of the sterner sex; Life with feminine charms endue; Answers, "What is a Girl to do?"

Show Off.

WHAT Colonel FRASER, of the Police, said to the LORD MAYOR (elect) STAPLES was, "Turn again, Lord Mayor of London." And so he has arranged to turn again, and won't bring the old show along Holborn and down Chancery Lane. The LORD MAYOR is the only Show-man allowed to interfere with the traffic. But how illogical to talk of doing away with this Show, while permitting the processions of Demonstrationists of all sorts, and of the noisy, howling, tam-bourine-playing Salvationists on any day, Sundays not excepted.

"'Tis like, very like,"—SHAKESPEARE. And he would have repeated himself, and said it of Miss MARY REID's Portrait of Colonel FRED BURNABY exhibited last Saturday at the Mansion House. Miss ARMSTRONG's etching done from the Picture is admirable. Lifelike, and, as it should be of a brave soldier who died in action, striking.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

THE question is, what is to be the central ornament of the new "Place" between the Criterion and the Pavilion Music Hall.

DEAR SIR, To the First Commissioner of Works.

WHY not a statue of myself as "The Candidate?" Not a bad idea. You know the statue of What's-his-name defying the Thingummy—correct me if I am wrong. Well, I might be represented as defying the Proprietor of the Pavilion Music Hall? Eh? Ask Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, he might like the subject. It would be a companion to his, what was it? I forget—strangling the Parson—no not the Parson—but something like it. Haven't time to write more. Off to rehearsal.

Criterion Theatre.

CHARLES WYNHAM.

To the First Commissioner.

SIR,—With the utmost respect I would suggest that a statue of myself, pointing towards the Pavilion Music Hall, would be a fitting ornament for the site. Of course, my back will be turned on the Criterion.

Yours obediently, F. VILLIERS.

DEAR PLUNKY,

To the Same.

RHYMES with funky, and Monkey. But don't be funky, and do the thing well while you are about it; that is, you know, if you are about it. Send BOHEM, or BROCK, or THORNYCROFT—no Rose without a Thornycroft—and let one of 'em catch the writer's eye, mine I mean. But seriously, why not a colossal equestrian statue of—can you guess of whom?—no, I don't mean HENRY IRVING—but of Yours very truly, J. L. TOOLE?

P.S.—I don't ride—except in a cab—but that's of no consequence. SANGER would lend me something quiet for the sitting. By the way, I don't mind sitting to HORSELEY—but let me see, he's not a sculptor, is he?—as I want to be represented Horsely. See? A colossal figure, like the Duke of WELLINGTON's, that used to be over the archway, is better than a mere "bust up."

DEAR PLUNKETT,

To the Same.

OF course you have made up your mind as to whose Statue should grace the finest site in Europe. All that remains is to decide in which character.

I am, yours truly, HENRY IRVING.

To the Same.

SIR,—A really good classical Statue, a true work of Art, in Roman toga—or, as my friend Mr. PETTITT says, in Roman toggerly—is a want which the Metropolis feels, and with which this vast London should be at once supplied. Sir, the love of Art is implanted in our Human Nature,—every evening 7'45—big success. The Statue should be heroic; a scroll should be in the right hand, labelled M.S.; in the left should be the Lease of the National Theatre; and on the pedestal should be inscribed, with date, &c., the magic name of AUGUSTUS DEURICOLANTUS.

Yours affably, GUS HARRIS.

To the Same.

DEAR FIRST COMMISSIONER,

I DON'T like putting myself forward, but I really think you couldn't do better than commemorate the Inventories in the space between the Criterion and the Pavilion, and put me up there—I mean my effigy in marble—as being so friendly, both to theatres and Music Halls. If you want two figures in the group, you might tell whoever does the statue, to make it me and the Prince of WALES. SOMERS VINE says he'd like to be in this, but he must make his own application.

Yours inventively, CUNLIFFE OWEN.

DEAR COMMISSIONER,

To the Same.

PUT me up on a pedestal. I'm the representative sort of Manager. Quite typical, a statue of me between the Criterion and the Music Hall. Might be facing towards Alhambra—Leicester Square way. Show me as keeping alight the sacred lamp of Burlesque, while among the ashes of exploded tyranny lies Ash Wednesday. The figures supporting the *Ara Burlesqui* might be Miss NELLIE FARRER, Miss KATE VAUGHAN, Messrs. ROYCE and TERRY. I leave it to you—and the nation.

Yours, JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

New Colours.

In the account in the *Daily News* of the trousseau of the Princess MARIE OF ORLEANS, we read:—

"A walking dress is also grey, being made of velvet, in the shade of that colour known as 'frightened mouse.'"

This opens a fine field for a series of new colours. We shall not be surprised to hear after this of garments "in the shade of that colour known as"—"reproachful rat," "demented dog," "cantankerous cat," "surprised stoat," "alarmed antelope," "timorous tortoise," "reflective rabbit," or "contemplative canary."

SORROWS OF A METROPOLITAN CANDIDATE.

I HAVE, at different times, been holding a small series of meetings of a somewhat private and confidential character, in different parts of the Parliamentary District which I hope some day to represent, and as they consist entirely of the members of my Committee, or of their personal friends and acquaintances, I had but little difficulty in getting resolutions passed highly approving of my Candidature, which were, of course, immediately advertised in the local journals. Encouraged by my brilliant success on these occasions, I at length yielded to the repeated requests of my friends, and consented to the holding of a Public Meeting of the free and independent Electors, that they might listen respectfully to my opinions upon the various topics of the day, and then pass such an unanimous resolution of approval as would strike terror and confusion into the ranks of my hapless opponent.

The meeting was accordingly held last week, and while I and my Committee were awaiting, in the ante-room, the striking of the hour of eight, we were gratified by the pleasing information that the large Hall was crowded with an eager, and somewhat impatient, audience. Our entry was greeted by a most vociferous shout, but not altogether of an unanimous character, and our Chairman, a local Churchwarden, had some difficulty in obtaining silence, calls of turn-coat, and trimmer, and even traitor, greeting him on his rising to speak. Whether he lost his presence of mind at this unexpected reception, I know not, but he caused a roar of laughter by at once informing the meeting that his presence in the Chair was no indication of change of politics, but was merely an act of friendship to me personally, as he quite intended to vote for my opponent! He ended his very brief speech by asking for a patient hearing for all, and then called upon me to proceed.

My reception was certainly a staggerer. The whole meeting seemed to take an active part in it. Cheers, Groans, Shouts, and roars of laughter vied with each other for predominance, but I think the last won it hollow. They certainly were the best-natured crowd I ever saw collected together, and almost everything that I said was cheered so vociferously that I had some slight doubts of its sincerity, but of the heartiness of the laughter there could be none. All the great points that my guide, philosopher, and agent had prepared for me, and which I had taken such immense pains to learn by heart, got mixed up so unmercifully that I found myself denouncing Hereditary Vaccination, and Home Rule for Women, and pledging myself unreservedly to support Local Option in Land, and Enfranchisement of Freeholds. How they did roar! I should doubt if a public speech was ever more thoroughly enjoyed, and I am not at all sure that if a vote of confidence had been proposed immediately on the conclusion of the peroration of my speech—in which, by some strange confusion of ideas, I compared Lord RANDOLPH CHAMBERLAIN to the Lord Mayor of ancient days sitting amid the ruins of exploded cartridges—it would not have been carried unanimously with the shouts of laughter amid which I resumed my seat.

But, unfortunately, no sooner had the laughter and noise subsided than the questioning began, and for some three-quarters of an hour I was subjected to such a severe cross-examination as I was by no means prepared for. I think I should have broken down altogether and retired ignominiously from the platform, but my experienced agent had placed some of my strongest supporters—among them being my butcher and my grocer—in conspicuous places, and who, when I was unduly pressed, changed the subject by shouting out some question on which I was quite sound, which enabled me to recover myself. I think that, without any exception, this was the longest three-quarters of an hour I ever passed. The hands of the great clock opposite to me seemed almost motionless.

The questions were, so to speak, hurled at me from all parts of the room, and any hesitation on my part in replying drew forth shouts of "No shuffling!" "Speak out like a man!" "Where's your backbone?" till I was fairly bewildered, and doubtless gave some curious answers, which again drew forth shouts of laughter, but a good deal mixed with shouts of dissent.

Disendowment was a terribly difficult question to deal with. "Will you disendow the Church?" After a slight pause, "Yes, certainly." (Cheers.) "Will you disendow the Livery Companies of the City?" As I have the distinguished honour of being a Warden of the Worshipful Company of Bellowsmenders, which gives me a revenue of about £300 a year and certain privileges of a most enjoyable character, I naturally hesitated, amid screams of derision, and then said, "Yes, I think so." "How long have you thought so?" I shouted a stentorian voice. "I cannot exactly say. Possibly not very long," I replied; "but Rome was not built in a day." This happy idea, as I then thought it, failed lamentably, and was received with another roar. I draw a veil over the further proceedings, except to announce that, upon a show of hands being taken, my candidature was condemned by a majority of about two to one.

THE REAL "GOLDEN OPINIONS."—The "Opinions" of crack Council.

BOULONACO-SUR-CHEMIN-DE-FER.

(By a Remorseful Loser of Seven Francs.)

WHEN Eastend-on-Mud was described in these columns it was imagined that the place was unique. The impression was a false one, inasmuch as the French town—a thousand pardons, *city*—under present consideration, has the same foundation as the plucky little Essex watering-place, which tries so hard to escape from the river to the sea. Both Eastend and Boulonaco, especially at low tide, are famous for mud. Years ago it was almost impossible to live in the latter on account of the imperfect drainage, and now and again a fearful epidemic has left the visitors' list a vacant page. In those far-off days Boulonaco was a sort of sea-side branch of the Fleet and other debtors' prisons, and the resort of bold outlaws who had bravely cosseted the Queen's subjects out of their money. These gallant trippers (in more senses than one) were wont to swagger down the pier on the week days, reserving Sunday for an occasional excursion to England, under the protection of a law forbidding their arrest on the Sabbath. Near the sea was a little "*Etablissement*," built of wood, where balls were held twice or thrice a week (the one given on Fridays being particularly grand—a large balcony being then annexed by a red and white awning to the dancing saloon), and *forté* and whist permitted at points not exceeding half a franc. The place was paved with rough-pointed stones, and visitors, instead of living at hotels, resided at boarding-houses.

Thirty years pass, and what a change! First of all—about the mud? New harbour works have nearly concealed it. Nowadays the terrible spectre of disease that invariably accompanied low tide is completely laid. The once open sewer is closed, it is to be hoped, for ever. Next, as to the streets, gas has taken the place of oil, asphalt of jagged stones, and tram-cars of broken-down diligences. An omnibus, started by the "enterprise" of somebody or other (who proudly gave the conveyance his name), used to run ten years ago between the fish-market and "the *Etablissement*," but now this has been replaced by carriages on rails of the familiar English pattern, which perambulate the town in all directions. The hotels are numerous and good, from the "*Napoleon*," built in the days of the Empire (when Boulonaco prospered greatly, and consequently has ever since been intensely Republican), down or up to the "*De Monton*," with its glazed *galerie*, looking like a shopless Burlington Arcade, turned into a number of extra-sized inhabitable doll-houses, with transparent "fronts," for the benefit of summer visitors. And, last of all, about the *Etablissement*?

Alas! the *Etablissement* exists no longer! The old wooden building has long since been swept away, and with it the red and white curtains and the open balcony. In its place has arisen a majestic building of the true Parisian type, exterior, stucco and plate-glass—interior, red velvet, gold pillars, and glittering chandeliers. A small piece of garden, which in the olden days was full of sea-side evergreens, has been enlarged into "park-like grounds" with a kiosk for the band in the centre. Between the new building and the sea was established a "Sokating Rink," and a children's playground, and as an annexe, appeared an exceedingly good Aquarium. Thus the *Etablissement*, until a few months ago. Now a greater, and probably final, alteration has been effected—the name is changed—it is no longer the "*Etablissement*," it is now the "*Casino*." A "*Jardin d'hiver*" has occupied the Aquarium—the children's playground has vanished into space—the once splendid saloons have been cut up into a smallish theatre, and a suite of rooms used for other purposes than the circulation of society—the allusion to the suite of rooms is a sad one, for their recent addition warrants the new name "Boulonaco" (so suggestive of another place with the same final dissyllable) which appropriately identifies the pleasantest of French watering-places.

When the city was in its "baby rowdiness," when imprisonment for debt was a stern reality in England, there used to be an "innocent game" played at the *Etablissement*, in which a top and nine pins figured, and at which the gamblers (who paid a few sous as entrance-money) won toy prizes. That "top and skittles" arrangement has so developed, that this year Boulonaco has been little better than a "Riviera health-resort." The "suite of rooms" are given over entirely to gambling—real substantial gambling.

During the past season a show of secrecy was made about the "*Cercle*" or inner centre where *baccarat* and kindred games were played by "Members only," but now that October has come and the bulk of visitors departed, the regulations are relaxed, and all may freely circulate in the suite of gaming rooms. The less enterprising still prefer "*Chemin-de-fer*," with its half-franc and five franc stakes, to the more costly "distractions."

It is said that the Proprietor obtained the concession to use the Tables from the Minister of the Interior himself, on condition that other French watering-places did not complain. But the moment Boulonaco commenced operations Troupepe and Diville jealously grumbled, and a circular condemning sea-side gambling was issued. But this official "recommendation" does not appear to have had

much effect. The visitors stake their money (sometimes using "*Cercle*" counters, proving that the two institutions, the Club and the "*Chemin-de-fer*," are practically the same) on the "Disco," "Londres," "Lisbonne," and "St. Petersburg," or buy the privilege of holding the bank with as much facility as ever. The company recalls many a meeting at Baden-Baden or Hombourg, when Baden-Baden and Hombourg were respectively Hombourg and Baden-Baden. Lace, diamonds, and pyramidal hats appear everywhere. The fair-haired lady, the brunette, the Maltese have each a representative. The cries are the same, the croupiers do similar work, the atmosphere is unchanged. To sum up (for the time for concluding this article has arrived), the Republic and the Principality have many points of resemblance. In a word, allowing for the difference made by the neighbourhood of the very soft Mediterranean and the equally rough Straits of Dover, Monte Carlo and Boulonaco are very much alike—especially Boulonaco!

"A SHORT HOLIDAY CRUISE."

I am corrected. Correspondents in N.B. write to ask why I spelt Ballachulish "Ballachulish." I knew no better. Friends at a distance, please accept the following statement:—

To spell it "Ballachulish,"
My Scotch friends say is newish,
And not to know was foolish
That 'tis spelt "Ballachulish."
I'd like to have—the wish is coolish—
More than three ells in "Ballachulish."

THE SHORT YOTTER.

A Substantial Grievance.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I FIND tradesmen send bills to me enclosed in a halfpenny wrapper! What is the Post-Office about in offering a premium for the circulation of most offensive matter, eh? Why, their bills ought to be taxed, Sir, yes, *heavily taxed*. There's a hint for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Instead of encouraging the circulation of tradesmen's bills, let them all bear a stamp in proportion to their amount, before they are issued. No one will support this movement more heartily than your sincere admirer,

Cashless Court.

UNREADYMONEY NAUGHTIROY.

Mem. on Some Memoirs.

O LITTLE-GREAT ONES of the courtly scene,
Who one of you would greatly care to be,
Whose pitiable position lies between
The GREVILLE and (Oblivion's) deep sea?

Grounds for Alarm.

THE *St. James's Gazette* says:—

"Coffee has, for some unknown reason, of late years lost ground in public estimation."

Should it not have been "lost grounds"? But does not coffee always lose grounds in public estimation? We should say that the more it was esteemed by the public the more grounds it lost. But possibly we know nothing at all about the matter.

Why, Indeed?

To what excess recrimination runs!
How platform Billingsgate in gall increases!
Why, why should our political Great Guns
Be fouling-pieces?

MUSIC AT ELECTIONS.—M. BIZER's *Carmen*, on account of its leading melody, is the favourite Opera with the Conservatives, and it is likely that the "Dames and Knights"—it used to be "Dames and Tutors" at Eton—will adopt this celebrated air as their war-ehant. Of course the song is, "*Toréador contento*,"—*Anglicè* adapted, "*Tory adore! Content O!*"

WORTH LISTENING TO.—Mr. CHODWICK BROWN, a dentist, complained in open Court—which sounds airy, but "in stuffy Court" would be truer—stuffy-gowny Court—of the place in which the witnesses were kept waiting. He said that "it would give many of them the toothache." Now, coming from a dentist, this evidence is most disinterested.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

UNDER PRETENCE OF THROWING A REFLECTED LIGHT ON THE FACE, THAT RISING YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER, FIBSON, ALWAYS PROVIDES HIS SITTER WITH SOMETHING SO PLEASANT TO LOOK AT, THAT SHE NEVER GETS TIRED OF SITTING (I.E. STANDING). THIS ALSO EXPLAINS WHY HIS PORTRAITS ALWAYS HAVE THAT SYMPATHETIC AND THOUGHTFUL EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPLATIVE SERENITY.

A FALSE ALARM.

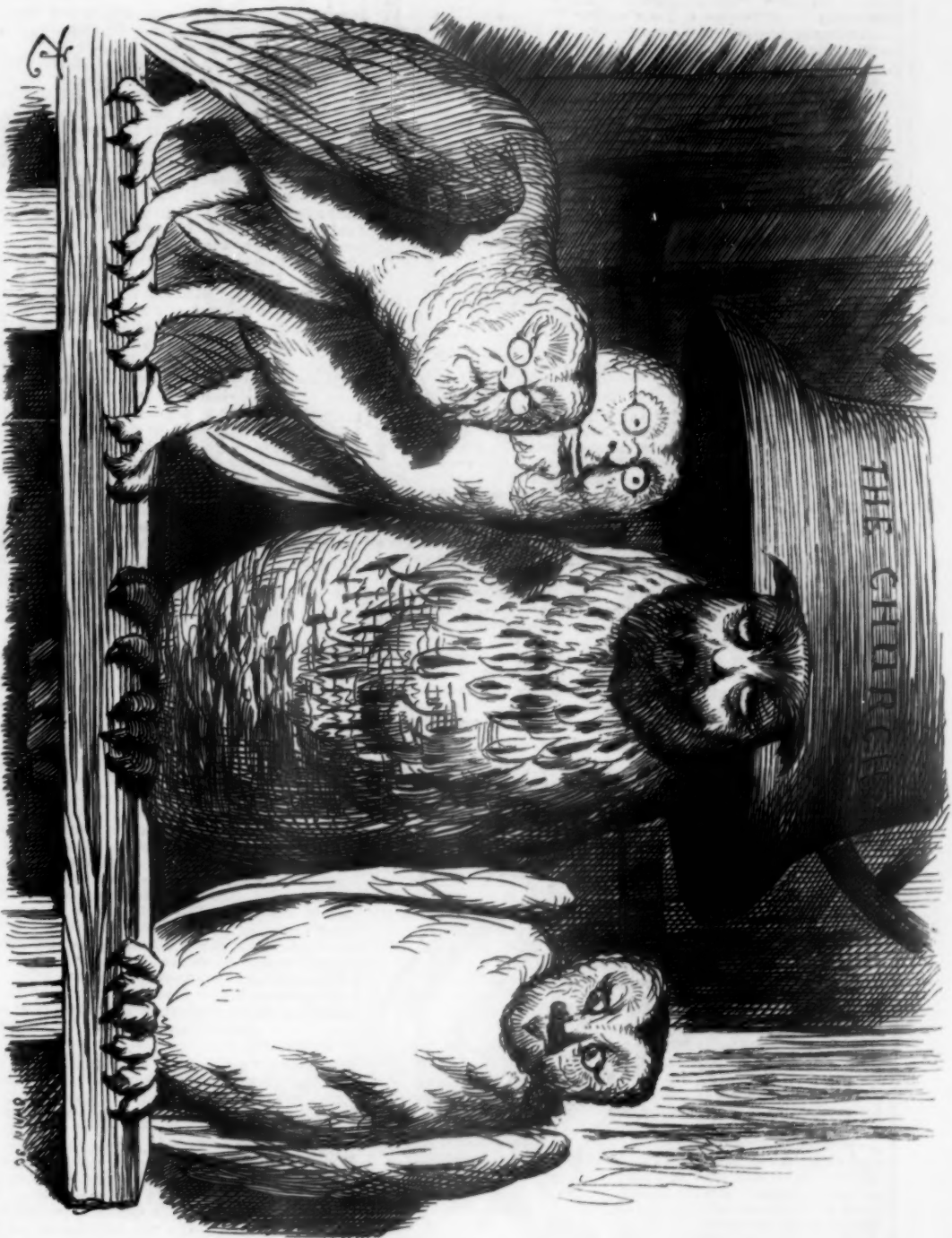
TOGETHER, wild and seant of wit,
The scared Owls in the belfry sit;
Four feathery flustered flapping things,
With rounding eyes and rustling wings.
Church Owls, that in that belfry long
Have heard the big bell's loud ding-dong,
Unmoved, unmazed, by day or night.
But now are filled with sore affright,
And seem to hear in its dull boom
Sounds of alarm and knells of doom.
Tuwhit tuwhoo! Tuwhit tuwhoo!!
Was ever heard such hullabaloo?
Tuwhee tuwhit! Tuwhoo tuwhit!!
Those orbs with frantic fire are lit,
The belfry's firm, the belfry's high,
Pinnacled safe in the sombre sky,
And there, in defiance of wind and weather,
These Owls, and fowls of a similar feather,
For generations have flocked together.
What availeth it, what doth it boot,
In clamorous chorus to shriek and hoot?
Find they, fear they, these feathered people,
Imminent peril to Church or steeple?
Church in danger! Foolishest cry!
O feathery creatures of fearsome eye,
Minerva's self, were the goddess by,
Her favourite fowls would mock and chide,
Their fues condemn and their fears deride.
Horned Owl, with the throat of black,
You should know better! The bird at your
back,
Grey-poll'd, goggle-eyed, easily scared,
Is always frightened if light is flared

Full in his optics, that love the dark,
But you? The belfry has been an ark
For many a flight of your fellow fowls.
What generations of cozy Owls
Have nested there, and hooted shrilly,
In fright as unprovoked as silly
At fancied prospect of coming woe,
Of tower prostrate and spire laid low!
Yet here you huddle in safety still,
But filling the night with your hootings shrill.
Tuwhit tuwhoo! What a to-do!
Tuwhee tuwhit! Flutter and flit!
Shriek and scuffle, scurry and squall,
As though the belfry shook to its fall!
Sound the alarm on your lofty perch,
As though an earthquake menaced the
Church!
An old, old story! A stale, stale scare!
The countryfolk, lifting an eye in air,
Say, as they pass with a smile of disdain,
"Those foolish old birds, they are at it
again!"
A false alarm! There are some who suspect
That a very aly plan in the shine they
detect;
That the shrill tuwhits and the hollow
tuwhoo
Are to beat up their friends and to baffle their
foes;
That those gogglesome birds in their belfry
high
Are awake to the worth of a capital cry;
That, in spite of their chorons of scuffle and
screeam,
Those Owls are not half so alarmed as they
seem!

A SANITARY SAGE.

THE Mayor of Southwold is a bold man. The water supply of that pleasant seaside resort is notoriously bad, and some of the wells are dangerously near cess-pools. It was proposed, then, at a recent meeting of the Corporation, to sanction the erection of water-works, and it was suggested that the water should be analysed. Thereupon the Mayor said that "he had not the slightest confidence in any analysis because they might send samples of the same water to two analysts, and get different opinions." He also added, with reference to the wells being injured by their close proximity to cess-pools, that it might be the case or not. Truly a courageous man this, though possibly a little behind the times. For this is the nineteenth century, and epidemics of typhoid fever are not unknown, while we have been trying to teach even children the rudiments of sanitary science. And yet the Mayor of Southwold expresses a rooted distrust of analysts, and apparently has a *penchant* for water contaminated by sewage, which, as one of his colleagues in the Corporation sarcastically remarked, had "a great deal of body in it."

PROPERTY AND PARALLEL.—Mrs. M., on being informed that certain persons demanded the compulsory sale of land for the purpose of allotment to labourers, said that they seemed to her very like the King who wanted NABOB to sell his vineyard.



A FALSE ALARM.

CHOIRS OF CONSERVATIVE OWLS. "TOO-WHIT-TOO-WHOO! CHURCH IN DANGER—CHURCH IN DANGER! TOO-WHIT-TOO-WHIT-TOO-WH-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O!"

[Mr. CAMBRIDGE has declared his conviction that "There is no one, whether Radical or Tory, Churchman or Dissenter, who believes that there is any chance whatever that this great question will receive its final settlement in the Parliament which is about to assemble."—*Times*.]

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THE BATTLE OF THE BAGGAGE.

THE "Luggage Scramble" that has been latterly occupying public attention in the columns of a contemporary, has provoked the subjoined further correspondence:—

SIR,—There is only one course open to a "TIMID INQUIRER," if he wishes to secure his luggage on his arrival at a London Terminus. He must travel up to Town either in the society of a professional prize-fighter, or accompanied by several roughs who will be prepared to stand by him, shoulder to shoulder, when he enters the general mêlée on the platform, and the moment the train stops he must dash into the thick of it in the neighbourhood of the luggage-van, and make for his individual packages. If these are numerous, he will find it hot work, and may require to have recourse to a deal of hitting-out, but it is the only way. I am a frequent passenger up to Town, and can speak with some experience; and only last Tuesday, on arriving at Paddington, I managed to point out and carry off to my four-wheeler seven boxes in as many minutes, with no more damage than a couple of black eyes and a dislocated shoulder. I might have fared worse had it not been for the presence of a sporting Baronet and a Colonel of Dragoons, who happened to be travelling in the same train, and lent me a little kindly assistance in getting my things clear of the barrier. "Looking on expectantly," which appears to be a "TIMID INQUIRER's" recipe, though it does not seem to have procured him his luggage, will not certainly suit

Yours self-helpfully,

THE MAN WHO WON'T WAIT.

SIR,—Your Correspondent, "A DISPERSED THREE HUNDRED-WEIGHT," who arrived at a Central London Terminus on last Thursday week, and has not yet succeeded in collecting his thirteen packages, should take a leaf out of my book. I have been in the habit of travelling with a considerable quantity of luggage, and have often run up to Town by the Flying Dustman, and for some time have counted myself fortunate if I have managed the journey with the loss of merely one or two portmanteaus. Things, however, getting a little worse last Christmas, when on one occasion, owing to the general rush and scramble, I was unable to secure any of my effects, I devised a plan which I have since carried out with every success. I have had my boxes labelled conspicuously, "Dynamite—With Great Care." The result has invariably been that after the struggling crowd has cleared off, my luggage has remained untouched upon the platform. The label has then attracted the attention of the Inspector, and I have been given, as a matter of course, into custody and taken, with my luggage, to the nearest Police Station, where a careful examination has soon discovered my ruse. Though there may have been some slight delay in the process, yet I have invariably found it successful, and can confidently recommend it to anyone who wishes to make sure of receiving his luggage on arrival at a London Terminus without personal injury.

Yours, &c.,
A THOUGHTFUL TRAVELLER.

SIR,—The only safe method of being able to secure your luggage at the end of a journey is to take it all into the carriage with you. This I invariably do, and the way I effect it is by packing all my things in egg-boxes. Four of these, six feet long and ten inches by sixteen respectively in breadth and height, are easily crammed into an ordinary compartment, and though, as they cover the whole floor and entirely monopolise and fill both the hanging nets, some of the other passengers may possibly complain, a little good-humoured badinage, spiced with firmness, generally suffices to overcome all objection. Care should be taken that the boxes fixed aloft do not, as sometimes will happen, come down on the heads of the other occupants of the carriage, but even with this drawback, the advantage of having your things immediately under your hand, at the end of a journey, is so obvious, as to render their doing so a matter of comparatively secondary importance. Five or six luggage-porters simultaneously hailed on the arrival of the train, and with a little pushing the transference of the luggage is effected with marvellous speed and convenience. I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

PRACTICAL.

SIR,—I have read the Correspondence on the so-called "Scramble" for Luggage at the London and other large railway termini, and am at a loss to understand the difficulty of which the writers complain. They have only to follow my plan, which is simplicity itself. Before they start let them have their boxes painted, straps and all, some bright primary colour, say emerald-green, and let the owner of this luggage wear a light overcoat of the same hue. On alighting on the arrival platform, the peculiarity of his dress instantly will attract the attention of several porters, to whom he can announce the fact that his particular packages are similarly coloured, and while doing so he can at the same time produce and toy with a well-filled purse. In a few minutes he will find himself in a cab with all his effects about him. At least such has been the experience of

Yours hopefully,

A DIPLOMATIST.

SIR,—Till every passenger is allowed to travel seated on his own luggage, and have it swiftly and civilly transferred to his cab for

him on the instant of arrival, there is only one course open to a British traveller, and that is, to take no luggage with him at all. At least that is the conclusion to which I have come; and I can only advise all those who value the avoidance of a street-row to follow my example, and have their things transmitted after them, as I do mine, by Parcels Post. Twenty seven-pound packages will be found ample for one person, and though there may be some inconvenience in postage and delivery, yet it is not for a moment to be weighed against the annoyance and indignation experienced by one who has been in, but is now, he trusts, for ever

OUT OF THE SCRAMBLE.

THE PICTURE PAPERS.

THE *Illustrated London News* outdid itself last week with its picture in colours (limited) of "The Royal Stag Hounds," showing His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales taking off his hat to a little boy blue mounted on a curious sort of animal, presumably a pony, with the object apparently of showing how beautifully his hair has been arranged this morning—done in oils, and quite an advertisement for H.R.H.'s coiffeur. H.R.H. is represented as having gone through a severe course of "Banting"—so elegant has the artist made his figure—and wearing such marvellously tight-fitting breeches, without a sign of any button or other fastening above the boot; so that the appearance of these immaculate and creaseless hunting breeches reminds us of the chorus of the song popular two years ago—in the crutch and toothpick period,—

"How did you get your trousers on?
And did they hurt you much?"

which is exactly what would occur to any right-minded sportsman on seeing this picture of His Royal Highness in the *Illustrated London News*. If the picture be correct in detail, then the sooner the whole party are engaged at Sanger's or at Hengler's (where they used to play at Foxhunting) the better for either of these entertainments and for the hunt. What torture they must suffer in that Royal hunting get-up! "Get up,"—but how do they ever "get up" on to their horses in those tight fits? They must be lifted by cranes and dropped into their saddles.

A propos of Illustrated Papers, the fun of the original photos is entirely lost, without an explanation underneath, in the reproduction of "Reading a Tragedy" and "The Elopement" in the *Sporting and Dramatic*. How "RAPIER" must envy the coloured Royal Stag Hounds in the *Illustrated*! His frontispiece of Miss PHYLIS BROUGHTON is very nearly as charming as the original; one of the best reproductions of a photograph we've seen for some time. The Illustrated Papers, as a rule, ought to give His Royal Highness a handsome salary. Can't they let poor Royalty have a little rest just for one week? Let's see a few numbers without any of 'em in. The English people won't forget their existence.

WHAT WE HOPE WILL BE MR. WINANS' MAXIM BEFORE LONG.—
The "game" is not worth the "scandal."



A MAN OF BROAD VIEWS.

October 20. Lord ROSEBURY at Sheffield said,
"I like to look all round myself."

EXTRACT FROM A NEW WORK BY AN EXILED POLE LATELY VISITING ENGLAND:—"The Russians, as we know, grind down their serfs. This is cruel, but nothing to how, I am credibly informed, the British Aristocrats treat their slaves, in English 'Phlunkis.' I am told by eye-witnesses that not only do the great Lords grind down their Phlunkis, but absolutely reduce them to powder!! You know what 'powdered sugar,' 'powdered glass,' means in English. Well, imagine this, and shudder when I tell you that it is no unusual thing in the mansion of a great Aristocrat to see a vestibule, or even the hall, almost filled with powdered footmen!! And this, my friend, they call a free and civilised country!!!"



"DEPRESSION."

Tourist (tipping the old Gravedigger, who had shown him over the Cathedral). "I SUPPOSE, NOW SO MANY VISITORS ARE IN THE TOWN, YOU'LL BE DOING WELL!"

Gravedigger. "OU AY, THERE'S A WHEEN FOWK GAUN ABOOT, BUT"—(gloomily)—"THERE'S TERR'BLE LITTLE DEEN' IN THE DIGGIN' WAY!"

REVISED VERSIONS!

(*À propos* of some "Second Notices," with an entirely New and Original Suggestion.)

SIR,—While absent on my holiday tour round the world in a month—that is, as far as I could travel on the road in that amount of time and back again—and here I may mention that I have frequently started for my great tour round the world, and seldom got further than Boulogne,—well, Sir, while away from London, no matter where I was, several pieces were produced, and I read what were intended to be first-night criticisms upon them in some of the papers.

Now, a short while ago, a certain writer was taken to task by uncertain writers for expressing his opinion that it was a most difficult thing, if not almost an impossible one, for a theatrical critic to pronounce a final verdict on any piece from merely seeing it on one of the usual unsatisfactory first nights. A first-night audience is not an audience which represents the public, nor is a first-night's performance of a piece, let the rehearsals have been as perfect as can be, at all the same thing as the sixth or seventh representation of it. So, when I gathered from these criticisms that there was not much in the burlesque of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that caricatures of IRVING had been overdone, and that the parody, which some sentimentalists considered equivalent to sacrilege—burlesque GOLDSMITH'S *Vicar of Wakefield* forsooth!—was only saved by Miss LAURA LINDEN'S dangerous talent of closely imitating Miss ELLEN TERRY, I said to myself, this is merely the utterance of a critic on seeing an imperfect first-night's performance; *nous verrons*.

And what have I lately read in "second notices" appearing in the same papers, and probably by the same hands? Why, that the parody is delicately done, that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS as the *Vicar* is very funny, and the praise given to Miss LINDEN is repeated, and considerably strengthened. Having recently seen this burlesque, I should say that as a parodied plot it is unintelligible; but as an

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-marker.)

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When single too long you have tarried;
If comfort you'd gain from a book,
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In *How to be Happy though Married!*

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To receive a thorough thrilling—
Read a tale by ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, of most excellent design;
It is cunning in invention,
And will rivet your attention,
Till you reach the final chapter of this *Number Ninety-Nine!*

"UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?"

IN the last number but one, *Mr. Punch's Irregular Reviewer* attributed that excellent work, entitled *Food and Feeding*, to Sir HENRY HOLLAND. As everybody knows, including the Irregular Reviewer himself, the book is by Sir HENRY THOMPSON. We at once reminded our young man of the *lapsus calami*, and he said he regretted the calamity, and supposed that, if Sir HENRY HOLLAND had written it, the book would have been called *The Dutch Oven*. "And," we added, in the publishing interest, "published by WARNE & Co." To which that flippant young Reviewer retorted, "Who said it Warne?" However, as he has since expressed contrition for his *sauce Hollandaise*, we have forgiven him, and he has ordered a Thompsonian Octagonian dinner at the Café Royal, with some Pape Clement pour arroser le perdreau.

The Cry of the Unemployed.

THE Parties, with loud rival rub-a-dub-dub,
Both swear that they pity our work-less condition.
When it comes to assistance JOE gives us a snub,
And SALISBURY—grants a Commission!
Ah! a stone is no substitute, surely, for bread,
Whether dropped in one's pocket or shied at one's head!

entertainment offering opportunities to Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS and Miss LAURA LINDEN for showing how droll they can be when caricaturing IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, it is very funny; but there is too much of a good thing, and this joke is about half an hour too long.

The Japs, at the Novelty Theatre, was pronounced a disaster by the critics: it is, I am informed, drawing crowded houses. There will perhaps be "second notices" of this piece.

The critics, again, seeing Mr. COMYNS CARR'S *Dark Days* on the first night, shook their heads over it, admitted the cleverness of Mr. BEERBOHME TRENE's acting, but generally damned it with faint praise. Now "second notices" have appeared. The *Daily Telegraph* critic says, in his notice, October 22nd, laying it down as a general rule, "on a first night there is invariably a tendency to drag. Ominous pauses and inevitable hesitations stop that electricity, without which no play can be wholly interesting." Let him remember his own dictum, and be guided by it when he writes about another first-night's performance. I hope the next play he witnesses on a first night will be performed by "electric actors," but he must also kindly bear in mind that the less electricity in the House, the more gas is required—specially in the criticisms or notices, or whatever the article may be, rightly or wrongfully, styled.

The pressure put by the public on journalists to supply the first news is fatal to the few chances there are of the critic's pronouncing a just verdict on the real merits of a piece which he sees for the first time, and then imperfectly played. If criticisms are to direct public taste at all, then the critics should be considered as Grand Jurymen, who can either throw out the bill of the play, or send it to be tried. But, if the piece be tried, it is not their province to pronounce a verdict.

I remember a drama being damned, on its first representation, by all the talents who sat in the seat of the scornful—I mean the Stalls occupied by the critics—and yet in three weeks' time the play was "drawing the town." Then came some "second notices," and the astute ones said that there had been alterations and emendations, and that it had been much improved. As a matter of fact it had not

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THE BURMESE TOAD.

been touched, not one line of it, nor any alteration whatever made in it. But the Scornful Ones had to justify themselves in their own eyes. I dare say it is much the same in the present instances. A Dramatic Author told me of a recent case in point, but I forget the name of the piece.

For my own part, as an Unprofessional Critic, I have entered into a solemn league and covenant with myself never again to write about a first night's performance, and only on very exceptional occasions to be present at a *première*.

But here are my last suggestions:—1. Let there be no first-night notices at all. 2. Let the piece come out, and let the first night take

its chance audience just like any other night. 3. Let the public express its opinion by going or staying away. 4. Let the professional critics, who declare that they write out of pure love of the Drama, see a piece several times, and, after its withdrawal, let their well-considered and then probably valuable criticisms appear, signed boldly, as I sign this, and am, Sir, your own

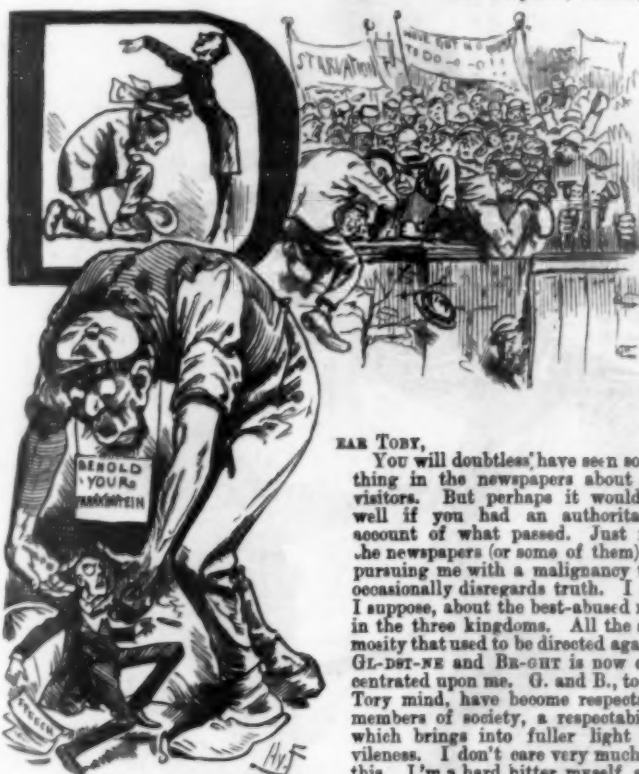
FLEXIBLE NIBBS.

RALLYING CRY FOR THE TORY DEMOCRATS.—Instead of "The Church in Danger!"—Church-ill!

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

VI.—FROM THE UNSLEEPING PARTNER.

Birmingham, Tuesday.



EAR TOBY,

You will doubtless have seen something in the newspapers about my visitors. But perhaps it would be well if you had an authoritative account of what passed. Just now the newspapers (or some of them) are pursuing me with a malignancy that occasionally disregards truth. I am, I suppose, about the best-abused man in the three kingdoms. All the animosity that used to be directed against GL-DOR-NE and BR-GUT is now concentrated upon me. G. and B., to the Tory mind, have become respectable members of society, a respectability which brings into fuller light my vileness. I don't care very much for this. I'm a hard hitter myself, and, as the poet says, those who play at

bowls must expect rubbers. Still, where one has the opportunity of giving a matter-of-fact account of a particular event it is just as well to do so.

Well, I was on Friday morning sitting in my room at Highbury, enjoying a peaceful moment and a large cigar. I had been hard at work for some weeks, as you know. Here was a quiet day intervening, and I was in the mood to enjoy it. I had got a new French novel, and was deep in its perusal, when I was startled by the sound of heavy footfalls, and the murmur of many voices.

"Adown the glen
March armed men,"

I observed to myself, for I have of late, in the course of much speech-making, acquired the habit of dropping into poetry,—other people's, of course. What could it be? Had a revolution broken out, was a Republic proclaimed, and were these the people coming in search of their first President? Or was it some device of the enemy? Were they about to surround the house, kidnap me, and keep me out of the way till the General Elections were over? That course of procedure, though a little unusual, would not be out of keeping with some remarks of the Conservatives. The other day, one of them expressed a burning desire to see me hung, which is going a step farther than seeing me kidnapped. It might be necessary for me to fly. But how, and whither?

Whilst I was debating these questions, the door opened, and a servant, pale as death, with chattering teeth and hair uprisen, said, "Please, Sir, the house is surrounded. There's tens of thousands of 'em, and they want to see you." I will not say I was entirely unmoved, but I would not show my discomposure before a servant. Fixing my eye-glass firmly in my right eye, I said, "Who are the gentlemen? Rather inconvenient calling thus early in the day, and in what appears to be considerable numbers. Did they mention their names?" "No, Sir," said the man, "there's too many of 'em for that." "Well, ask them to send in a few of their cards—a hundred or so. Take a hat-box with you to put them in, and be very civil."

The man did not seem to relish the mission. But he went off, and I was left alone with perturbed thoughts, as you may imagine. If it was a Republican demonstration I would send them to D-LKE. It would be just as well to see how he got on with the Presidency before undertaking it myself. If, on the other hand, kidnapping was meant, time was everything, and half-an-hour or so spent in parley would afford opportunity for rescue. Again the door opened and three men appeared on the threshold. They were in the attire of the British workman, and had a difficulty with their caps, which they turned round and round in their

hands as if they were making something. They certainly were not very truculent in appearance. "Well, my friends, and what do you want?" I said, pleasantly. Their caps revolved at increased speed. They looked at each other, each waiting for the other to speak, at last one said: "We want work."

I saw it all now. It was the Unemployed of Birmingham who had in this extremely inconvenient manner come to appeal to me, the Champion of the labouring classes, to do something for them in the concrete. There was no danger of kidnapping or embarrassment of honour thrust upon me. Still it was well to dissemble. "And are you alone?" I asked, in gentlest tones. "No," said one of the men, "there's a few more'n us outside." "A matter of five or six hundred," said another.

Then I changed my tone, and the position of my eyeglass. "What!" I cried to the trembling deputation, "do you mean to say that, because you cannot get work, you march five or six hundred strong, upon the private residence of a gentleman, disturb his studies pursued for the national good, cut up his lawn with hob-nail boots, and ruffle the surface of his gravel-walks. What have I done that I should suffer thus? I have, it is true, east, west, north, and south, preached the doctrine of the natural rights of the poor. But it is not one of them that you should arise in your thousands and invest my private house."

Much more of the same kind I said. The men edged nearer and nearer the door, finally disappearing through it, leaving me still declaiming. After a while I heard again the tramp of many feet. But instead of advancing, the sound was retiring. The mob had dispersed as suddenly and swiftly as it had come up.

There, TOBY, that's the simple truth of this remarkable episode, of which there are many distorted versions current. I have no proof of it yet, and therefore only hint at a very strong suspicion that the whole thing was one of R-MB-LPH's pranks, and that he, through his agents here, secretly incited these men to pay me a morning call. Of this you may hear more when the affidavits are complete. In the meantime,

I remain, yours truly,

TO TOBY, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.* J. CH-MB-LL-X.

TUPPER RETUPPER'D.

[Under the head of "The Voter's Motto," our Ancient Guide, Proverbial Philosopher and Friend burst out into poetry in last Thursday's *Globe*. We have set part of it to our own notes.]

"For Church and State!" our fathers' honoured toast.
[But was it so, when TUDORS ruled the roast?
"Roast" meaning martyrs,—as to take we're loth sides,
We mean, dear TUPPER, martyrs "done on both sides."
"Shall Atheistic scorn and Jesuit guile
Make NEHEMIAH quit his work awhile?"
[That's stirring; but permit us to inquire,
Lived Jesuits in the time of NEHEMIAH?
That Atheists did, we know; at least their school
Was typified by DAVID as "The Fool."
A calm succeeds to this poetic storm.—]
"Let no man shrink from wise and just reform.
But, with a firm and faithful yet kind hand,
Prune cankers and corruptions from the land."
[Prune them! That treatment we're inclined to doubt
For "cankers and corruptions."—burn them out;
Destroy them utterly, as you'd a pest,
Or they'll corrupt and canker all the rest.
Then, after you have told us who's "your friend,"
A loving couplet doth your verses end.]
"So shall both Church and State survive this strife,
And dwell at peace with all, as man and wife."
[At peace with all, except with one another,
Though, for appearance sake, their growls they smother.
Respectable alliance! You've perorance
Heard of a "Mariage de Convenience?"
That's a modern Church and State. 'Twould better be,
If this is so, that each one should be free.
We offer no opinion, though sure
There's something in the words of Count CAVOUR.]

"To judge by his foreign policy," observed a member of the Reform, "Lord SALISBURY seems quite at home abroad, and—*vice versa*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

"THE STOMACH GOVERNS THE WORLD."—GENERAL GORDON.**DEPARTED ERRORS.**

"OUR PAST becomes the Mightiest Teacher to our FUTURE. Looking back over the tombs of DEPARTED ERRORS, we behold by the side of each the face of a WARNING ANGEL."—Lord Lytton.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.—The present system of living—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people—unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely—to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. Experience shows that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherry, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandy, are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or whiskey largely diluted with soda water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver; it possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health. A world of woes is avoided by all who use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, therefore no family should be without it.

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TOPICS OF TO-DAY.

Edited by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



A Poll-it-tickle Speech.



The New Electorate!



The Ran-go-on powder Plot.



Man, delay!

"The time allowed for the Burmese answer to the English Ultimatum will expire on the 5th of November."—Globe, Oct. 27.)



THE DISAPPOINTED SUITOR.
(Not improbable.)

Prince Alex. Kicked out, by the Powers! Then I must console myself with Sophia!
King Milan. Boo-hoo! No Widdin, after all!

THE SILLY COMMANDER.

(A Story of the Next War according to the precedent.)

COLONEL RABBITHUTCH had been sent out by the Government of the day, with the cordial consent of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, to suppress an expected rising of the Muffs, a number of Dutch emigrants who had settled in British South Africa. On his way to his command the gallant officer, having learned by heart all the newspapers he had brought with him, and re-read several times the Mess Library, found himself with absolutely nothing to do. So, being a teetotaler, and therefore unable to conscientiously indulge in the customary distraction of an idle soldier, he took to thinking. And he thought about every subject under the sun, and at last by the process of exhaustion came to the consideration of his own profession.

"Tarnish my scabbard!" he exclaimed one day—he was far too good a man to swear, but of course as a warrior was obliged occasionally to use a little strong language—"tarnish my scabbard! I have got a new idea! I will conduct this campaign on a novel plan!"

Soon after this the Colonel arrived at the "seat of war" (he stealthily smiled when he heard the place thus described), and was met by his subordinates. He immediately filled up the appointments on his Staff, but in such a way that murmurs were heard on all sides. Disregarding the claims of seniority, he, in defiance of all precedent, posted the right men to the right places. When remonstrances reached his ears, he turned upon his heel, smiled, and repeated to himself, "My new idea—conducting this campaign on a novel plan! Tarnish my scabbard! but I will surprise them more before I have done with it!"

And he was as good (or as bad) as his word. There was never so strange a leader! Over and over again he set at naught the traditions of the Service. He marched along with his whole force without firing a shot, thus causing the ammunition to be practically a worthless incumbrance. All the Quarter-Masters were disgusted, and the Surgeons began to forget their prescriptions in their unwellcome and enforced idleness.

"Please, Colonel," said the Chief of the Staff, one morning, carrying a map into the hut of his superior, "may we make a *détour* to the right of about five miles on our line of march?"

"What for?" asked RABBITHUTCH, lighting a manilla cheroot.
"To attack the fort which is held, I believe, by the Muffs in some force, Sir." And the Major showed the Colonel where he thought the latter ought to go.

"Don't see there's much good in it," returned RABBITHUTCH. "We can get to the enemy's Capital just as easily, whether we take the fort or not."

"True," responded the Major, sadly, "but by not taking the fort we shall miss a brush with the Muffs, and our men find their ammunition embarrassingly heavy."

"Can't help that—they must carry it,—we mustn't waste public property."

And this little incident was a sample of many others. Over and over again the Colonel refused to burn powder. It was true enough that there was no absolute need for fighting, yet as soldiers are fond of their profession, this absence of human slaughter was not exactly popular. Indeed, the expedition did not regret its return to its original head-quarters. As for RABBITHUTCH, he hurried back to England, and soon presented himself before the Duke to report.

"Well, Colonel," said H.R.H., when they were together in the Horse Guards portion of the War Office, "and how have things gone?"

"Capital, your Royal Highness—the men behaved admirably."

"Did they?" exclaimed the Duke, heartily, although as a matter-of-fact he did not much relish hearing the rank and file spoken of before allusion had been made to the officers. "Did they, indeed! Well, if you have got some old Sergeant-major quite past work, he might be promoted to the rank of Junior Subaltern."

"Thank you, your Royal Highness, but if I could find such a man (and I can't, for all my non. coms. are most efficient) I really think he would prefer to remain respected in the Sergeants' Mess rather than appear as a fish-out-of-water in the ante-room of the officers."

The Duke stared in astonishment, and bowed.

"As for my colleagues, TOMMY SABBRETTACHE and—"

"TOMMY SABBRETTACHE!" exclaimed H.R.H., in tones of pained reproach. "My dear Colonel, calling an officer by his Christian name! I really cannot permit it—you know how I dislike familiarity!"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but the fact is my colleagues were such good friends, that I looked upon every one of them as a relative. Tarnish my scabbard! they were capital fellows!"

"Tarnish your scabbard!" repeated the Royal Duke, indignantly, "Colonel RABBITHUTCH, I must request you to put a guard over your tongue—you know how strongly—how very strongly, I object to the use of violent expressions of that kind."

The visitor again apologised, and then informed the illustrious Field-Marshal that the object of the expedition had been accomplished. —the Muffs had completely submitted.

"Glad to hear it," returned H.R.H., shortly, "and now for the list of killed and wounded."

For the first time the Colonel hesitated.

"The fact is, your Royal Highness, I have conducted the campaign on a new plan."

"Hate anything new," returned the illustrious Duke. "However, it may be all right. And now for the list of killed and wounded."

Again the Colonel hesitated. "The fact is, your Royal Highness, the Muffs when they saw I was in earnest, submitted. As I have told you, I have carried out all your instructions, and been most successful. On the other hand, I have no list of killed and wounded."

"No list of killed and wounded!" exclaimed His Royal Highness, aghast.

"No; because there was no fighting."

"No fighting!" And the illustrious Duke nearly fainted.

The poor Colonel, seeing his Chief so deeply moved, tried to explain that really and truly bloodshed had been entirely unnecessary.

"No fighting! Oh, dear me!" The Field-Marshal blushed at finding himself using so strong and so unusual an expression. "I never heard of such a thing! A campaign, and no fighting!"

After a very painful pause, the agitated Field-Marshal managed to control his emotion.

"Colonel RABBITHUTCH," at length he commenced, "I suppose, as you have attained the object of your appointment, we must express satisfaction with your exertions. But, Sir," he added with severity, "as you were good enough to adopt a new plan of your own invention, and carry out your instructions without any bloodshed—(Good gracious! dear me! oh, Sir! without any bloodshed! Oh dear!)—of course you won't get any promotion!"



SOCIAL AGONIES.

"BY THE WAY, ARE YOU DINING WITH THE MONTMORENCY BROWNS TO-NIGHT?"
 "OH, HEAVENS! NOW I REMEMBER, THEY DID ASK ME TO DINE THERE TO-NIGHT!"
 "WHAT—AND YOU FORGOT TO ANSWER!"
 "OH, I ANSWERED FAST ENOUGH; BUT I'VE CLEAN FORGOTTEN WHETHER I ACCEPTED OR DECLINED!"

THE VERY NEW RULES OF BILLIARDS.

BY A. LEO, ESQ.

THE Billiard Association of Great Britain and Ireland has just issued some new Rules of Billiards, but as they are ridiculously incomplete, we hasten to supplement them with some of our own, as hints to players:—

1. If playing without a Marker, always keep your opponent's score, and let him keep yours. He will probably score you correctly, and you can do as you please with his score.
2. Always stand opposite a pocket your antagonist is aiming at, and move about while he plays; a judicious sneeze just as he strikes has a good effect.
3. Use chalk to your own cue, but keep a little soap or pomatum in your pocket for the tip of your adversary's should he put it down during the game. This will be found especially useful at Pool.
4. Should your adversary turn away from the table while you are playing, and a ball goes near, but not into a pocket, it is good play to convert it into a hazard with your hand; at the same time calling out the score at the top of your voice. This useful stroke must be done firmly and quickly.
5. Never own to a fluke yourself, but never let your opponent make a good shot without muttering "Fluke!" or "What luck!"
6. Pot the white whenever possible, especially if it irritates your antagonist. He should learn to keep his temper.
7. Get the Marker out of the room, and then put your score on even when you have made nothing. This must be done very quietly. If it is discovered, blame the Marker. He is there for the purpose.
8. When playing Pool, always pick up any money put down for "lives," whether it is yours or not. You can return it, if found out; but the people who put it down will often pay again to avoid a wrangle, and if they don't, the proper owners ought to look better after their money.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETOR.

Or, The Future of Hodge, from his own Diary.

A COUPLE OF EXTRACTS.

SPRING (edited by Mr. Chamberlain).—Well, this be summat loike. This cuttin up of t'ould Squire's property has given oi a good fairish six acre plot all to myself, to try a bit o' farmin on my own account. Oi can reckon on startin wi' three cows, and stock, and so forth, got for oi out o' the rates, and what be wanting to oi after that,—well, that 'll coome out o' t'ould Squire's furniture. Who says luck h'ant coome to HODGE, who has his rights now along with the foineest in the land any day. No more workin for wages for oi. Nos! Oi be goin to grow my own crops, rear my own cattle, and clean my own land, and get along wi'out farmer LEATHERGAITERS a hectorin and a lordin ont over oi. Eighteen shillin a week! Bless my eyes, to think that oi should ever ha' stooped to that! And now oim a holdin property myself, and have got the vote, and know how to give it straight for improvement and progress, and the advance of the Agricultural interest. It's a foine time I'm havin of it, and no mistake.

WINTER (supervised by the Marquis of Salisbury). Ah! who would ha' thought it had ha'all turned out so bad loike! It all coome of listenin to that chap CHAMBERLAIN as told oi a pack o' lies aboot oi and tother chaps loike oi who didn't know when we was well off. What good coome to oi out o' the bit o' t'ould Squire's land? None, that oi can tell 'ee. First, the soil was poor stuff, and oi had naught to put into it, and now here's fresh farm stock wanted, and oi haven't a blessed halfpenny not even for bread, so oi be fairly heat and things be coome to a dead standstill. And there be no help to coome from t'ould Squire because he be clean gone when they took his land and cut it up and give oi and tother chaps a bit each all round. Ah! Well, things can't go on in this fashion loike, so oi be goin up to farmer LEATHERGAITERS to see if oi can get a bit of a job o' work. What wi' the Missus and five young mouths to feed, bless me, if I doan't reckon eighteen shillin a week would be just a godsend. Anyhow it would mean food and clothin and such loike, which is more than coome of all that foine tall talk aboot improvement and progress and advance of Agricultural interest, which ended in an empty stomach and a money-box wi' the bottom knocked out.

"MURDER IN IRISH."—Boycotting.

9. When playing Pyramids, frequently accuse your adversary of making foul strokes. He will be obliged to give in sometimes; and even when you are so palpably wrong that he won't stand it, the charge will very likely put him off his play.

10. Rule No. 4 is very useful also at Pyramids, but must be modified for that game. In Pyramids, put any ball that you can manage into a pocket unobserved, and a few minutes afterwards call attention to the score, which of course will be wrong. Then affirm that you had forgotten to score that ball to yourself, which will be quite true, and immediately do it.

11. Procure a few bad half-crowns, florins, &c., for Pool, and pay your pool to the Marker, i.e., do not put it in the box, or it may be noticed. Then, when the pool is distributed, and the bad money appears at the end, blame the Marker, as in Rule 7.

12. If you lose a "life" early in a pool, it is comparatively easy to get it back again by a persistent statement that the game has been wrongly scored, and the others will often give in for the sake of peace and quietness. As in Rules 7 and 11, lay the blame on the Marker.

By adhering to these Rules you are sure to make money at the game, but they will possibly not add to your popularity in the Billiard-room. People are so jealous of exceptional skill.

Hair and Rabbit.

IN a paper lately read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. PASTEUR, that illustrious *savant* announced that he has at length discovered a real cure for hydrophobia. This remedy consists of a medium of inoculation extracted from the marrow of rabbits which have been made hydrophobic. Now then, the antidote to hydrophobia, instead of being, as formerly imagined, "a Hair of the dog that bit you," is a Rabbit which dog-poison has made more rabid than ever. In future we shall be cautious about Welsh-rabbits.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 24.



THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

"COMFORT? Comfort scorned!"—Judges! This is truth the Poet sings,
That at the Old Bailey comfort's the most mythical of things.
There Discomfort holds high revel, makes the Jurymen his sport;
Hope abandon, ye who enter—well, the Central Criminal Court.
Hope of ease for mind or body. Purgatory here behold,
See its hapless victims tortured 'twixt extremes of heat and cold;
Driven from freezing-point to fainting, packed like sardines, pushed
and prodded,
Hustled by imposing Ushers, and by Bobbies able-bodied.
Travelling by a Cheap Excursion, waiting in the mob at Drury,
Is not half so bad as being called on an Old Bailey Jury.
See the Judges. To the left, above the gas that all aslope is,
Peer the fine judicial features owned by Mr. Justice LOPES;
HAWKINS next, and FRY; then Sheriffs sitting to the right; between
them
Eagle beak and Lion brush—who can forget them who has seen
them?—
Show of stout Sir ROBERT CARDEN. ST. JOHN WONTNER down below,
Just above that poor old boy, whose hat they've bashed in at a blow,
Fiercely flames, from piles of "Papers"; WILLIAMS (MONTAGU) is
next him,
Glaring hard at placid POLAND much as though something had vexed
him;
That phenomenal proboscis he appears inclined to snap at;
Rather pity the poor witness MONTY next may have a rap at.
Next above beams busy BRADLEY, blending dignity with bustle;
Then the calmly classic features of the great Q.C., CHARLES
RUSSELL.

Left of him comes KISCH the keen-faced, WADDY, Q.C., glares above
him,
And, below, young FORREST FULTON,—don't the criminals just love
him?
That sharp eye-glass underneath? Oh, that most commonly on
view is.
Ask men who's the dapper wearer, and they'll answer "That's
GEORGE LEWIS!"
Close behind him EDWARD CLARKE, the small, but smart Conser-
vative Q.C.
He won Southwark, shone, got shelved—*pro tem.* of course. *His*
case in nuce!
To the left, the Under-Sheriffs hold an animated chatter.
The wig-hidden Barrister below is "baked," that's what's the
matter.
No one offers him the "salts" though; maybe he is less attractive
Than the Lady in whose aid the burly myrmidon is active,
In the opposite corner. One may shirk this Court, though not a
graven.
Just above that flopping wig, with face ascetic and clean shaven,
Stands the 'cute City Inspector, and, less lantern-jawed and
wizen,
Bearded like a polished pard, behold the Chaplain to the Prison!
There, my curious British Public! *Mr. Punch* has cantered
gaily
On his doggerel Pegasus, among the Toffs at the Old Bailey.
Rhymers' theme—much like that cramped Court's atmosphere—
might well be sweeter,
Even HOMER found 'twas hard to put a Catalogue in metre.



A FACT.

Salvation Army Black Man (to Farmer in opposite corner of Third-class Carriage). "HAVE YOU BEEN BORN AGAIN, MY FRIEND?"
Farmer. "DON'T KNOW. HAVE YOU?"
Black Man. "YES, I HAVE."
Farmer. "WELL, THEN, IF I'D BIN YOU, I'D 'A BIN BORN A WHITE 'UN!"
[Collapse of Black Man.]

BOMBASTES.

WHERE'ER we turn, in every place,
 We "meet Bombastes face to face."
 He hangs his boots on every "stump."
 Platforms resound with his loud thump.
 Now—climax of his noisy capers—
 He's taken to the penny papers.
 As bumptious scribe he flouts and trounces,
 And so thrasonically bounces,
 That patient sense can barely brook
 The journalistic *Pumblechook*.
 O Evening Oracles, your shindy
 Is very wild and very windy:
 And yet, for all your blatant blast,
 It is but peas you shoot at last.
 The row may shock one's tympanum,
 But for the rest, 'tis all a hum—
 Bombastes thundering forth as "We,"
 Is but the bladder and the pea;
 And, like an India-rubber ball,
 Though full of bounce, his force is small.
 Who'll bid him cease to gas and blow so?
 Who'll sack Bombastes Furioso?
 He in the farce may mirth assist,
 But sickens as a journalist!

AN EGGSAMPLE.—Talking of the Upper House, Lord ROXBURY recommended "reformation," not "abolition," and asked whether it was not the rule in most countries to have two governing Chambers (on the principle, we suppose, that two heads are better than one—but if so, why not two Kings, &c., &c., which opens up a large subject)—and he observed that wise people "do not put all their eggs in one basket." This was not quite apposite perhaps, but accepting the parable of two baskets of eggs, we may consider that we put our best eggs into the House of Commons basket, and the addled ones into the other.

THE CROCUS LEAGUE.

I'VE just received a application of so egstronary a charakter that at fust I couldn't make hed nor tale of it. I am ashally arkst to jine the Committee of a new League, to be called "the Crocus League!" Of coarse I thort as how it meant the Brummagem Crocus as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is so werry fond of cultiwating and of transplanting wherever he thinks as the sile and haspest suits, but that I finds is a mere pollytickie hembler, tho how true lovers of Nature can use butifol flowers for sitch low pupperes as that I can't understand. But my Crocus League is quite another pair of shoes, as the Cobler said. It is to consist of one representatif of ewery rank and ewery perfession, and ewery trade in the hole Metrolypus, and its one grate object is to preserve to all time the immortal memory of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE! I natrally asks my Wisitor why I am alected for this grate honner, and the astonishing reply is, because of my name and fame! It seems that the fust rule of "The Crocus League" is, that each member must bear the onered name of ROBERT, so I natrally represents the important perfession of Waiters. Inside the envelope as contains the invitation is enclosed a fust list of Members as is expected to jine at wunce, as any unnecessary delay ensues xplahun, a disgrace as wood make the wery boldest turn pail.

I gives the names of a few proposed representatives, as far as I remembers 'em, as a fair sample of the bulk, as they says in the commercial World. Principle representative of the Government, ROBERT MARKIS of SALSBURY, who will most probably be elected President of Abbotany number wun. Representative of the House of Lords, ROBERT MATCHBOX, Wicount SHERBROOK; of the Court of Haldermen, Sir ROBERT CARDEN, Night; of the Corporation, Sir ROBERT FOWLER, Barrowwrite; of the Poets, ROBERT DOWNING; of the Post Office, ROBERT the Hunter; of the Bakers, Major-Gen. Sir ROBERT BAKER; of the Surveyors, ROBERT the Driver; of the Metropolitan Board of Works, ROBERT FREEMAN, as did most on 'em; of the Stock Exchange, ROBERT FAXLET, the Bullionaire, and so on, had *Ain-fenitum*, as the French says, through such a list of hement men as bears my onered name, as amost made me blush as I red it. To show how sternly pertickler they is as to the name, I learns that the alected representative of the great Livery Company was rejected on account of his name being ROBERTS, which so wexed his haspiring sperit that he is said to have amost cried his eyes out on account of his extra hess, which he at wunce offred to sacrifice but his prayer was rejected,

as a hinsult to his Godfathers and Godmothers who guv it him. Upon venturing with becunning umility to ask what was the principle hobject of the "Crocus League" in wishing to preserve to all time the memory of a gent of whom I had never heard afore, I was informed that he was formerly a great Statesman, who had a wonderfoul nollidge of "Human Nature," greater even than Mr. OSWALD HARRIS himself, and that he biled down all his long egsperiance into the noble maxim, that "Every Man has his Price!" Upon again arsking what might have been the Price of the defunct gentleman afore said, I was told as it was a Earldom, a goodish lot of money and a Garter. Wen I asked why only one, I was told as the werry ighest swells of the hole Country never wore but one, and that was given to 'em by the QUEEN's own hand, and was all covered with dimans, and worn so as ewerybody could see it. I looked pretty closely at my informant to see if he was in earnest, but he never even winked much less smyled. So as he bore my gaze I bleeved him.

He then said that in accordance with the rules of the Crocus League, I should have to state what would be about my price, before I was elected, when I at wunce replied that I thort as I should be satisfied with about five pound a week, a Wictoria Cross, and the permanent Wine Wardenship of the Washupfool Company of Wintners. He was kind enuff to commend my moderashun, as he called it, and to make a note of it, which made me rayther regret as I hadn't put a better price on myself, but Such is Life! If we gets wot we araks we allers wishes as we had araked for more, like the boys who sells oranges of the Ebrew purawayshun. He further explained to me that as the grate Statesman afore said was remarkable fond of Crocusses, the League had adopted it as their cymbal, and as they flourished in early Spring, the Committee had selected the fust of April as their erppropriate Festival Day, on which occasion I should meet such an ass-embly of the leading sperrits of London as wood astonish me.

My brother Crocus Leaguer, before going, said as how he had forgotten to mention that the entrance fee to the fust 500 members was limitted to a paltry guiny, but wood be enormously increased to them as follerd, so if I wood cash up that insignificant amount, he wood send me a fishal recoet in dew course. This I accordingly did, tho' it didn't leave many behind, and I shall I expex shortly be a full blown Committee Man of "The Crocus League" with all the rites and priveleges thereunto belonging, including free attendance at Noblemen's Park Fates and Pick Nicks, and the right to wear a full blown Crocus on my manly buzzom on our Festive Day! ROBERT.

FAWKES—ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

A Monologue on the Fifth.

WONDER who the diakens I am, and what I'm being taken about like this for? A Guy, am I? Well, and what's that? Seem



A Nearly Exploded Idea.

popular too—odd that I shouldn't know why—but I don't . . . To be sure, I remember now! I'm a Patriot—foiled in a plot, or something of that sort, that's why they're all shouting!

"See no reason why Gunpowder Treason should ever be forgot," do they? They're quite right—no more do I . . . Hooray! Keep it up! gratifying, very.

Attendants, or retainers, or whoever they are, seem rather a shabby lot, undersized, too, and—well, plain. But there—they can't help that. If I had any nasty pride in me I shouldn't go about with them like this. Still they are faithful, and have known me in adversity, probably.

What's this great ugly beast of a thing coming along? Dear, dear, disgraceful—why do they allow it? He's got a crowd of his own, too—looks to me like a deliberate insult, that's what it looks like!

Our crowds are parleying; I and the Insult left alongside. Good mind to ask him what he means by his tomfoolery. I will too. Says it isn't his fault, he's in the same line himself, there are dozens of us about; he tells me he just met one driving a donkey. He's in a barrow, and I'm in a kitchen-chair! I do think they might have given me the donkey—you get more dignity with a donkey.

Don't think this pitiable object had any intention of annoying me, so I'll just give him a friendly hint: another time he might turn out decently dressed—more respectful to the public and—ah—to Us.

He nearly falls out of his barrow! Can this dilapidated ass be laughing? When his attendants have slapped him on the back, and he's got his breath again, he tells me to "look at home." I look at a plate-glass window opposite.

Hm—well. Might have come out in a better hat, perhaps, and yes, my tailor does want looking after a little. Rather more round-shouldered than I fancied, and that is an awkward trick I've got of turning my feet in.

But that's all—and, confound it, there's nothing ridiculous about me! Now, you couldn't say that of the other fellow—he's grotesque, that's what he is, poor devil! He can't help it, but he is.

If he's going on grinning and giggling like that, I've done with him. He says I'm "the funniest he's seen yet." And to think that this idiot is a Guy!

Off again. Lovely creature in shop-window standing between bottles! Ha! she turns slowly and looks at me! . . . She doesn't see anything funny in my appearance . . . Quite an odd thrill her eyes give me. Really, I've a good mind to stop and follow this up! But no—better not—can't be too careful in a position like mine. Ah well! I threw her a smile—she won't forget me!

How fickle and ungrateful are the populace! Just heard an old gentleman call me a "public nuisance." And this to me! A man who—It is annoying not to remember what the dooce it was I did do.

Wish I was at home—wherever that is—they do joggle this chair so!

This is home, I suppose. Well, they've put me up in a nice high place where I can see the scenery. Darkness already—let the sports commence. If there's much more of this banging and fizzing I shall have to go away—I've had a trying day, and I can't stand it.

I can tell them this; if they're not more careful, they'll be setting fire to something presently!

I told them so—just under my chair,—now they'll be sorry!

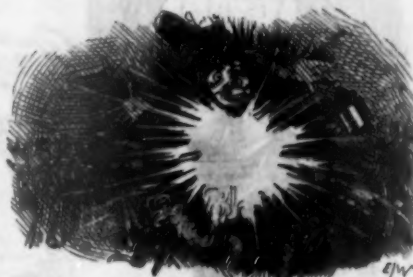
I wouldn't come down now if they asked me—it's splendid! I've got a big fire all to myself. Wish that girl in the window could see

me now! Think I look rather well in flames . . . Face getting quite burnt—so becoming, when you don't freckle.

I've dropped one of my boots—awkward thing to do in public. Might I ask you to return that boot? Nobody seems to notice, and, after all—who cares?

What's this—crowd retiring respectfully? Heard someone say I was "as full of squibs and crackers as I could hold." Is that what makes this fizzing underneath my waistcoat?

I do feel so peculiar . . . Something's going to happen, I know! Well . . . There now . . . Think of that! Didn't know I had it in me! Just one more burst, and I've done! Ha! it's coming, it's—Bang!!



A Quite Exploded Idea.

[Breaks up in much confusion.]

CONCERNING CRITICS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WOULD go even further than your admirable correspondent, Mr. FLEXIBLE NIBBS, I would abolish the Dramatic Critic altogether. The Manager of the Theatre should write a *resumé* of his new piece, as long or as short as he pleased, and this should be inserted in the daily papers as an advertisement. The public would then read this, go to the theatre, and judge for themselves. I should be inclined to do the same kind of thing with regard to books and picture-shows. The British Public does not require a critic to tell it where to purchase its game, its wine, or its clothing, and I take it, the B.P. is quite as good a judge of a play, a picture, or a book, as it is of a pheasant, a glass of claret, or a coat.

Yours partially,

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

"LIFE IN LONDON HYGIENICALLY CONSIDERED."

MR. CANTLER, who delivered a lecture bearing the above title, the other night at Exeter Hall, must tell the truth—don't you see, "Can't lie," ha! ha!—or we should be inclined to consider, notwithstanding it may have been "a hundred years since the Strand had a breath of fresh air," in spite of our breathing "sixty tons of carbon" daily, finding *bacteria* in our wood pavements, and being liable to curvature of the spine on account of the sloping footways—that London is the healthiest city in the world. We have not yet observed a violent exodus of the inhabitants on account of these startling disclosures, nor have we heard of any striking diminution in house-rents.

Joke by Jeremy Diddler.

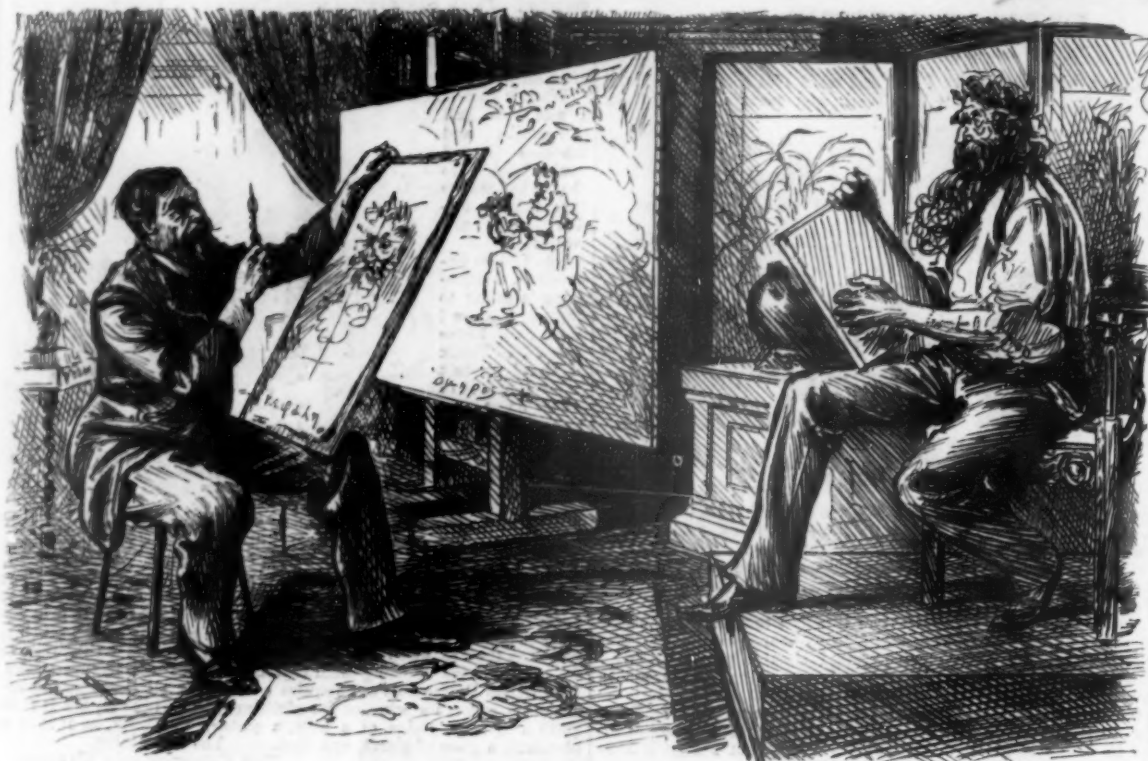
EVERY tool it's own task," is a maxim that's found
In (sharp) practice a mere imposition;
For the best way to *chisel*—your creditors round—
Is often to *file*—a petition.

LORD CHARLES BEESFORD made a seamanlike, if not a statesmanlike speech on Thursday last at St. Andrew's Hall, and, after he had finished with a Tennysonian quotation, he was "sharply questioned." No doubt he also "sharply answered;" but this was not recorded in the *Daily Telegraph*. If the questions were puzzling, and Lord CHARLES got thoroughly "riddled,"—well, he had only to send for "the Man who Mended the Boiler," who would have assisted him to steam away triumphantly.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Sir, here's a case for interference. Almost every day may be seen a paragraph in the papers, headed "Horses struck out of their engagements." Now, "in" or "out of engagements" can be no excuse for striking horses, unless they are vicious, which is not alleged. Where's the S.P.C.A.?

Yours indignantly, N. ODDY.

AUTUMNAL MANŒUVRES.—The Election addresses and harangues of political opponents, trying to circumvent one another.



A MODEL REPORTEE.

Distinguished (but irritable) Amateur. "CONFOUND IT, PHIPPS! WHY, YOUR FACE IS ALL OUT OF DRAWING!"
Model (irritable also). "IT MUST INDEED BE OUT OF DRAWING, SIR, IF YOU CAN PERCEIVE IT, SIR!"

REAPPEARANCE OF THE POPULAR FAVOURITE.

Star Performer loquitor:—

Yes, I rather think it's time that I should tread the boards once more,
 And secure the old full houses, and arouse the old, old roar.
 I have had a longish "easy," and performers of less note,
 With exaggerated action and much straining of the throat,
 Have been bidding for top honours very palpably of late,
 And the Public's getting dubious and shakes a puzzled pate.
 It's becoming very obvious that the Stage requires a clearance,
 So the Favourite no longer must delay his Reappearance!

Let me see! *Tra-lal-la-lal-la!* Yes, I think my voice will do.
 Then my repertoire's extensive, though it's not entirely new;
 But I think I know my Public, and can gauge the general taste,
 And too spick-and-span a Programme is an error and a waste.
 Partner Jox may find that later! Still some Novelties I've got,
 And I doubt if rival Pros will soon produce a smarter lot.
There's a Bill! The four chief items in themselves make up a Show,
 And if anyone can beat it, he's a man I'd like to know;
 But of course they don't exhaust me—I'm too old a hand for that.
 My Variety Entertainment I'll take care shall not fall flat,
 It is bound to bring the house down, and a big one, or I'm done,
 For this is my Last Appearance, and the Show must have a run.

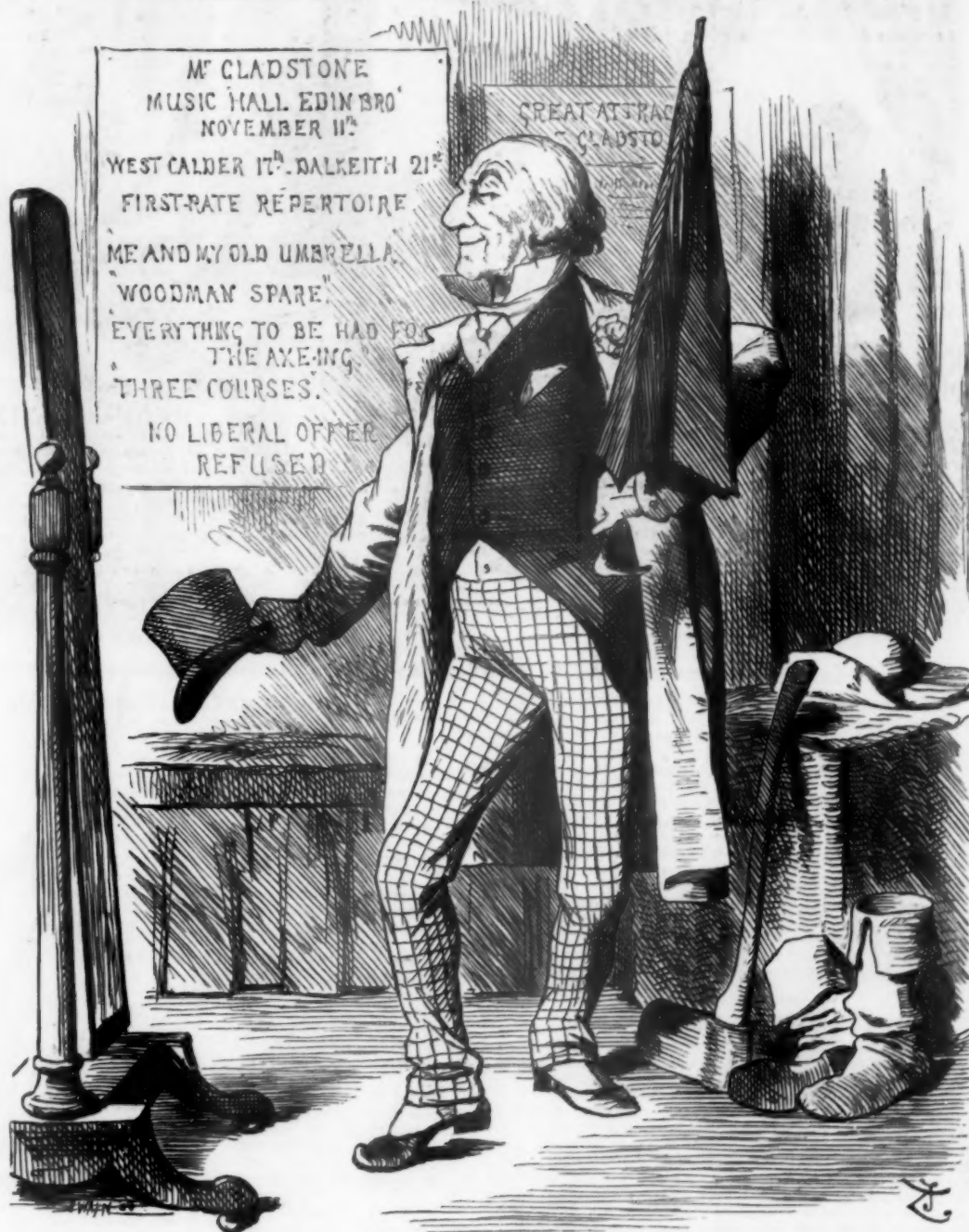
Yes, I've trod the boards—good gracious, I scarce like to think how long!—
 And a vigorous half-century of pose and patter-song,
 In innumerable programmes, and in every kind of part,
 Must satisfy—and weary—the best lover of his art.
 So I star for the last season; but, by Jingo, I must shine;
 I do not mind withdrawing, but eclipse I must decline.
 Does that pose look like exhaustion? Have my top-notes lost their tone?
 I'm as versatile as ever, I can fill the stage alone.

Is there any kind of character I'm not extremely good in?
 Is there anything that MACKNEY or MACCABE or LOVE or WOODIN
 Was *au fait* at I can't rival? Roodle-toodle! *Tra-lal-la!*
 Trum-trum and twingle-twangle! *Lur-li-e-ty! La-di-da!*
 With UNSWORTH on the stump, or ARTHUR ROBERTS on the patter,
 I can hold my own as ever, spite of envious chaff and chatter.
 Northward ho! then. It is there my greatest triumphs have been scored,
 And this time must be a finisher, to fail I can't afford.
 But do I look like failing? From the fray I shall not shrink.
 The old Star in a new Programme! That will fetch them, I should think!

THE "DAWN OF CREATION" AND PRACTICAL POLITICS.

OUR versatile Axe-Premier has been dabbling in Theology and Science in the *Nineteenth Century*. This is an excellent preparation for his appearance, next week, as advertised, at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, where he might revive the popular ditty, "*Says Aaron to Moses*." Judging only by the quotations from the article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. GLADSTONE seems, in the finish, to be somewhat in accord with the gentleman who, on visiting the ruins of Jupiter's Temple, politely took his hat off, explaining to his friend, that "he considered it politic to keep in with the old régime, as one never knew what turn of the wheel might bring them into power again." Is it intended for readers between the lines to gather anything certain from this as to Mr. GLADSTONE's exact views with regard to "Disestablishment"?

"*MAUVAISE Plaisanterie*," as the unhappy person said at Newmarket last week, after backing *Isobar* and *St. Gatien*. We hear that the distinguished gentleman who lost five-and-sixpence over the race has determined on selling his studs and retiring from the Turf. We give the information for what it is worth—which is a trifle over the value of the studs.



REAPPEARANCE OF THE POPULAR FAVOURITE.

[“Mr. GLADSTONE at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, Nov. 11th ; West Calder, 17th ; Dalkeith, 21st.”—See Advertisement in Daily Papers.]



No

far
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own



"OLD YER 'OSS, SIR!"

OUR LONDON LAZAR-HOUSE.

(After Dr. Cantlie.)



THE COMING LONDONER.

From a Sketch by Mr. JAMES CANTLIE, M.B., F.R.G.S., who thinks we are unable to go straight in London!

family be said to be in want of a little "sun and air"?
6. How fortunate Mrs. X. is in only having five out of her six children afflicted with epilepsy, incurable lunacy, and spinal paralysis owing to their living in their Town Mansion in Park Lane!

1. ELIZA, have you turned on the "Bottled Bournemouth" or the "Fine Old Crusted Madeira" air this morning?

2. The trail of the Gas Companies seems still to be painfully present in the atmosphere which comes to us through our old family gas-pipes.

3. How many people did you say were suffocated yesterday on attempting to turn on their "Margate Mixture" atmosphere, owing to a residuum of gas being left in the meter?

4. This plan of being able to take one's sea-side holiday by simply going into a room in one's London house, has certainly the advantage of economy.

5. If, as Dr. CANTLIE says, no fresh ozone has come to the Strand for one hundred and twenty years past, can a local tradesman without a

7. This plan of turning Hyde Park into a large cemetery for the victims of our "lop-sided" pavements, is really one of the greatest hygienic triumphs of the age.

8. Having made my Will (in favour of my robust cousin who lives at Drearitown-in-the-Swamp), taken an insurance-ticket on my life, put on my "patent charcoal and felt respirator and lung-protector," and tied the kitchen-poker securely to my spinal column (to prevent its being twisted by the pavements), I think I may now run the risk of going down to Bond Street to see my tailor.

9. The noise we heard last night in the kitchen arose, I find, from the "bacteria" out of the wood-pavement having got into our house, and engaging in a conflict with the black-beetles.

10. The "oldest inhabitant" of Fetter Lane, who is actually still alive at the age of thirty-six, and only subject to intermittent attacks of catalepsy and quartan ague, is to be given a congratulatory banquet, and made a prominent feature of the next South Kensington and St. Thomas's Hospital Exhibition of Metropolitan Marvels.

A FIRST-RATE CHANCE.

At Lambeth, a few days since, a handicraftsman was convicted, on the evidence of an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of having committed that offence by stabbing a donkey with a bradawl. Whilst driving a donkey and barrow, he was seen to thrust a bradawl into the donkey's back. Mr. CHANCE sentenced the man to six weeks' imprisonment without the option of a fine. The donkey is said to have been seriously injured, and doubtless felt the bradawl stuck into him a very great bore. Sentence of imprisonment and hard labour served the handicraftsman right. But if thus it shall be done to a driver for prodding a donkey, how much more to a roffian for the greater cruelty of a brutal assault, to the infliction of injury and pain, upon man, woman, or child? His punishment will be a certainty, when it is a matter for CHANCE to decide.

"PLATFORMS AND PLANKS."—We hear so much about the Liberal Platform and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S "plank," that when re-elected he must come in as Consul PLANCUS.

"SOLD!"



Middleman Meat Salesman (to New-fashioned Farmer). "HALLO! SELLING IT DIRECT TO THE BUTCHER, OR HIS CUSTOMER THE PUBLIC! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME!"

"BUTCHER, butcher, kill the ox, run away with the money-box!" says the old nursery jingle, surely with prophetic insight. But times are changing. The Killer of the Ox, it seems, is not in future to run away with the money-box—in other words, with the biggest slice of the profits. The Stock-farmer is putting in his claim to a somewhat larger share than markets and moneyed Middlemen have hitherto allowed him. As the *Echo* puts it, "he kills his own beasts, puts on his own butchers to cut them up, and sells direct to the public." Shocking! What is to become of our old friend the Middleman, if this new-fangled notion of "direct supply" is—as appears likely—to be widely disseminated? Direct Supply, indeed! Why, what

does that mean but that the Producer is to get a fair profit, the Consumer a cheap article, and the Middleman—Agent, Salesman, Factor, or what not—that truly "happy medium" who comes between them and "taps" the purse of both without any particular reason, is to get—nothing? Mercury, who lay in wait for the Sun-god's oxen and killed them to his own advantage, should surely be the tutelary divinity of the Middleman:—

"And this among the gods shall be your gift,
To be considered as the lord of those
Who swindle, house-break, sheep-steal, and shop-lift,"

said the irate Apollo. He might have added, of those who build up



STRICTLY IMPARTIAL.

Policeman (to Giovanni and Giuseppe, who had fallen out, and were slanging each other in more or less pure Tuscan). "NOW THEN, YOU TWO, MAKE USE O' BETTER LANGUAGE, OR I'LL RUN YER BOTH IN!"

monopolies, and make "rings." The superfluous intermediary, who, stepping in between producer and consumer, manages to get heavy pickings out of both for doing nothing in particular, would have commended himself to the "heifer-stealing schemer" who, in his very cradle, got the better of sun-bright Apollo himself. But he seems to have had his day. Trade appears at last to be awaking to active and co-operative antagonism against him. "One day," says the *Echo*, "it is the colliery owner who builds his fleet, carries his own coal to the great towns, and retails in his own name." Then it is "the Kentish wheat-grower who is tired of lining the pockets of the corn-factor, is having his own wheat ground, and selling it from sevenpence to ninepence a gallon." And now the Stock-grower strikes his swashing blow against his long-time tyrant. *Punch* hears boding whispers, too, of other co-operative schemes for his discomfiture. Presently, taking one consideration with another, his life will hardly be so happy or profitable a one as heretofore. And those who know nothing about his insinuating artfulness, his autocratic bumptiousness, his unscrupulous greed, will perhaps "pity the poor Middleman" very much indeed. But they only!

For, when between the field of the grower and the dish of the dining consumer, there are fewer Jack-Horner-like fingers in the pie of trade profits, when fewer filched "plums" have to pass into the pockets of scheming intermediaries, then perhaps it may be found that the problem of securing a living profit to the farmer and a cheap joint to the workman is not an insoluble one, after all. And then the Salesman will find himself Sold!

"A KISS AND SOMETHING MORE!"—Last week, at Salford, an impulsive furniture-dealer had to pay thirty pounds, and be bound over in a hundred more to be of good behaviour for twelve months, for kissing a young lady in a railway carriage. The furniture-dealer ought to have acquired a little more French polish by this time. The ancient maxim for men is "Don't kiss and tell," but when such extraordinary travellers are about, the lady's rule must be "If kissed, tell immediately." However, thirty pounds wasn't bad.

CANOE-BLISS.—Being paddled by your wife in a double canoe.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

(Latest from St. Albans.)

THE recent correspondence on the subject of the Sunday Visiting of St. Albans has led to the following arrangements being made by the local Authorities, which, it is hoped, will meet all the requirements of the case.

Intending Visitors to the Abbey will not be admitted within its precincts before cock-crow on Sunday morning, unless specially provided with a card authorising their entrance from the Dean.

The same regulation will apply to those desirous of visiting the sacred building either in the middle of the services or after night-fall.

No permission, however, will be deemed requisite in the case of those who have successfully dodged away from under the eye of the Verger in charge at any other period of the day; but those who have succeeded in doing so must understand that, in the event of his leaving the edifice for the purpose of taking his luncheon or tea, they will be locked in till his return.

In the event of this happening late in the afternoon, and it appearing likely that those who are thus detained may have to make a night of it within the Abbey walls, assistance may be sought by shouting out through the West window for "the Dean," who, if he happens to be within hearing, may possibly inquire into the matter, and give it his attention; but, any attempt on the part of those detained to escape by climbing and letting themselves down by torn cushion-covers, will be strongly deprecated by the Authorities.

Visitors unwittingly locked in in the enclosure while admiring the exterior, will be at liberty to escape, if they can, by getting over the iron railings, and for this they will not require the written permission of the Dean.

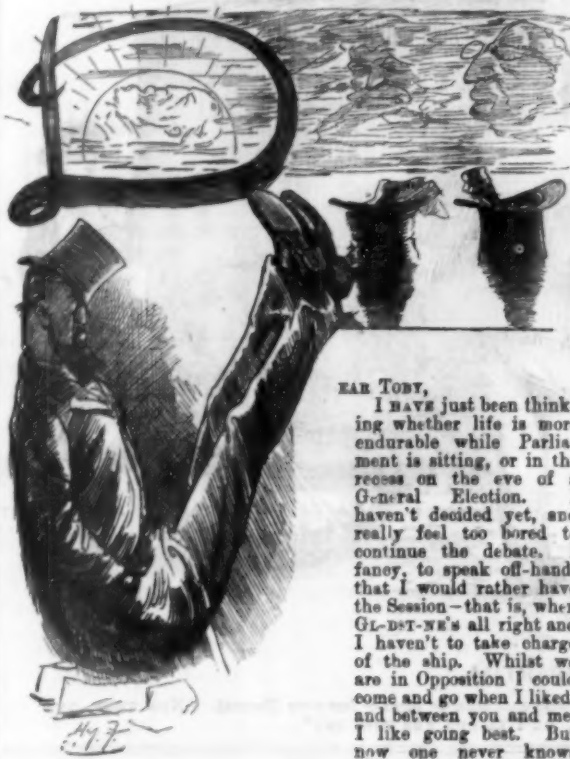
Tip to our Talkers.

AMIDST your verbal fog and mist,
One thing remember, if you please:
True Liberty does not consist
In taking liberties.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

VII.—FROM THE HEART OF H-RT-NOT-X.

Devonshire House. Monday.



EAR TOBY,

I HAVE just been thinking whether life is more endurable while Parliament is sitting, or in the recess on the eve of a General Election. I haven't decided yet, and really feel too bored to continue the debate. I fancy, to speak off-hand, that I would rather have the Session—that is, when GL-NOT-X is all right and I haven't to take charge of the ship. Whilst we are in Opposition I could come and go when I liked, and between you and me, I like going best. But now one never knows where he is, gallivanting

about the country, making speeches in hot and crowded rooms to excited electors. Then the next morning there's those newspapers at you; something you've done that you ought to have left undone, or something omitted that spoils the whole effect of an otherwise fairly good speech.

Did you see how they went for me the other day because, speaking on a Friday night, I did not reply to a speech made by the Markiss on the night before? It's all very well for fellows like CH-MB-AL-X to do things of the kind. But I'm not going to be hurried. Besides, before the Markiss spoke I had my speech all ready, and if they thought I was going to chuck it away and make another at an hour's notice they made a mistake.

I trust, dear Toby, you will take warning by my dreadful example, and keep out of politics. Since the day, now twenty-six years gone, when I moved a Vote of No Confidence in Lord D-NOT-X's Government, I have scarcely had a happy hour. There have been brief gleams of joy when we have gone into Opposition. But they have been speedily quenched by fresh responsibilities and duties. I don't know what I am doing in the gallery at all. I have been impressed, chained to the oar, and there I slave. But how sore at heart it is only in moments of confidence like this that I disclose. I would get out of it, but there would be the bore of explanations, struggling with entreaties and all that sort of thing. So I drift on, stolidly doing what work is appointed for me, quitting the shop as early as possible, and staying away as long as they'll let me.

I suppose a crisis will arise some day, and there will be presented the spectacle of what I hope GL-NOT-X will allude to as "H-RT-NOT-X rightly struggling to be free." I have gone a long way with CH-MB-AL-X, but there seems no end of his journey, and we must inevitably come to the parting of the ways. What shall I do then? G-CH-X and I could work very well together, and F-NOT-X would be glad enough to get into any respectable company that would look like fighting CH-MB-AL-X. But F-NOT-X is out of the hunt now. He played his cards so badly after leaving us as to destroy any chance of reinstatement with the Liberal Party, either in the House or the country. G-CH-X and I, standing shoulder to shoulder on a back seat, would play havoc with the strongest Radical Government that could be formed. But what's the good? That means more

work, even harder and more engrossing work. Better stop where I am than undertake a business of that kind.

I was rather struck with that notion of the Markiss's to cut the whole business and go out and earn his own living. If they really went, and the Markiss was to say "Come over and help us," I would be much more inclined to accept the invitation than the one from R-NOT-X. I have rather a hankering for the ranch business. I think it would suit me, and besides, we could not have Grand CH-MB with us. There would plainly be no place for a beadle on a ranch. I own the prospect of spending a succession of long evenings with Grand CH-MB rather warns me off.

In truth, Toby, all things are vanity. But most of all this going to and fro and making of long speeches. It's the very d-v-l. I sometimes sit under my tilted hat in the House of Commons, and meditate with wonder upon GL-NOT-X. How can he take such keen interest in all kinds of divers matters as they present themselves to him? He worries me with his restless activity, and tires me with his tireless energy. I want to get away from it all and do as I like, come and go when I like, say what I like, and be silent when I please. I fancy (though it is a worry to fancy) that I will make a passably good Duke. Very little is expected from a duke, and once emancipated very little they'll get from me.

This is a serious letter, but life is a serious thing, especially to
Yours faithfully,
H-RT-NOT-X.

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

P.S.—Did you ever hear of an American politician they call "Sunset Cox"? He got this name because he once said, in reference to his position in the political world, "I am becoming rather a memory than a hope." I suppose by-and-by those confoundedly frank newspapers will be writing of me as Sunset H-RT-NOT-X!

"WHY AM I A LIBERAL?"

1. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because I am (Dr. JOHNSON) "not mean; nor low in birth," or, if so, still my conduct and manners are "becoming a gentleman." Because I am "munificent, generous, bountiful"—always entirely at my own expense.

2. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because I am (later dictionary definition) "one who advocates greater freedom, especially in politics." I am opposed to intimidation, dictation, and every kind of restriction upon personal liberty, whether autocratic or democratic.

3. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because I intend, politically and socially, to do as I would be done by. Because I am not a pseudo-Liberal. I do not envy those who are better off, or better educated than myself. I do not hate them. I advocate reform and retrenchment from a sincere sense of justice, and not from a covert desire to reduce the circumstances, and diminish the incomes of people in a social position superior to my own. Because, although anxious for peace and economy, I uphold the maintenance of our national defences on an amply Liberal scale. Because I really wish to ameliorate the condition of the poorer classes, from a feeling of true benevolence, and don't offer to support their demands, reasonable or unreasonable, merely in order to catch their votes, and induce them to gratify my propensities of self-esteem, and love of approbation, by returning me to Parliament, and enabling me to obtain place and power.

4. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because my Mother-in-law's a Conservative. So's my Wife.

5. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because I like the dinners at the Reform Club; and if you ask me why I'm a Re-former, I answer because I never yet saw anything good but what it could be better.

6. "Why am I a Liberal?" Because I choose. So shut up, and get out!

GOING FOR GOSCHEN.

SIR CHARLES DILKE objects to Mr. GOSCHEN that "his critical faculty is too strongly developed." Perhaps so. But then, Sir CHARLES, there are other Members of the Liberal Party whose critical faculty does not seem to be developed at all. For indiscriminate condemnation of one's opponents is not criticism, any more than indiscriminate self-eulogy is. So Mr. GOSCHEN's single superfluous may be an advantageous set-off against their multitudinous deficiency. You can hardly say of him that "he is nothing if not critical." He is that and a good deal more. Yet you and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN seem much disposed to try and Boycott him. Very foolish, very unfair, and, after all the loud talk of Liberal unity, comprehensiveness, and tolerance, very inconsistent. Criticism has been called the Gay Science. London dullness naturally loves it not. But what a dolorous deadlock of mindless monotony, of fatuous uniformity, of goose-flock gregariousness, will Liberalism dribble down to, if, leaving in all the gu-hers and formula-grinders, you rub out of its ranks every critical eye and every coolly-discriminating judgment! Nonsense, Sir CHARLES!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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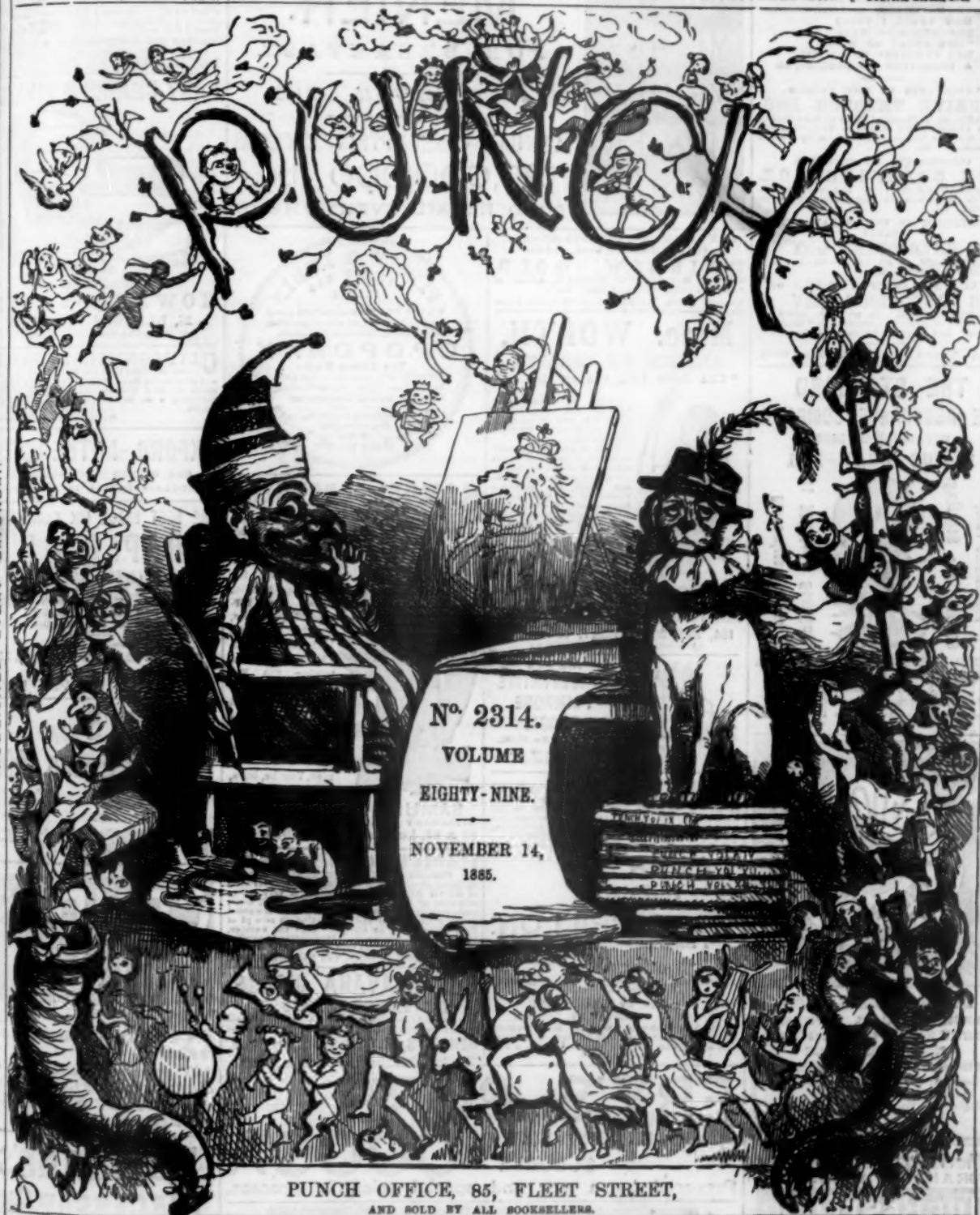
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length of time and has a most fragrant bouquet.
A single bottle lasts longer than other articles of
similar price, and it is perfectly free from all
poisonous compounds. Avoid cheap imitations.

'ARRY ON SONG AND SENTIMENT.

DEAR CHARLIE,

YOUR birthday, old handbox, I've got it marked down "orl kerrect," And some sort of a little momento is wot a old pal might expect. Well, I know you're a mark upon Sing-song, and nuts on the comical lay, So I send you a rorty collection of Popular Songs of the Day.

Reglar rousers, my pippin, I tell yer, the pick of the 'Alls took all round, And the lot, sentimental or comic, 'll suit yer right down to the ground. I fancy I 'ear your fine baritone piping out "Mother's Old Mug," Or "Doin' the Toff for a Tanner," or "Arry, dear, put on the 'Ug!"

Some old bleke, I forget who exsactly, although he gits quoted a lot, And the D. T. jest trots him out reglar whenever it puts on the pot, Remarks, "Let the Bigwigs make Laws for the People so I makes their Songs!" And the hods on that chap being right are St. Paul's to a pair of old tongs.

He knowed English hearts, did that joker; he jest took my weight to a hounce. Legislators, my pippin, ain't in it along o' my pal, "The Big Bounce." He's top-row, if yer like, and no turnups, smart brougham, sealskin coat, all O. K.;

Yet he tips me the haffable flipper as though I was fair on his lay.

Ah! to sit, mate, and listen to him, cigars round, and a bottle of fizz, While he rattles out "Mashed on a Muggins," is wot I call real good biz. Monday Pops are all kibosh and catgut, and even the Promenard palls; If yer want Song and Sentiment, CHARLIE, fust chop, you must go to the 'Alls.

That's Life and no bow-wow, my biffin! The mugs who write poetry rot All skim-milk and die-away doldrums, they simply ain't up to wot's wot. We want something spiley and sparklin'. Jest take wot a feller likes most, Pop it into smart verse with a chorus, and there you are, served upon toast.

Wot would you and me do, my dear CHARLIE, if we 'ad a thousand a year? That's larks, that's true poetry, ain't it? Not sawdust and snivel, no fear! To cut a fair dash, dress slap-uppish, 'ave fourpenny smokes and good drink, With a touch of the azure for fun, and for yum-yum a patch of the pink!

That's Life, mate, I say once agin, and put into a Song that's our mark, And the bokes who try other barneys are bossing about in the dark. The "Big Bounce" hits the "bull" every time, mate, 'cos why? he 'as bin in the swim, And it's jolly few games on the board as don't open like hysters to 'im.

Don't he touch up our patriot feelings with "Britons shall bang 'em all round!"? That's wot we can all understand, mate, and my 'ow the 'obnails do sound! Let the Tory lot give us a Leader as takes the "Big Bounce" for his model. And Brummagem Jos and his gang may jest pick up their trotters and toddle.

As to Sentiment, CHARLIE, you know as I ain't of the snivelling sort, But "Mother's Last Spank" is a feteher, while "Angels have called for Jim Short."

Or "Don't put Father's Watch up the Spout" are both very fair biz in their way, And a thousand times better than "Kathleen Mavourneen" or "Auld Robin Gray."

"Spoons"—sweetheart or nursery, CHARLIE, go down with the women, old chap; For wot they call "pathos," my pippin, is mostly a speeches of pap Spry of the kids or the petticoats. Latter, of course, is my lay, But I do like the rosy put rorty, and love-making done on the gay.

There, my pal, the "Big Bounce," is a hot 'un. What can be more lummy, dear boy,

Than "Dasher the Masher," page ten? turn it up, it's a song to enjoy. You should hear the B. B. roll it out, you should see his light kids and his wink! If there is any party I envy, it's him, CHARLIE. Wot do you think?

Well, well, we can't all be Big Bounces—was luck! but I'm sure you'll agree That the Music 'All Song paints a picter of wot we should all like to be; And that's where it nails us, dear CHARLIE, and that's what I meant when I said

That that Josses, whose name I've forgotten, 'ad 'it the right nail on the 'ed.

These Songs make the People, my pippin. We build ourselves up on their plan,—

We snide 'uns, I mean, and the others ain't really wuth reckonin', old man. Wy, if we came into a fortune, in Dress or in Drink, Love or Larks, Wot could we do better than take the B. B. as our primest of marks?

O, it makes a chap's mouth water, CHARLIE; I'm blowed if it don't. Just you think

Of being a "Dasher the Masher," of 'aving his togs and his chink!

The gals at your feet, fon and frolic and faze jest as much as you 'll carry!

That's Life, and that's Music 'All Song, mate, and that's the True Ticket for 'ARRY.

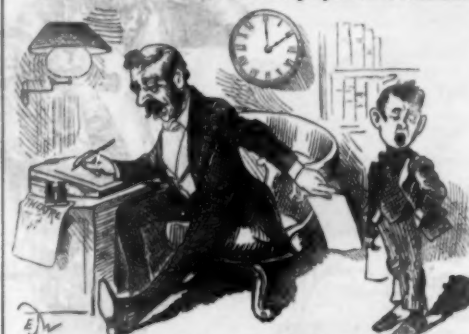
ARMY SUFFRAGE.—Are Soldiers, as such, entitled to vote for Members of Parliament? They ought to be, so many of them as there are at Aldershot and elsewhere under canvass.

FORGED CRITICISMS.

(A Letter, genuine, to our Mr. Nibbs.)

DEAR NIBBS,

I DON'T very much care if you are hard or soft, or even medium. At any rate, you are a "Magnum Bonum," my boy. But when next you go to Ballaculish, and want to read about a new play in that outlandish



"Waiting for the Verdict."

region, don't put more faith in Newspaper Advertisements than in Dramatic Critics. You are inclined to judge the latter by the former, and to condemn accordingly. Take a leaf out of the book of JAY-BUCHANAN, and distrust both. For, not to mince matters, the theatrical Advertisements are "cooked" in the interest of theatres. I will give you an example. The other evening, at the Club, I read as follows in the *Evening Standard* :—

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH says :—"A play that is vigorous, spirited, and never dull. It is full of clear ideas. All are good. There is plenty of excitement, and material for a dozen dramas. Mrs. CONOVER has an Olympic success."

"Great Scott!" said I to myself, "can this be true? Holy St. Clement, what does the fellow mean? He is 'Lost in London,' not 'Alone in London,' surely." So I went to the original text, and what do you think I found? An absolute mis-statement in every line. "It is full of clear ideas" was originally printed in the D. T. as follows: "It is full of clever ideas; but, as a rule, they are wasted." "All are good" refers to a few trivial incidents that are quoted as good as compared to several more pronounced to be bad! As to the Mrs. CONOVER paragraph, it is pure bunkum. What the "Autocrat" said was, "Meanwhile, Mrs. CONOVER has a chance of an Olympic success yet, if a few judicious alterations are speedily made." Which is surely a very different thing!

I wonder if Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN is Mrs. CONOVER's Advertisement Editor as well as her Olympic Author; or can it be his literary partner, Miss HARRIETT JAY, who so ingeniously quotes a pithy sentence without its qualifying sting? Dramatic Critics may be all you say about them—they may be far too prone to flourish "the pen of a ready writer" on first nights; they may, as BUCHANAN elegantly expressed it when he was rash enough to attack one of them in 1883, "combine the individualities of Mr. Puff and Mr. Sneer, sending round the hat with one hand, and brandishing the bludgeon with the other, alternating between the epilepsy of savage abuse and the hysteria of sycophantic praise," &c., &c.; but they don't all talk such nonsense as Mrs. CONOVER or Mr. STORM BEATEN BUCHANAN or Miss WAIP JAY represent them to talk, and their utterances are deliberately misrepresented in the advertising columns. Now that AUGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS has done away with picture posters, for goodness sake let us have truthful advertisements. Eh, NIBBS, my boy, what do you say?

Yours,
A PIT BENCH.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, a word in your ear! Do you remember abusing the Pit and the Critics for not liking your "Sailor and his Lass" at Drury Lane? Do you remember writing a letter so violent that your partner, the Emperor AUGUSTUS, publicly apologised for it? Don't do it again, my canny Scotchman. The Pit and the Critics never forget!

THE REAL CORN-TAX.—A tight boot.



HIGHLAND STUDIES.

"A MONARCH OF THE GLEN."

Transatlantic Millionaire (surveying one of his deer-forests). "HA! LOOK THERE! I SEE THREE EXCURSIONISTS! SEND 'EM TO H—!"

Gigantic Gillie (and Chucker-out). "IF YOU PLEASE, MR. DOLLERS, THEY'RE EXCURSIONISTS!"

T. M. "I DON'T CARE WHO THEY ARE! SEND 'EM TO H—!"

G. G. "YES, MR. DOLLERS."

[Proceeds to carry out order.]

BABES ON THE WOOD.

Mr. PUNCH, SIR,

As the Model of Mankind, I appeal to you. Quite recently that worthy Doctor of Divinity, Bishop ALFORD, wrote to the *Times*, complaining that, as a traveller by the Underground Railway, he had a grievance against the District Railway Company, for permitting to be exhibited at the South Kensington Station, a placard containing "a most objectionable figure." The indignant ecclesiastic having piqued the curiosity, and no doubt excited the anger of the civilised world, cruelly added that "he would not attempt to describe it," further than to say that "it was descriptive of what is to be witnessed at a certain place of entertainment." As I found, after completing the reading of the Bishop's epistle, that this "shameless advertisement" was a "constant incentive to immorality," and that his Lordship "never remembered seeing anything more gross and suggestive paraded before the public eye," I considered it my duty to go to South Kensington Station myself, and inquire into the matter, on behalf of "young persons" in general, and "British Matrons" in particular.

Arriving at the platform reserved for those who desire to avail themselves of the subway leading to the "Inventories," I looked around me. The walls were covered with "posters," but I confess on the first blush (I blushed out of compliment to the Bishop) I could see nothing that was an "incentive to immorality." I make a note of the pictures I saw before me, and have seen on other hoardings belonging to the advertising contractors.

Lobster-Salad in the Desert.—An Officer under the influence of electricity (his revolver is flying away from him, as if impelled by some power known only to the most scientific) standing in cut-up

WAITING TO FOLLOW.

THE success that has attended the engagement of Archdeacon FARRAR, who is at present occupied in discharging the responsibilities of a "Starring Tour" in the United States and Canada, at a fixed sum per night, has naturally produced a flood of offers from beyond the Atlantic, to leading lights at home.

The Archbishops of YORK and CANTERBURY, to give a series of political platform duets, with comic interlude and patter-talk accompaniment.

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, to appear in a one-hour's popular entertainment, enlivened by bayonet exercise, in which he will undertake to introduce his famous after-dinner speech "Returning thanks for the Army."

Prince HENRY of BATTENBERG, to furnish his "first experiences in a kilt," with dissolving views of Balmoral, and the adjacent scenery, supplemented by a Highland fling and Sword dance, and finish with a popular rendering of "Charlie is my Darling," in high German.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, to give his "Humorous skits on the Cathedrals of Great Britain," accompanied by a moving panorama, portraying Mr. BRADLAUGH preaching at St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey opened as a Sunday Music Hall.

Mr. E. N. BUXTON, to deliver his Lecture, "Splendours of the old School Board," illustrated by portraits of ousted Members and Statistics of Educational Luxury, in the course of which a Professor of Persian Calligraphy will exemplify in action what he intended to teach the pupils of the Board for £1 600 a year.

The Duke of EDINBURGH, to give a Solo on his own fiddle, specially arranged for him by the forty-one Professors of the Royal College of Music, in whose interest he will also, by desire, render the accompaniment of the two stirring ballads, "When the Hat Goes Round," and "What has become of the Money, Groves?"

Sir H. D. WOLFF, to supply his humorous Entertainment "Up and down a Back-Staircase at Constantinople," into which he will introduce the Egyptian Chromatope and his famous buffo song, "Said I to the Khedive, said I."

TRYING IT ON.

CARDINAL MANNING has written a pamphlet, entitled, *How shall Catholics vote?* How? The usual way, we suppose, just as their fellow-citizens do, obedient to the dictates of their own Supreme Pontiff Conscience, and no other, be he who he may. This must be a Cardinal point in their political action.

"EVERY dog has his day,"—but not the mad ones, if Dr. PASTEUR can prevent it.

green stuff, and regarding a figure from the collection of Madame TISSAUD'S. In the distance, section of the most meaty part of a lobster. This was very appropriately entitled "Poor Humanity," but I could see nothing objectionable from the point of view of a moralist, although perhaps Professor RUSKIN might have taken exception to it artistically for its "want of truth."

The Economical Sofa.—A Lady in the costume of a Boulogne baigneuse, of a more than usually modest character, reclining with apparent comfort on a bell-rope. For a moment I thought that perhaps this figure might have proved the one singled out by a Bishop as "an incentive to immorality," but really, on consideration, came to the conclusion that it was no "more coarse or suggestive" than (say) the Venus of Milo.

The Idiot Brothers.—Two foreigners, in an ecstasy of terror, regarding a small cardboard box. This I understood, from the legend, represented a scene out of the *Great Pink Pearl*. Nothing wrong, so far as I could see.

And with this entry my list was exhausted. True, there was a fancy (a very fancy) portraiture of the Albert Palace at Battersea, but this was a landscape, and not an "objectionable figure." Again—on another hoarding—I have seen a comic man-ook (seemingly out of an East-end Pantomime) whacking a gong, and a supercilious and fashionably-attired mother wheeling a perambulator, but neither of these were advertised to be witnessed "at a certain place of entertainment." Once more, there was certainly a placard advertising "Excelsior," in which a lady, dressed chiefly in electric light and bangles, was literally jumping upon a gentleman who seemingly had returned in a bad temper from a costume ball, where he had appeared, with the assistance of a costumer, strong in daggers, as *Mephistopheles*—but here there were two figures, and not one.



MADAME INVENTORIES. HER LAST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.

"FAREWELL, AND IF FOR EVER, THEN FOR EVER FARE THEE WELL!"—and "Hooray!" say the Theatrical and Music-hall Managers.

At last I came upon a half-length portrait of a weak-looking individual who had elected to be "taken" with a pocket-handkerchief or a dinner-napkin before his eyes, but even in this quaint composition I could find nothing coarse nor objectionable. Disheartened, I gave up my search, and for the life of me cannot even now imagine what caused the worthy Bishop to protest so angrily.

However, my quest being fruitless, I am still able to sign myself

Yours purely,

INNOCENCE.

The Infants' Infirmary, Baby-Combe.

"The Peasant to his Pig."

GRUNT! thee bist always gruntun; I myself, at times, grunts, too: Grumble and grunt for what we wants 'tis the natur' on us to. I s'pose thee grunts for barley-meal, or wash thee hasn't got, The same as me when I feels discontented wi' my lot. But now, as I be told, since I ha' got a vote to gie, Henceforward I shan't ha' no cause no moor to grunt like thee. Now I can vote; thee ca'st'n't: thee bist in the scale too low. And so was I thought not much moor nor about a year ago.

NICK" OR NOTHING.

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

MAYFAIR is an adaptation, from SARDOU's *Maison Neuve*, by Mr. PINERO, who has long since got over his Hay-fever, and has brought



Some in the Life of a Wicked Nobleman. An Aristocratic Party going along on the Drag.

lights PINERO have had a Hare-breadth escape.

The piece must have been chosen, one would suppose, for the sake of the powerful situation in the Fourth Act, which is entirely spoilt in the English version. I know how difficult it is to judge of a piece on hearing it read, yet so careful and experienced a Management as that of the St. James's must surely have had some misgivings as to its ultimate success, even when, after due study, they chose it, and these misgivings must have been serious when they Bowdlerised it; they must have grown into strong doubts when they heard the adaptation; and, after they had carefully rehearsed it, what could have decided them to risk its production? Was it the chance for Mr. HARE, whose acting goes far towards redeeming the piece? or was it that they foresaw a triumph for Mr. CARTWRIGHT as the Aristocratic Lover? When the time comes for the Managers and Manageress of the St. James's to write their reminiscences, we shall learn the Secret History of a Failure, but not till then; and till then playgoers will be content to wait.

I cannot see that Mr. PINERO is much to blame, as I imagine he was commissioned to write this piece in this particular, very particular, way; and anyone, who may be interested in the matter, has but to purchase the original play, for which he will go to HACKNEY, in order to see how the adapter has gone to "haah it" himself.



From "My Lady's Chamber." "Take him by the right leg, take him by the left leg," &c.

and herein their playwright will probably agree with them. It is a matter of business, and I think, personally, I should be of his opinion. But in this per-version,—to borrow Mr. W. S. GILBERT's description of his own flirtation with TENNYSON's *Princess*,—there is not a trace of the skill with which the original French play was built up, although, even there, the finish of the First Act was weak. As to the writing, the

part of the Wicked Nobleman shows many a touch of Mr. PINERO's ally humour, and in the hands of Mr. CARTWRIGHT, who represents the gay Lothario of our Hereditary Legislating caste, not a point of the fun is lost, and his great scene where he opens the window, suffers a from a strong draught, and then goes just so-fa and no farther, because he tumbles down behind that piece of furniture, is replete with the spirit of true Comedy, and, on Thursday night last, his performance, had the play ended here, was calculated to have sent the audience away in the very merriest humour. The part of Agnes, or Ag'nies, played by Mrs. KENDAL, who wastes her strength on a thankless task, is consistently unintelligible from first to last. By the way, I wouldn't give much for the stock-broking business of the wealthy old Barrable, when he makes a difficulty of finding eight



Onward course of Wicked Nobleman, but as this takes place during the *entr'acte*, the Audience "don't see the pull of it."

thousand pounds, and has to send to his Solicitor to get him four thousand more. Apparently, one hundred and ninety-two pounds overdraws *Geoffery's* account, and when the absconding Clerk does go off, it is only with fifteen hundred pounds-worth of Egyptian Unified, which, however, is enough to utterly ruin the unhappy *Geoffery*. I don't understand it: but then I am not a business man. Only if this is a true picture, it makes me nervous, and I shall have an interview with my Broker,—Stock-Broker, I mean,—as soon as possible. I do, however, quite understand M. SARDOU's *Maison Neuve*, where the plot is worked out in a natural and sensible manner.

There can be but one opinion as to the excellence of Mr. HARE's *Nicholas Barrable*, or "Uncle Nick," as they call him. But most of the other parts are quite un-barrable. Whatever kudos is to be got out of the piece is simply—*Nick's*. Mr. BROOKFIELD's make-up is overdone; if he be intended for a sporting



Colley Cibber Brookfield as the Sporting Pantaloon.

Pantaloon, I have no more to say; but if not, then I haven't the slightest idea what sort of creature he is meant to impersonate. The original of this part, *Pontarmé*, is a genuine type of the rousé who has "lived," and who is old before forty.

The Critics seem to have been pretty well right this time in their first-night's verdict; but then it was not exactly a new piece, and they knew what they ought to have seen beforehand. What they did see must have been quite a little surprise for most of them, as I



End of Piece. Final Tableau. "Saved! saved! Three cheers for the Long Lost Hare!"

admit it was, when seen, four nights afterwards, by Yours truly,

COCOA NIBBS.

SORROWS OF A METROPOLITAN CANDIDATE.

WITH AN amount of ignorance upon such matters of which I really ought to be heartily ashamed, I naturally concluded that the terrible fiasco of my first public meeting was fatal to any hopes I might have



Khan-did-eight.

previously entertained of devoting myself to the service of my country in the Commons House of Parliament; but, to my great astonishment, my Agent came up to me smiling, and saying that upon the whole we had done very well, as the Hall was packed with all the tag-rag and bob-tail of the neighbourhood, as he curiously designated them, and that he had just heard news which, if true—as he would ascertain before seeing me again—would so largely improve my chance of success as to make it almost a certainty. Somewhat reassured by his cheerful tone and manner, I sought my quiet home, and slept the sleep of the hopeful. One thing I had quite resolved upon. No more public meetings for me—no, not if my election depended upon it. That grinning crowd, with their shouts of laughter and derision at every little blunder that I made, that awful-looking Clock with its almost immovable hands, and the fierce questioning to which I was subjected, were all so impressed upon my rather nervous temperament that I felt a repetition of it would be too terrible to endure.

My Agent kindly gave me two or three days to recover myself, and then brought me the very satisfactory information to which he had previously alluded. It appears that before even the most patriotic of mankind is allowed to aspire to assist in the government of his country as an M.P., he must deposit with the Returning Officer of the district he desires to represent the sum of two hundred pounds towards the necessary expenses of the election. I had not myself heard of this little matter previously, it having probably escaped the recollection of my friend and Agent. It appeared then that, fortunately for me, my opponent, although a Patriot of the deepest dye, and of most liberal principles as regards the more equal distribution of other people's property, possessed, literally, none of his own. When, therefore, the demand for two hundred pounds was made upon him, he, to use his own impassioned language, threw himself on his country, or, in other words, consented to the opening of a public subscription in the local paper, which, after being announced for a fortnight, had produced the totally inadequate sum of £16 18s. 4½d., together with nine postage-stamps from warm but impecunious admirers.

The result of a long discussion between us was, that I should at once seize upon every available opportunity of enabling my possible constituents to contrast my supposed abundant wealth with my opponent's palpable want of it. So, placing a cheque for a very considerable amount in his hands, I left its expenditure to his sole discretion. During the following week I had the gratification of seeing my humble name announced as subscribing very handsomely to all sorts and conditions of public subscriptions, with the most unexpected result that while every Treasurer in my District called on me to solicit a handsome donation, I found myself denounced in the opposition Local Press as trying to buy with money what I could not obtain by merit, and the Independent Electors were asked if they were going to bow down before the Golden Calf! and allow themselves to be sold like Cattle! I never was so shocked in all my life. I was actually afraid to walk through the streets by day for fear of being recognised and mobbed. I sent to my Agent to cease from further operations of the same kind, but he replied that he had gone so far that it would be useless to discontinue now, more especially as he had heard my liberality spoken of very highly in several influential quarters.

Sitting in what I call my Study, perplexed and bewildered, and heartily regretting that I had allowed my ambition to overpower my discretion, who should rush in but the companion of my youth and the friend of my manhood, with whom I was formerly in the habit of taking sweet counsel, who, dashing his hat down on the table, shouted out at the top of his voice, "Well, if you haven't been and gone and done it now, it's a pity!" Astonished and alarmed at his unusual energy, I begged him to explain himself, which he did by proving to my entire satisfaction, if I can use such a word to denote horrible conviction—that my so-called liberality was in the eye of the Law, "giving something valuable to influence the voting at an Election," which under the 3rd Part of the 3rd Schedule of the 3rd Section of the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act, was punishable by a fine of £200, or Imprisonment for One Year! at, he supposed, the option of the Judge!

HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.—A Cutting Reply from Mr. Gladstone.
—"Sir, I am responsible for my own Axe."

"THE DUCAL CREATURE."

THE next time the Duke plays at Brighton Pavilion, he will play "*Duice Domum*." This will henceforth be known as "the air of Brighton." But the Duke of EDINBURGH ought not to play only on the violin. He should be a proficient on the national instrument of the land that gives him his title, and come out powerfully on the bag-pipes. As his Royal Highness—who, if he be always as nervous as he was the other day, will have to be known as His Royal Shyness—only plays for Charities, there will be no necessity to "pay the piper." But whenever or wherever His Royal Highness the Duke pipes, he will never have to complain that there were not plenty of people to dance attendance. For ourselves, rapturously fond as we are of violins, bagpipes, and Dukes, yet we should prefer the air, "*Within a Mile of Edinbro'*," and we would alter "a mile" to "five miles," at which convenient distance we would be content to remain during the Ducal performance, in order to make room for those to whom proximity to the player may be even a greater delight than it would be to us.



Hang up de fiddle and de be-o-o!
Hang up de fiddle and de bow!
He must take to de pipes must de Duke
of Ed—
Must de Duke of ED-IN-BRO'-O-O!
Must de Duke of EDINBRO'.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS.

THERE is, after all, a kind of grim humour among the Land-Leaguers, though in the House of Commons they are a dull lot. In the course of his peregrinations, planting out Candidates as if they were cabbages, Mr. PARNELL arrived at Cork the other day, and nominated two obscurities, who were accepted without controversy. At the end of the proceedings it is reported that

"Mr. JOHN DILLON congratulated those present on the extraordinary success of the meeting. Its result was to refute the statement that the Irish people were unable to govern themselves, and for his own part he considered that such a gathering would have been impossible in England."

Mr. Punch heartily agrees with this view. He would go further, and say that such a gathering with such a purpose, would be impossible even in Russia, or among the Negro Electors of South America. That a high-spirited and intelligent race, like the Irish, should submit to this absolute abrogation of electoral rights is a marvel. It is also a wonder that Mr. PARNELL takes the trouble to go round the country carrying his nominees with him, and personally producing them as if they were marionettes. He might just as well issue a list setting forth the various constituencies, appointing members to each, and so have done with it.

"IN FOR A DIG."

MR. HERBERT GARDNER, writing to the *Standard* a reply to Mr. STROUT, his opponent, about "Farmyard Canvassing," said, "The Labourers are Liberal, the Masters, for the most part, Conservative." Now, probably, were the Masters truly Liberal there would be more chance of their Labourers being Conservative. A Gardner may be trusted to know something about labourers, and he evidently does. The name of STROUT is suggestive, too, of farmyards, though more of a Bantam making rather too cock-sure of victory before it is won, than a farm-labourer. A STROUT would be an authority on Sports and Pastimes, but not much as to present times. A Gardner must evidently have a professional advantage, in any war of words, as he can "call a spade a spade" straight out; but, at the same time, we should advise the GARDNER not to waste too much time in having a dig at his opponent, but to get well ahead—*detur dig-niori*—walk on sharp, and leave the rest to—STROUT.

EH!—Lord R. GROSVENOR says the Tory party have at last found a fetich in Disestablishment. Their object, Lord RICHARD, is perhaps less fetich than defeat-ish!



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS!

Mamma. "DON'T STAND IDLING THERE, TOMMY! WHY DON'T YOU READ FRENCH SOMETIMES! LOOK AT DEAR PAPA, HE HASN'T MUCH TIME FOR READING; BUT WHENEVER HE'S GOT A SPARE MOMENT OR TWO, HE TAKES A FRENCH BOOK OUT OF HIS POCKET AND READS IT—JUST TO KEEP UP HIS FRENCH, YOU KNOW!"

[Dear Papa is much tickled, but keeps his amusement to himself.]

"NOT FOR JOE!"

(An Old Song by a New Singer.)

I AM the Boy from Brummagem, I know a thing or two;
But if at anything I'm good, 'tis putting on the screw.
For JOSEPH is my Christian name, and whosoever I go
I give them all to understand they won't get over JOE.

Chorus—I'm wide awake, make no mistake,
As all the world shall know;
And if they try it on with me,
I tell them—Not for JOE!

I'm up behind the Liberal 'Bus, the driver's name is BILL,
A Whip of long experience, a Jehu of some skill.
But as regards the Passengers, that's my concern you know,
If doubtful fares will try it on, I tell them—Not for JOE!

Chorus—O dear no, not for JOE!
Not for JOSEPH, O dear no!

Hi! All the way! Step in! Step in! That is my usual cry,
But a curious-looking Customer I notice standing by,
I know him well, and as a Fare, I've found him not to pay.
For he's always grumbling at the pace, and won't go "All the way."

Chorus—I'm wide awake, &c.

No friend of mine, this ticklish fare, a fidget, full of fright,
When in his seat, at the first "spurt," he's anxious to alight.
He hails me now. "An inside place this time," says he, "you know."
Says I, "I'm truly grateful, but excuse me—Not for JOE!"

Chorus—O dear no, not for JOE! &c.

He does not pay at any price; he makes no end of fuss,
And only very recently almost upset the 'Bus.
He obivied WILL and me, yet, after rounding on us so,
He hails us for another ride. That will not do for JOE!

Chorus—O dear no, not for JOE! &c.

Go it, young RANDOLPH! Tout away! He doesn't like your line,
But on the whole I fancy it will suit him more than mine.

I like to put the pace on, and to pick my Fares. He's slow,
And a jolly sight too critical, so he'll never do for JOE!

Chorus—O dear no, not for JOE! &c.

I don't quite know what BILL will say. He's far too easy, BILL.
Wish I was Whip, I'd faster tool, and yet with equal skill.
But if he takes too mixed a lot, I'll cut the 'Bus, and go.
Other Conductors he may try; the place won't do for JOE!

Chorus—O dear no, not for JOE! &c.

Bang! Right behind! What's that BILL says? I hope I've not
done wrong.

Some say I'm ruining the 'Bus. That's coming it too strong;
At any rate, I'll chance it. "Cut along, BILL! Domino!"
If he will take such Fares, he must; but he'll have to part with JOE.

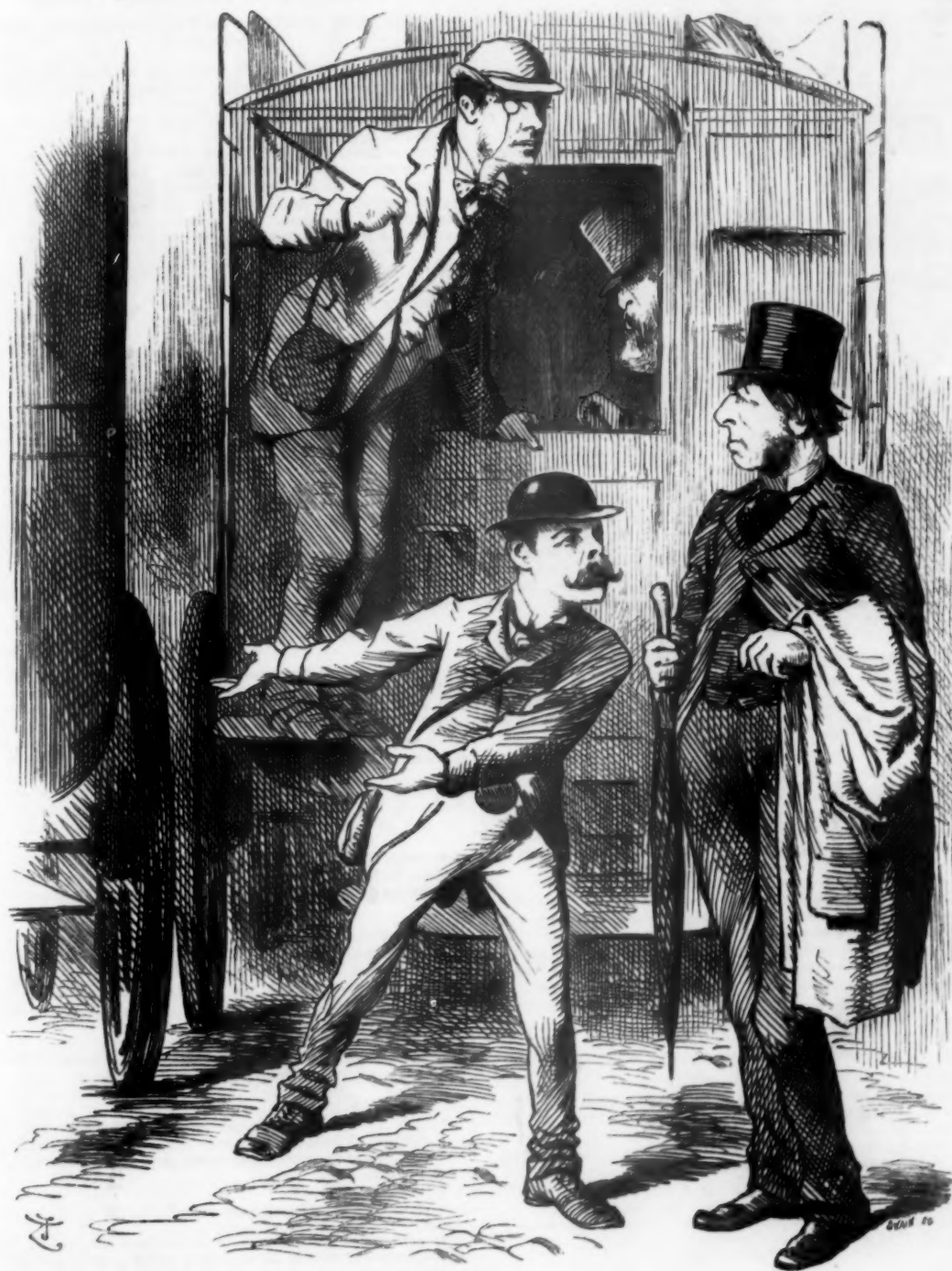
Chorus—I'm wide awake, make no mistake,

At least I fancy so.

Must the 'Bus crawl for G-SH-N's sake?
My answer's—"Not for JOE!"

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

IN the centre of that triangular space in the new "Place,"—where now the Metropolitan Board of Works is represented by a Black Board, which, at present, a board of words, and not of works, might be utilised from time to time for displaying diagrams, drawing problems in Euclid, for sketches of models (By J. CLOTHES-HOB-LEK, R. A.), and sums in arithmetic, in fact, put generally to such *ad fresco* all-freeschool uses that those who don't run may stop and learn something gratis.—*Mr. Punch*, as The Very First Commissioner of Public Works and Chief Edile for the Metropolis, suggests that the statue of General Gordon should be erected. The site is unique: so was the Hero of Khartoum. What is the opinion of our Royal Academicians? Is there any just cause or impediment? What do our First Commissioner and the "BUSY B." MITFORD say? There will be no opposition on the part of the Thorneycrofters. Is there any on the part of the Metropolitan Board of Works?



“NOT FOR JOE!”

JOEY C. (to Mr. G-sch-n). “NO ROOM FOR YOU, SIR!”

RIVAL CONDUCTOR. “HERE YOU ARE, SIR! JUMP IN HERE, SIR! COME ALONG OF US!!”



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SOMETHING LIKE A HECKLE.

Specimen of an Examination Paper intended for Parliamentary Candidates.

1. Are you prepared, in addressing Public Meetings, to make use of language towards your political opponents which you would never dream of applying to your worst enemy in private life?



"Do you mean it really?"

2. If you have a general sort of idea that Free Trade has brought unnumbered blessings to the country, yet that there is a good deal to be said in favour of Protection, how would you express that opinion in a form which would not subject you to the charge of being a muddle-headed donkey?

3. "Verbosity covers a multitude of inconsistencies." Explain this maxim, and state how many contradictory opinions you think can be true at one and the same time.

4. Give specimens of the Billingsgate which just succeeds in escaping the incidence of the law against slander.

5. Do you consider hobnailed-boots or a pocket-revolver the handiest weapon when your opponents are throwing the chairs about at one of your own Party meetings?

6. Explain the following words and expressions:—"Chuckers-out," "Jerry-mandering," "Carpet-baggers," "Strict Party Discipline," and "Arbitration declined with thanks."

7. At what period of Party history did it first become the custom for Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers to go round the country agitating against the ideas of their "distinguished Leader?"

8. "*Magna est impudentia et prevalebit.*" Examine this phrase, and give a list of third-rate politicians who have raised themselves to the rank of "Statesmen" by language and conduct of which any gentleman would be heartily ashamed.

CUM GRANO.

It has been rumoured in not too well-informed circles—

That a very August Personage, indeed, has telegraphed to Prince ALEXANDER "not to mind being snubbed, but to keep his spirits up."

That, in the event of the Czar insisting on the return of Prince ALEXANDER'S uniform, a Commission in a Highland Regiment of Volunteers will be forthwith offered him through the Authorities at the War Office.

That, Lord SALISBURY has had a communication from Balmoral that has obliged him to telegraph information to Constantinople which has turned the hair of the British Representative white in half-an-hour.

And lastly, that, events will show that the most important interests of the Empire have been made subservient to a high and exalted Family Connection, with results that will be as startling to, as they will have been unexpected by, the British Public.

Those Forty Years.

[Some of the papers complain that Mr. BRIGHT'S long-looked-for Speech at Birmingham, was disappointing, retrospective, and even semi-Toryish in tone.]

"'Tis forty years ago, friend JOHN." Ah, yes!
Yet zealots grumble that your gaze seems less
Upon the future, than on that brave past
Of strenuous struggle, and of fighting fast.
Turned Toryish, my valiant veteran? Bah, no!
But, such a forty played, one plays piano.
Time will steal on, and though much good it leaves,
Age finds those forty years just Forty Thieves!

"Make your Games!"

THE idea of Poor Children's Play-Rooms it seems has been practically experimented upon in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with what "A CURATE," writing to the *St. James's Gazette*, plaintively calls "almost formidable success." If, with five pounds' worth of toys, and a big room, hosts of children can be supplied with hours of healthy and happy recreation as often as they are permitted to assemble, there seems no reason why the little Jacks and Jills of the slums should be dull boys or girls ever any more, or why poverty, dirt, and over-pressure should have it all their own way. Bravo, good Gentlemen of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields! *Mr. Punch* will watch your further proceedings with much interest and sympathy.

"MILK BELOW!"

IN a recent number of the *Lancet*, we read:—"There is room for the exercise of philanthropy in procuring and distributing Milk to the poor of our large cities." According to that Journal an abundance of Milk could be supplied at two-pence per quart, and yet leave a fair profit for the producer, were the excessive cost of distribution lessened, as it could be, by a proper organisation. Sir JAMES CAIRD says that for £100 received for Milk in London, the producer receives but £40, whilst the distributors receive £60. This looks like the handiwork of our old friend the Middleman again! The *Lancet* goes on to say:—

"The collection and distribution of Milk to the poor of our cities, towns, and villages, at the least possible cost, would open up a sphere for energy, and at the same time afford some promise of relief to the depressed condition of Agriculture, whilst it would be a boon to many an ill-nourished and impoverished constitution, now deprived of this valuable article of diet."

Now then, practical philanthropists, here's your chance! The milk of human kindness is plentiful; how can it work better than to make the other kind of Milk equally abundant?

CHEAP, DRIPPERS.

MR. ROBERTS, of BERTRAM AND ROBERTS, proposes the utilisation of Dripping for the benefit of the starving poor, instead of selling it as a Cook's perquisite. Hear! Hear! Why hasn't anyone turned their attention to the subject before? The good Sisters of Nazareth House, Hammersmith, and members of other similar charitable institutions, must have used it for years, and well brought up children have considered it as rather a luxury, yet it has been generally neglected, just as the Waters of Barnet, the Wells of Sadler, and the Mineral Springs of Stanmore in the Harrow district have been allowed to flow unnoticed. Why does not Mr. ROBERTS turn his attention to the numerous "Dripping Wells" of England? Why, there's a natural supply ready at hand. Dripping, according to the old-established proverb, possesses also wonderful solvent properties. There is evidently a great future before Dripping.

"Guerdon,—Recompense, Reward."

[The Rev. Mr. GUERDON, in the *Tablet*, says that "What we are suffering from in these evil days is general unwhippedness."]

For universal virtue, health, and sanity
Man long has sought a recipe: 'tis found!
The only thing to perfect poor Humanity
Is Charity's solatium—a "Whip Round!"

In future, associating the Reverend Gentleman's name with the punishment, a whipped boy may speak of his flogging as "the Guerdon of my guile;" and, if he wants another quotation, he can allude to it as "the just Guerdon of all his villainies."

"ROBERT V. ROBERTS."—Our esteemed friend and contributor is justly angry with the Aquarium Caterer, and with the *Pall Mall* interviewer who headed a paragraph "ROBERT drinks the Half-bottles," last Saturday. "I'm waitin'," says ROBERT, "and please the pigs as there's such a talk about just now, I'll give 'em a bit of my mind, avin lots to spare on the subjick. I ain't," he adds, "quit shure as I shan't go to my Loryers fust and bring a hakehun."

"KING OF ALBION, MY LORD"—MAYOR.

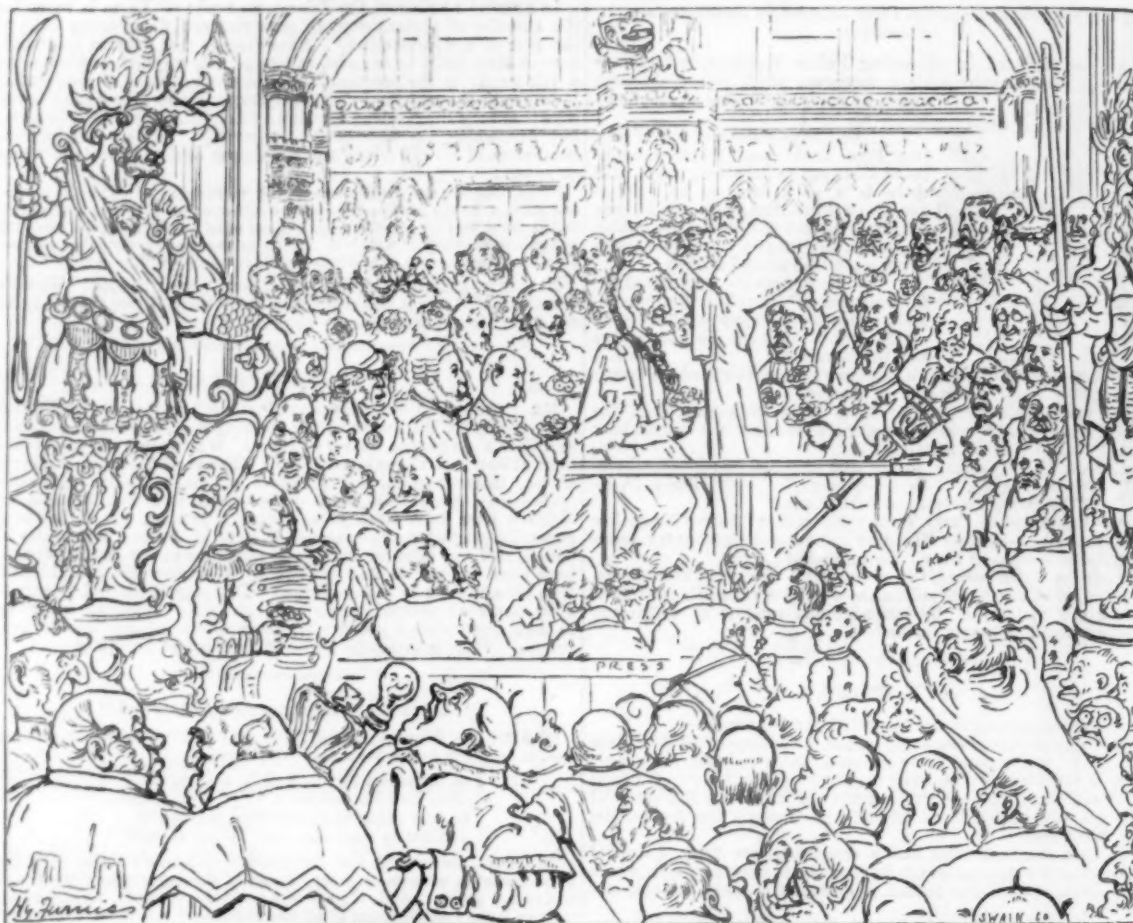
"THEY met; 'twas in the crowd,"—and says one, "Has Lord Mayor STAPLES anything to do with Staples 'Inn?'" Replies the other, "Yes, of course, 'Staples' Inn is the Albion."

WHAT'S THE "USE OF SARUM?"—Something, if this item of news is true, that the Great Chapter of Salisbury is to be re-opened, for the first time for centuries, by the new Bishop, who proposes turning over a new leaf, and adding another page to the Sarum history. The Chapter, for having omitted the ceremony so long, will do penance in sheets, the number of sheets necessary for the occasion being twenty-four to the choir.

AT THE GAIETY.—We dare say it has already occurred to the Management that "*All on account of Eliza*" will be a popular chorus for some time to come.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FAVOURITE PLAY, AT ELECTION TIME.—"*My 'Poll' and my Partner Joe*."

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 25.



THE ELECTION OF THE LORD MAYOR AT THE GUILDHALL.

Oh, what a glorious Civic crush! How faces glow, how optics glisten! Why, even Gog and Magog have descended to look on and listen. The Aldermen in ranks crowd close, the Liverymen all hotly hurtle To see this mighty Function in the sanctum sacred to the Turtle. How disentangle this thick throng and how identify and localise, From Mayor who dons the golden chain, to Liverymen who wildly vocalise, Its individual units? Lord Mayor STAPLES stands (the happy wearer Of this year's chain of office, o'er his shoulders cast by the Mace-Bearer) The glittering centre of the show. Around him Aldermanic notables And smart Town Councillors are ranged, all potent souls among the potables. Take the top rank from left to right, an Aldermanic lot completely, First HANSON, WATERLOW behind, then H. A. ISAACS. Smiling sweetly, As at some meeting at the "Horns" at Kennington when "heckled" wildly By Lambeth lambs, McARTHUR stands. 'Tis thus Sir WILLIAM beameth mildly At civic feast, at Mission "spout," or on an angry Deputation; Ah Sir's own smile is not more fixed, childlike, and bland. Stand next in station DE KEYSER, ELLIS, COTTON, DAKIN; then that Tory, stout True-Towler, Poetic, classic-quoting Chief known to all men as Lord Mayor FOWLER, Last in the Chair, and twice elect, great champion of Civic glories, Whose boldness and whose bits of Greek so oft enchant the cheering Tories.

Sir HENRY KNIGHT, TRUSCOTT (Sir F.), and then, hirsute and still undaunted, Sir ROBERT CARDEN rears his plume that's always to the front when wanted. Sir ANDREW LUX comes next, and then COWAN and OWDEN. STONE then finishes The great top line; but with the next civic importance scarce diminishes. WILDASH is placed near Magog's hand, and next in curly splendour standeth Briek Sir JOHN BENNETT, whose brave show the Mob's half-chaffy cheer commandeth. Then Common-Serjeant CHARLEY comes, the GLADSTONE-smasher. Just above him T. RODERICK, City Secondary, looking as though vain Shows won't move him. Ex-Sheriff WHITEHEAD next appears, then, to the right of the Mace-Bearer, Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, gentle Knight, of Civic honours worthy wearer. Behind him stands the Crier, then H. HOMEWOOD CRAWFORD, City Solicitor, GREY, ALTMAN, PITMAN (spectacled). Then to the left once more a visitor, The City Marshal we espy, stout, epauletted, and just over him MALTHOUSE and GOODING. If you seek for Sheriff EVANS you'll discover him Below the LORD MAYOR's dexter elbow. Cross again; just where the Mace is, Eighty-Five's Sheriff to the world presents the loftiest of faces.



ANOTHER CRISIS!

Cabman (who has lost heavily). "ERE 'S A GO, BILL, WITH THIS 'ERE 'OSSE 'PLAY-SANTEREE'! MADDY-GARBOAR AIN'T NOTHING TO US, NO MORE AIN'T CHAVNY, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO OUR 'ANDICAPS THESE FRENCH ARE COMIN' IT TOO STRONG! AN' NOW WE 'VE GOT A VOTE, LET 'S 'AVE WAR, I SAY!"

Sympathisers (who have been "let in" too). "RIGHT YOU ARE, GEORGE!!"

The Mace's right sees SANGSTER, TOMKINS, one above and one below it, just beneath PITMAN, CRISPE appears, then WOODBRIDGE, BROWN,—and now you know it.
The whole gay Civic galaxy. Broad Beadles in the foreground cluster,
The Press takes notes, Our Artist limns, the Liverymen fret, fume, and fester.
The outside Public, thanks to *Punch*, thus takes a calm and clear inspection
Of that majestic mystic rite that's known as the Lord Mayor's Election!

TRUTH IN EARNEST.

A PARAGRAPH, or, to write it in abbreviated form, a "Par," in *Truth* last week says:—

"TYLER and his gang intend, I hear, to send out Lord DONOUGHMORE on a private mission."

Historically we would ask, "What TYLER?" The answer is "Sir HENRY," and the object of the "private mission" in question appears to be care for the interests of the Peruvian Bondholders in the Chilean Debt. We should like to see Lord DONOUGHMORE in the costume of a "Private Missionary." But, if there be anything in a name, this Lord can "Do no more" than he can do, like *Don Fernando*, because probably he "Dun know more" than anybody else, and not so much as evidently does the author of this inspired "Par." *Truth's* motto, which is a warning also to all bogus financiers and speculators, is "Keep your eye on your 'Par' in our paper, and your 'Par' will pull you through."

NEW TITLE.—Mr. *Punch* stands Godfather to the Cookery and Food Exhibition to be opened in December, and names it "The Cookeries."

"OLD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE!"

"F. R. S.," writing to the *Times*, last Thursday, *à propos* of prizes for Natural Science, said, "Since Fellows of Colleges have been allowed to marry, the mercenary spirit in the administration of such matters has distinctly increased." Of course Fellows' wives are probably strict economists; even dining in Hall would be considered by them as something to be indulged in only on state occasions and at stated times; and probably the after-dinner sittings in Common Room would be tabooed entirely. The old ballad of "*The Monks of Old*" needs very little adapting to the present case. Here it is:—

Oh, many have told
Of the Fellows of old,
What a jovial lot they were;
And 'tis most true
That a merrier crew
Could not be found elsewhere.
For they laughed and chaffed,
And the good wine quaffed,
And told some stories queer.
They laughed Ha! ha!
And quaffed Ha! ha!
And lived on the daintiest cheer.

But a time came when
These jovial men
To marry were allowed.
With Cupid's wings
They flew for rings,
And to Hymen's yoke they bowed.
Then they laughed and chaffed,
And the good wine quaffed,
Only twice or thrice in the year.
They laughed Ha! ha!
They quaffed Ha! ha!
'Twas the dullest thing to hear.

Then "F. R. S." says, "An Oxford College which for years gave annually a Scholarship and sometimes an Exhibition as well in Natural Science"—well, not to quote at length, the Exhibition is not given now. How can it be expected? Doesn't a Fellow's wife want to come up to London to see the Exhibition in South Kensington? Isn't that Natural Science? And if the Fellow, excellent good Fellow that he is, should still shut his eyes to the fact, then the sooner he opens them the better for his peace of mind and for his pocket, as he will find his wife a practical Professor of Domestic Economy and the most erudite teacher of Natural Science. But alas for the Colleges! and alas for the Universities! Their ruin is imminent—brought about by the Ladies (bless 'em!) and our South Kensington series of Electric-lighted Exhibitions.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

VIII.—FROM "A POLITICAL RODENT."



EAR TOBY,

I DARE say you will have seen in the public prints descriptions of the treatment I have met with at the hands of my fellow countrymen in various parts of the Kingdom. At the present crisis, with a General Election pending, and the possibility of a new Government coming in or the old one being strengthened (in either case involving the disposition of places and profits), I hold it to be the duty of every patriot Englishman to appear on the scene. I, it is well-known, am above all things a patriot Englishman, and I have accordingly appeared on the platform—upon several platforms in fact. The result

has been identical in every instance. Whether I have spoken in the West of England, or in my own county of Kent, I have been received with a contumely that has drawn the line only at dead cats. I am not a man easily put down. I have a due sense of my own value, and of the value of the views I desire to communicate to the public. When I have prepared expositions of these, and get on a platform with intent to deliver them, I mean to do so. But only the other day, a well-dressed mob and I wrestled for three-quarters of an hour, I attempting to speak, and they determined not to hear, keeping up an accursed chorus of "Yah, Turncoat!"

Now, TOBY, why is this, and why should this be? I have been before the public for many years, and have earnestly and disinterestedly sought to serve them. I was a Lord of the Treasury for seven years, receiving a mere trifle of £1000 a year. At a slightly advanced remuneration I became Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, and then went to the Colonies, where H-K-T-NOT-Y, who has always snubbed me, once said he "wished I'd stopped."

When GL-DST-NE formed his Government in 1880, I was there, quite ready to serve my country again, and did not scruple to let GL-DST-NE know this. But humbly as I think of myself, I was not inclined to go on at the Under-Secretary rate of pay, and suggested that it was about time I received a promotion which I knew would be gratifying to my countrymen, and contributory to the Imperial interests. G. did not see things in that light. There was a new class of men coming on, who claimed the top places at the table, and G. weakly yielded to them. As for me, he could hardly find words to express his regret that he could not make me Home Secretary or Secretary for the Colonies. But he hoped I would accept a Peerage. At first I declined, not seeing at the moment how I could serve my country in that position. But he was so persistent, and is so persuasive, that at length I yielded, really rather to oblige him than to gratify myself. Yet people say that I importuned him, and represent him as tossing me a Patent of Peerage partly to get rid of me, and partly to hasten the decomposition of the House of Lords by lowering its standard.

There is, of course, the little difficulty about my turning round immediately afterwards and making advances towards the Conservative Party, advances which I am bound to say have not been received with that alacrity I had expected, and, as I may say, had a right to expect. I own that I was a little precipitate. If I had to do it over again I would set differently. Perhaps it would have been as well to allow a year, or say two years, to elapse before I became what my friend Lord R-ND-LPH, very properly applying the phrase to Lord D-RBY, calls a "political Rodent." To the gross mind, not accustomed to fairy lore, I admit that having in the early spring been anxious to take office

with G., and failing that having got a Peerage out of him, the autumn was a little early to turn and bite the hand that favoured me.

But it was all for the sake of my country. I could not see my late colleagues hurrying the country to the dogs without uplifting a voice, which though a little harsh is humble. Besides it is not quite the thing in the House of Lords to be Liberal in politics. It's all very well for a young fellow like R-S-D-XY, long established and wealthy, or for a man like GN-XV-LLR, of far-reaching family associations. But your *parrons*, whether peer or commoner, nearly always hoists the Tory colours. It may be the Stupid Party; but it is also the Respectable Party.

Moreover, it was clear there was nothing more to be got out of the Liberals, while the Conservatives are not so well off for talent that they could ignore the genius that wrote *Crackers for Christmas*, *Tales at Tea-Time*, and *Snoring for Supper*. Then there is my country—but I forgot, I mentioned that before.

Now, TOBY, when you have reviewed this state of things, and considered this plain unvarnished tale, I am sure you will agree with me that my reception at public meetings is inexplicable. The whole thing is strange to me. I don't seem to have hit the public taste, and if you could kindly point out where I have gone wrong, except in that little matter of preceptitancy I have noted, I shall be much obliged. *Uriah Heep* liked to be despised. I don't find it altogether comfortable. Besides, it interferes with one's profit and promotion. Write soon to Yours despondently,

To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

BR-D-N-RE.

IN "NORTHERN LATITUDES."

It is not given to all mortals to evince so Christian a disposition as did Mr. Pecksniff, on the memorable occasion of his saying to his daughter, "CHARITY, my dear, when I take my chamber-candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. ANTHONY CHUZZLEWIT, who has done me an injustice." Nor does the temperament of Mark Tapley—a highly improbable person, by the way, whose like we shall never look upon again, the patent for such a creation having died with CHARLES DICKENS—fall to the lot of very many persons, especially in Northern Latitudes, and so it is not surprising that Mr. EDMUND YATES, Proprietor and Editor of the *World*,—"Edmundus, Ed. Mundi,"—having decided to give us some accounts of his detention for seven weeks in Holloway Gaol, should have honestly endeavoured to avoid the appearance of being Pecksniffian in his forgiveness on the one hand, and of being absurdly Tapleyian on the other. The *via media* is the course he has chosen, and, as usual, it is the safest for himself and the pleasantest for his readers.

That the narrative of his sojourn in "Northern Latitudes" should occasionally suggest the idea of "reserved force" and strained gaiety is only natural, but being intended as an additional chapter to his cheery *Recollections*, and to be bound up with the new and popular edition, it was essential that its tone should be in keeping with that of those two very readable and gossipy volumes. That he should tell us the story of the trial as an unprejudiced "bystander," and of his experience of the interior of the prison quite as an outsider, was neither to be expected nor wished.

Lookers-on may see most of the game, but it does not follow by any means that they know most about the moves, nor that they can give more than a very superficial account of what they have seen. They may see most, but they don't see it *all*. We should regret if Mr. YATES had quite succeeded in the character of a "Bystander" or Outsider, but he may most certainly congratulate himself on having so gilded and flavoured this particular Holloway pill as to make it thoroughly acceptable to the public.

"PARADISE REGAINED."—It is stated that the Rev. Mr. EDEN, Vicar of Tie-hurst, in Sussex, lately seized some thirty thousand hop-poles for the non-payment of that rural opprobrium known, and hated, as "extraordinary tithes;" Tie-hurst must now understand more clearly the depth and subtlety of the poet's meaning when he spoke of "the happy Eden state." Lord SALISBURY, and other enthusiasts casting about for crushing arguments against Disestablishment, please take notice!

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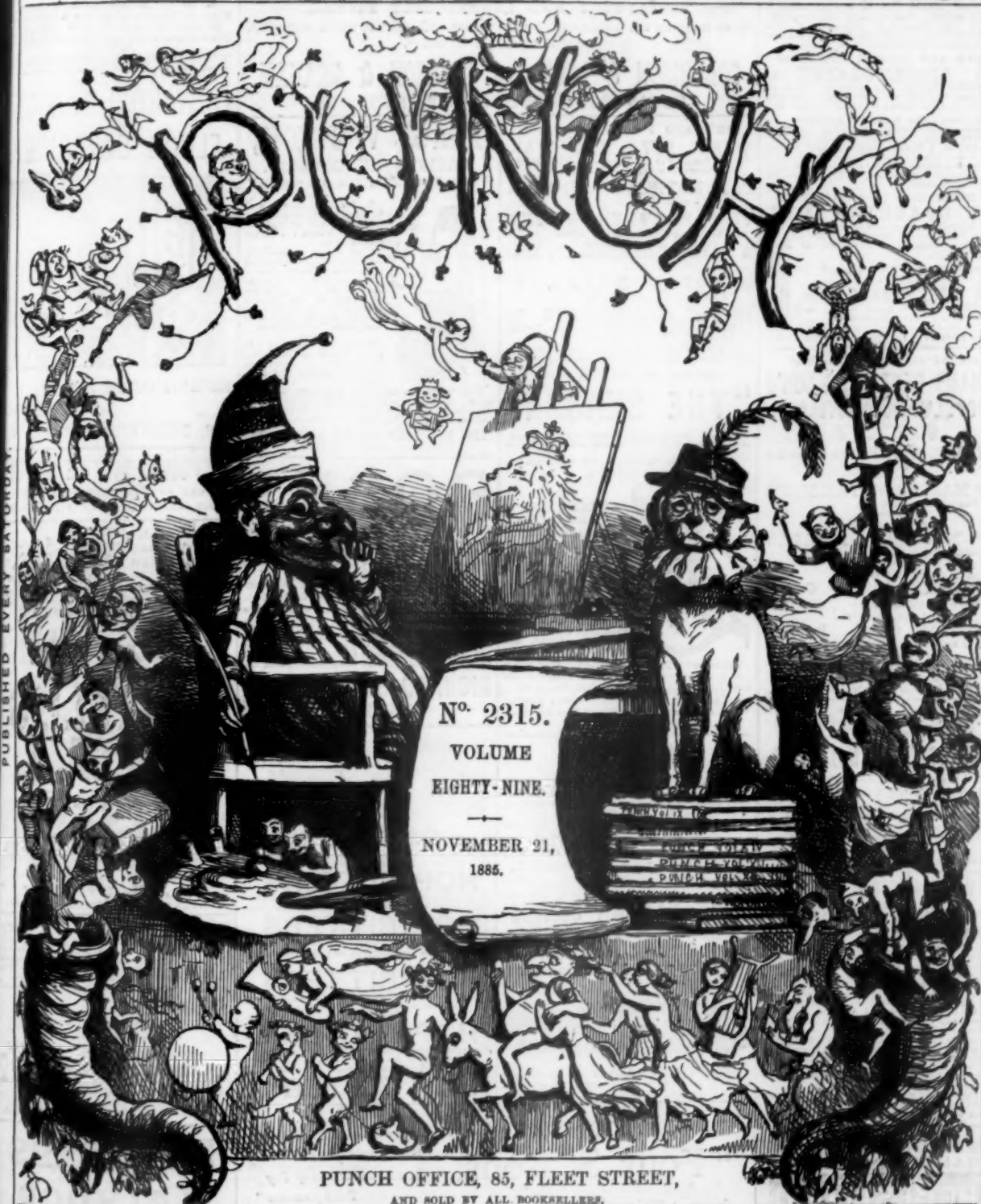


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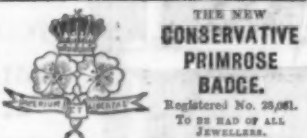
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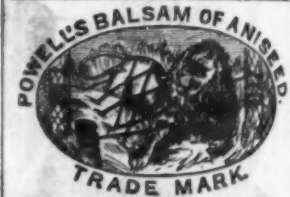
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A GOOD PIECE OF BUSINESS.

SEEMING that this piece, at Toole's Theatre, is chiefly about investments, prices, buying and selling shares, and City business generally, *On 'Change* ought to be described as "a stock piece."

On 'Change, in spite of its name, remains, as the Scotch Professor would say, materially "on-changed" from what it was when I read it years ago in MS., and considered its success very uncertain on the English stage unless re-modelled, and considerably re-written. The scenes hang together loosely. The first two Acts would be vastly improved by compression; also by toning down the "business," the quarrelling, and the strained laughter, which soon becomes wearisome. The piece reminded me of ROBERTSON'S earliest work, and the love-making scene in the last Act is first cousin, or cousin-german, to the milk-jug scene in *School*. But, by the way, wasn't *School* also derived from a German source?

Having said this I have nothing but praise for the details of business, the laughable situations, and the excellent sketch of the Scotch Professor given by Mr. FELIX MORRIS.

A Scotchman with his broad dialect is always more or less a nuisance on the stage: the truer to nature the imitation, the worse for the success of the piece. But in *On 'Change*, Mr. MORRIS is the exception, and a remarkable one, to the rule. There



The Poetic aspect of the Play is represented by a good deal of Scot and a little Moore.

is not too much of him, and in what there is, though on the very border-land—as would be expected from a canny Scot—of caricature, yet Mr. MORRIS never crosses it, his only tendency being to exaggerate the restlessness in his anxiety to emphasize the old Professor's intensely nervous irritability. He is a wiry Scotch terrier, very Scotch, and very wiry. Mr. GERALD MOORE'S idiotic but very third-rate Masher, though first-rate thorough-going little cad, is a very funny bit of eccentricity, but most dangerously near the humour of the corner-man in nigger minstrelsy.

There is a Mr. FRANK EVANS playing *Tiffin*, a servant in the piece, who, if Mr. J. S. CLARKE ever revived *The Comedy of Errors*, might play *Dromio of Ephesus* to his *Dromio of Syracuse*. Sometimes his tone, action, and facial expression were J. S. CLARKE to the life.

Than Mr. FARREN as *James Burnett*, the kindly, genial, straightforward man of business, no one could be better. In itself it is not much of a part by the side of such a strongly-marked eccentric character as the Professor, and the over-coloured *De Haas*, but Mr. FARREN gives it an importance and a brightness which make it, in its way, quite a little triumph of art,—considering the very poor material at his command.

The Ladies—bless 'em!—are all nice; the part of *Iris*, played by Miss EWERETTA LAWRENCE, being apparently intended for something between MINNIE PALMER'S *Sweetheart* and a knowing *Lydia Languish*. I do not quite understand *Miss Iris*, but perhaps she is a style of young lady, whether American or German I cannot say, new to me, and so it may be that I am not competent to pronounce judgment on this variety of the softer sex.

Toole's Theatre, during the absence of its spirited Proprietor, who is on "quasi-public business," like Sir HENRY JAMES, in the North, is under the direction of Mr. W. DUCK and Miss EWERETTA LAWRENCE. A Pair of Ducks! This Duck of a Manager takes the Company to the Strand Theatre,—a Duck having a natural attraction Swan-borough way and riverwards,—where they will remain for a month, and then they will fly to another home. "Follow our Dux"

is the Company's motto. The Ducks may plume themselves on having got a success, and their bills will be much the same for a year, if they will rearrange the piece, rewrite it here and there, settle down in some convenient spot, and not be scurrying off like Wild Ducks. But Duck is not a goose: he knows what he's about, for is he not the sole proprietor of *Our Boys*? and hasn't he scored off it to any amount? At all events, without mentioning the precise sum, his score is not represented by "a Duck's egg;" very much the reverse. There's no reason why *On 'Change*, with a little touching up, should not run a year or more. The Scotch Professor is already a popular character in London. There is one great chance he misses: perhaps he knows what it is, and in his hands, if he avails himself of it, *Professor Seneca Peckering Peck* would become a second *Dundreary*. But this secret remains locked, from the public, in the bosom of



Iris and her Beau, or, The Love Match.

Yours truly, UNSPLIT NIBBS.

THE WORKING MAN'S FRIEND.

[At a large open-air Meeting of Workmen in Wandsworth Road lately, a Resolution was carried to the effect "That this Meeting of Workmen repudiates with indignation the impudent profession of Mr. GENT-DAVIS to be, as he styles himself, the Working Man's Friend."]

Bill Brown's view of it:—

Aw! it's all mighty fine and quite pooty to hear,
And the Muffs clap their hands and the Jugginses cheer;
But to chaps as have heard it so often before,
This "Friend" business is getting a bit of a bore.
When Election time comes, and they're after our Votes,
All the Candidates pipe to such popular notes;
They make much of our wives, and they love us no end,
For each Swell on the stump is a Working Man's Friend.

When some dapper young Toff, with a twirly moustache,
Of mixed figgers and fibs makes a horrible hash;
When, carefully crammed like a poor Strasbourg goose,
Cooked statistics and cant on our heads he lets loose;
When he twaddles of Tariffs that Labour shall aid,
And remove the "appalling Depression of Trade";
You may bet your last brown, ere he comes to an end,
He will spread himself out as the Working Man's Friend.

When a chap to whose party the Labourer's Vote
Was as hard to get down as a bone in your throat,
Comes to beg mine of me, who some few years ago
He libelled and sniffed at along o' Bon Lowe:
When he calls at my diggings, or sends round a lot
Of fine ladies to flatter, and fuss, and talk rot;
Then the man as would use us to serve his own end,
Tells the Missis and me he's the Working Man's Friend!

Ah! but me and the new County Voter just now—
The chap with the hammer, the lad at the plough—
Have a rare lot of "Friends;" and it's capital sport
To watch 'em all playing at *Codin* and *Short*.
But gents like GENT-DAVIS will patter in vain;
We hold them as help'd us before will again.
He who tells us straight truth, and plays square to the end,
Will have the best chance as the Working Man's Friend!

AT THE INDIAN VILLAGE.—Pictures of Indian Social Life on view. Evenings with some Indian Clubs. Indian rubber in the card-room every evening. The village cobbler exhibits "The Last of the Mohicans," showing how the exact length of the Mohican's foot had been taken: he also exhibits easy boots made to suit the peculiar Indian Corn. An Indian File is on view at the carpenter's. All the Nose Ring tribes are present with their chiefs, the one exception being the Aneas, which has never had any Aneas Chief, and has done very well without one.



A RETROSPECT.

"WHAT A LOVELY NEW BONNET YOU'VE GOT, CHERRY!"

"NOO BONNET! WHY, I'VE HAD IT YEARS AND YEARS!"

A BRITISH DRAMATIC MUSEUM.

ONE good idea leads to another, and the "Soudan Museum" essay of Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS should not be without its fruit. Indeed it is already in contemplation to cap the Drury Lane display by another, and even more appropriate one, in the shape of a collection of historic memorials connected with the annals of the Theatre itself. That there is a rich fund here to draw upon there is no doubt, and the idea has only to be developed, and efficiently carried out, to render the show one of the most interesting and entertaining of its kind. A commencement, promising well for what is to follow, has already been made, as the subjoined little preliminary nucleus of objects for the proposed Museum will serve to show.

"Early Poster," indicating the re-appearance of the KEMBLEs, headed with the announcement of "The KEMBLEs are coming."

"A Curious Case of Flies" used under the Management of DAVID GARRICK. Also a pair of Mr. BEVERLEY's Wings.

"Several Strong Expressions" dropped by Mr. MACREADY while playing *Macbeth* insufficiently rehearsed.

"The Identical Gin-Bottle" supplied at the wing to the Elder KEAN prior to his fight with *Richmond* in *Richard the Third*.

"Orange" supposed to have been in the original basket carried by NELL GWYNNE.

"Portion of the Pound of Butter" used in making the butter-slide, together with the original Red-Hot Poker introduced into the after-part of the Pantomime by GRIMALDI.

"Fragment of the Original Marble Hall," in which the Bohemian Girl dreamt she dwelt, contributed from the effects of the late Mr. ALFRED BURN.

"The Special Alphabet" in use in the Theatre, with which individual Managers have contrived, in turns, to make "Shakspeare," spell "Bankruptcy."

"STOCK A BUY-BABY!"

A FEW days since a naughty child called SIDNEY CROMMIE, trading as "HERBERT HARRISON and Company, Stock and Share Brokers," was sued for damages for the non-delivery of certain Stocks for which a Mr. MONTGOMERY had paid him. The defence of the defaulting Baby was that he was "an infant," and therefore irresponsible—a plea which the Recorder and a Jury were forced to admit was good in law. So the dear child got a verdict, but without costs, and the unhappy Plaintiff, a butcher at Peebles, Scotland, must put up with the absence of the profit he might have secured by purchasing Shares that suddenly rose from 1s. 3d. to £6,—and the loss he will no doubt sustain in squaring up with his Solicitors. It is to be feared, consequently, that poor Mr. MONTGOMERY will have to complain, before it is all over, of the "banging" of considerably more than "saxpence." But how comes it that Master SIDNEY CROMMIE, or "Messrs. HERBERT HARRISON and Company," or whatever his name may be, is permitted to pose as a Stockbroker? Surely, the "House" should not allow the admission of infants in arms. Is there in the "House" a nursery for *enfants terribles*? Doctors and other professional men have to be of full age. One never hears of a country Practitioner going his rounds to see his patients trundling a hoop, or receives from a toddling Solicitor a bill of costs bearing traces of a half-consumed sugar-stick. In like manner, mere lads are excluded from the Church; and the spectacle of a baby Parson trying ineffectually to peep over the top of a pulpit is a picture of the imagination only. That a child of tender years should be permitted to become a Sworn Broker, is a disgrace to the City of London, inasmuch as strong language is obviously most unsuitable to the lips of sucklings. However, the case under review, if it proves nothing else, establishes the fact to everybody's satisfaction (Mr. MONTGOMERY's perhaps excepted) that the announcement in the omnibuses that "infants must be paid for," is legally defensible.

PRESERVATION OF EPPING FOREST.—A Correspondent writes to say:—"If something is not done to prevent the wilful destruction of thorn bramble and trees, and to put an end to the reckless sport of Cockney shootists, the sooner a Bill to deal with the matter is brought in, the better." Yes—if the Bill will keep out the Axe. But this is a matter for the Corporation of London, which holds the property in trust for the people.

"Full-length Equestrian Portrait of Mr. E. T. SMITH."
"Rare Shilling Edition" of WALTER SCOTT's *Tales*, presented to Mr. HALLIDAY by Mr. CHATTERTON.

"Bold and Handsome Set of Cartoons," comprising pictorial Posters utilised by Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS prior to the production of *Human Nature*.

"The First Big-head with highly Intellectual Countenance."

"Portrait of a Renter," name unknown.

"Real Sausage," left by the German Company.

"A Free List Entirely suspended," during the run of a popular Melodrama.

There are other "lots" of various descriptions, including "Fossil Boxkeepers," "Orders not admitted after Seven," and the identical letter addressed by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE to Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS on the production of *Youth*. The whole affair promises well.

The present Soudan Collection Mr. HARRIS must announce as "The Soudaneries."

ANOTHER NOT-AT-ALL-AT-HOME SECRETARY.—When Sir W. V. HARCOURT read how Mr. VARLEY and his deputation fared at the Home Office, and how there were hisses and groans, and cries of "Shame!" raised outside by the excited crowd, how the Late Seldom-at-Home Secretary must have chuckled. The temper of a Not-at-all-at-Home Secretary, who is always Cross, evidently rules in this Governmental department.

PALPABLE OMISSION.—Mr. GOSCHEN, lecturing "On Figures," never said one word as to the probable return of Crinolines or the advantages of Dress-Improvers. The absence of any illustration from a "Lay-figure" was also much commented upon, and generally attributed by the Scotch Athenians to Mr. GOSCHEN's desire not to say anything on the Disestablishment question.

1885.

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AGREEMENT BETWEEN TWO GREAT PARTIES.

Lord S-l-sb-ry. "LET'S TAX SHERRY."

Sir W. V. H-rc-rt. "I'VE NO 'BJECTION. IT'S A MOST 'TRESHTABLE LIQUID!"

[Illustration of Sir W. V. H.'s Speech at Chester, November 10.]

WANTED, A REVISED VERSION.

Who translated Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH's Encyclical for *The Tablet*? Here's a specimen:—

"The defence of the Catholic name, indeed of necessity, demands that in the profession of doctrines which are handed down by the Church, the opinion of all shall be one, and the most perfect constancy, and from this point of view take care that no one connives in any degree at false opinions, or resists with greater gentleness than truth will allow. Concerning those things which are matters of opinion, it will be lawful, with moderation and with a desire of investigating the truth, without injurious suspicions and mutual recriminations."

Surely, the translator must have modelled his style on *English as she is Spoke*, unless it be the work of the talented Author of that popular book. Perhaps it is by way of concession to our prejudice in favour of the vernacular, that it is put into a language supposed to be "understood of the people." If so, the effort, however commendable, is hardly successful. PAPA LEO is too classic and elegant a writer to be treated in this fashion, even by the most scrupulous adapter.

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, AND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

LAST week the Sheriffs for the coming year were nominated, and the report of the proceedings published in the *Times*, of November 13th, is a most instructive article. Petitions to be excused from serving were presented by the score. One gentleman explained that he had had the greatest difficulty in meeting his present expenses, and that entertaining the Judges would probably land him in the Bankruptcy Court; another urged that he had had to let his Manor-house and live in furnished apartments, a third, that he had lost all his money in a Chancery suit; a fourth, that he had a small income and a large family; a fifth, that he had an estate in the county which did not pay, and that he hoped soon to sell it, and so on, and so on. On all sides came stories of real genuine aristocratic distress, even painful in their miserable details. In fact, the general impression seemed to be, that only the inability to pay for the rope prevented some of the proposed Sheriffs from undertaking their office, solely with an economical view of becoming their own executioners.

MR. PUNCH'S POLITICAL ADDRESS.
TO THE ELECTORS (AND NON-ELECTORS, MALE AND FEMALE) OF THE
UNITED KINGDOM, AND TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Roosy-toosy! You will all understand that to begin with. Which is something in an Address, I assure you. 'Tis an old cry, and a hearty one, suggestive of sincere greeting and honest intent. Whereas the exordium of many a Parliamentary Candidate is much like the melancholy *Jaques's* "*Duc-dame*," namely, "an invocation to call fools into a circle."

Mr. Punch is the only real Independent Candidate. He is the nominee of no party, or section, or sect. Wire-pullers come not between him and his huge constituency. He is not to be Caucussed into conformity with any "Platform" whatsoever, save his own, of which he provides all the "planks" himself. As the accepted Counsellor and Champion of all, he cannot to Party give up what was meant—and is used—for Mankind.

As to loyally following his Leader, a man cannot correctly be said to follow himself. And *Mr. Punch* has no other Leader. He invites the Leaders of all parties to follow him. Then they will be all right.

As to Manifestoes, Programmes, and Points, Official or Extra-Official, Four, or Six, or Sixty, Blue or Buff, or flaming Red, Grand Old, or Mild Middle-aged, or Friskily Adolescent, *Mr. Punch* binds himself to none of them. His Manifesto is his weekly Journal, and that is always before the Public. His Programme is continuously unfolded in its pages, and they are in everybody's hands. He makes his own Points and they are innumerable. He is not a Political Savage, and does not therefore daub his whole person Blue, Buff, Red or Polychrome. He combines in himself the ripe wisdom of age with the bright vigour of youth. He therefore needs no tips from Harwarden or Hatfield, from Birmingham or from Woodstock.

With "*Cries*" *Mr. Punch* has nothing to do. His business is to make men laugh—wisely, but well. *Roosy-Toosy!*

Mr. Punch, in politics, is all for the Four P's—Principle, Progress, Patriotism and Peace. But these have, in the interest of the Public, to be interpreted and applied by a fifth P,—*Punch* himself, to wit. For behold the hearings even of these super-excellent things lie in their application.

Principle, as applied by the Doctrinaires, means dogmatic Dead-lock in national action, fiscal fetish-worship, and the palsying dictatorship of the Political Pronostics.

Progress, as applied by the fanatic Socialist, means not the speed that wins, of the trained racer, but the pace that kills, of the runaway colt.

Patriotism—sweet and honourable name!—applied by cock-a-doodling Chauvinism, comes to signify the selfish, short-sighted swagger with which

the Music-Hall Jingo sickens all men of sense and feeling.

Whilst Peace, applied by the pragmatist Non-interventionist, is the policy of the Sloth to be followed by the fate of the treed Coon.

For the clear interpretation, sparkling illumination, and proper limitation of the Four P's, *Mr. Punch* refers the Public to his own pages, *passim*.

Mr. Punch advocates all the Liberty that each man can have without infringing the freedom of another, all the Peace that is possible without forfeiting the right to war against insolent aggression and grinding iniquity, all the Economy that is consistent with keeping our powder dry. But he would come down like a Thor hammer on lust and licence, fight, as sturdy TOM HUGHES has it, while he could stand and see, for right, independence, and honour, and kick to unlimited Limbo any Government whatsoever that for one day would endanger Britain's fleet-guarded safety for the sake of a popular Budget. *Roosy-Toosy!*

Mr. Punch would cherish "*Our Boys*" of British blood in our world-sprinkling Colonies as the very apple of the national eye, the very core of the national heart. Any political *Squeers* who proposes to stint or snub these Boys of ours may expect from *Mr. Punch's* *bâton* a larrupping to which the flagellation administered by the indignant *Nicholas* was a mere trifle.

He would, in fact, allow the Empire to be disintegrated as little by flouting the faithful as by knuckling under to the disloyal.

These be the main outlines of a National Policy, compared with which such things as naughtily obstructive Lords, Retaliatory Tariffs, Land Allotments, Local Option, and Disestablishment to-day or to-morrow, are if not exactly leather and prunella, at least matters of minor importance and urgency.

Mr. Punch may be trusted to deal with that Jack-in-the-box Boogie Protection, whosoever and whosoever it pops up its foolish head, in his own decisive way. But he will also recognise the fact, sometimes forgotten by Doctrinaires that starving stomachs can't be fed with formulas.

He will take due care that the reasonable freedom of the temperate drinker shall not be sacrificed to the doubtful needs of the drunkard.

As to the Lords—well, they had better mind their eyes—or rather, their eyes and noses—for *Mr. Punch's* is on them.

Concerning that troublesome trio, Lord LANDGRABBER, Alderman POCKETEM, and Mr. BUMBLE, phew! there's a bad time coming, boys, for them, which, however, will be a good time for everybody else, Monopolies, Rings, and "porochial" potterers have notice to quit and must go.

This Address is not directed to Little Pedlington, nor calculated for the latitude of Hole-cum-Corner. It is delivered *urbi et orbi*, to all Nations and to all Nationalities. Let Princes heed it and Peoples will be happy! Let Peoples observe it, and Parties will beat peace! For him who unites the Votes of all, Crowned Heads, as well as others, must give their Voices. The European Concert shall become a harmonious reality, whose *ensemble* might move STRAUSS to envy and GODFREY to emulation, when its various performers obey the *bâton*, and play up to the Pan-pipes of the great International Conductor, Mr. Bandmaster *Punch*. *Roosy-Toosy!*

Ladies and Gentlemen, there you are! I do not hope shortly to have the honour of spouting to you from every platform in the country. See you all dephlogisticated first! *Mr. Punch* only speaks from his own platform, and that he does not only at Election time, but every week all the year round. So that you all have ever at hand an unfailing fount of political wisdom, and a certain antidote to the countless columns of blather, and blarney, and bunkum, and blare and bounce you are constrained to read—or hear—in your several localities. And a good thing for you all that it is so, or surely you would get speechified into a political calenture, and plunging blindly and despairingly, down fathom deep in the ocean of vain verbosity.

As to "*hoping*" I may enjoy the high privilege of representing you"—*risum tenetis amici*? Why affect to speculate on a foregone conclusion? Only this remember, that whichever Party be returned to office, *Mr. Punch*, the non-partisan Member for Everywhere, will be in power! For therein lies the chief hope of Everywhere!

(Signed)

PUNCH.

The Sanctum, Fleet Street, November, 1885.

VERB. SAP.

(A Remonstrance and an Explanation, for the benefit of some kind Friends—and others—at a distance.)

HAVING received several letters from well-meaning readers on the subject of a small picture in the last number but two, headed "A FACT," we, on behalf of the ever charitably-disposed Mr. Punch, beg to say that Mr. P. is astonished at any of his friends for one moment supposing him capable of selecting a sacred theme as a suitable subject for jesting. What did such correspondents, if Liberals, think of Lord RANDOLPH's comparing Mr. GLADSTONE's manifesto to the Authorised Version, or, if Conservatives, of Lord ROSEBERRY, at Edinburgh, adapting a question from the Gospel narrative to his own particular case, which quotation is reported to have been received with "laughter"?

But it being a part of Mr. Punch's recognised mission, as a satirist, to come down sharply upon all exhibitions of cant, and therefore from time to time, as occasion may arise, on those smug, ignorant, self-elected teachers who vulgarise Scriptural texts by using them as their stock-in-trade phrases, he was not sorry to record pictorially an instance, respectably vouched for as "a fact," of one of these obtrusively sanctimonious gentry receiving a smart and telling rebuff from an honestly indignant English yeoman.

Honi soit qui mal y pense; and Mr. P. wishes us to say thus much, and no more, on this subject, though for ourselves, and for our own part, we will add one word on another matter, and that is a propos of a "legend" to a Scotch picture, where undue prominence was given to "poor letter 'H'—". Now, in the "proof-slip," we altered "H—" into "to the —," thus softening down the American Landowner's strong expression to something which would be fitter for ears and eyes polite. But this "slip" by the merest accident,—by another "slip,"—did not reach the Printer's hands. Perhaps the Printer's Devil—"intervening" like the Queen's Proctor—laid an embargo on it. Anyhow, that slip only reappeared too late to be of any use; for the Printer, as an educated man, unaccustomed to omitting his "H's," naturally retained this one in its place, where it was discovered when past praying for.

Sincerely, at that moment, did we feel for the trouble of mind which a sin of omission, a want of sufficient care in revision, as he has since explained, caused Mr. EDMUND YATES, when a certain paragraph from a trusted contributor, after it had been marked by him for condemnation, suddenly appeared in his journal, "unknown" to himself. Heavy was his punishment for this; very heavy, as it appears to us now, compared with a sentence recently pronounced in a case pregnant with far more serious consequences. Fancy, we said to ourselves, if instead of only an aspirate which is "whispered in Heaven," but "muttered" elsewhere, it had been a libel! Well, well, we are all human,—with a capital "H," and a reminiscence of HAUGUSTUS Human-nature HARRIS,—and having erred, we hasten, *proprio motu*, to do penance in this sheet, and hold a candle to—no, that's wrong again—*Qui s'accuse s'accuse, et nous nous en accusons*. We prefer this course. We like to be 'umble sometimes, and don't often get the chance of apologising for a "big big D," which we might have been pardoned for uttering, when the "big big H" caught our observant eye, after we, in our misplaced confidence, thought that it had been disposed of once and for ever.

A MODEST FLOWER.

WITH the rattling educational cry of the School Board Election still loud in our ears, there is something almost soothing in turning to a little volume of unpretending childish rhyme that has reached—so it is stated on its title-page—its thirtieth edition. The little volume in question, entitled *The Daisy, or Cautionary Stories in Verse*, adapted to the ideas of children from four to eight years old, explains its appearance by stating that "with the recent revival of interest in the earlier publications for children, there have arisen inquiries for *The Cowslip* and *The Daisy*, which have for years been little in demand." It is not, perhaps, surprising to find that there has been no very pressing demand for *The Daisy*, and the absence of any acute agitation for its republication speaks well for the dominant sense of the interval during which its reputation has been suffered to lapse; and it is not easy to understand the nature of that recent "revival of interest in the earlier publications for children" that has provoked its reappearance. That in the year 1806, when it was written, its "cautionary" verses may have been adapted to the ideas of children from four to eight years old need not now be questioned; but it must be confessed that for the children of 1886, accustomed to *Little Folks'* literature, the ideas in question, and their execution, both in pen and pencil, appear to offer somewhat meagre fare. Still there is a straight-forward simplicity about the "Stories" that is not without its charm. What, for instance, can be more direct and epigrammatic than—we quote at random—the following, entitled, "Naughty Sam"?

TOM and CHARLES once took a walk
To see a pretty lamb,
And, as they went, began to talk
Of little naughty SAM,

Who beat his younger brother, WILL,
And threw him in the dirt;
And when his poor Mamma was ill
He teased her for a squirt.

"And I," said TOM, "won't play with SAM,
Although he has a top;"
But here the pretty little lamb
To talking put a stop.

As, however, two-and-thirty "cautionary stories," of which the above may be regarded as an average specimen, and which are accompanied by woodcuts of the period, comprise *The Daisy*, it may fairly be conceived that those who have been making inquiries about it will, when their inquisitiveness is satisfied by a perusal of its pages, need something a little stronger in backbone, and more in harmony with the thoughts and ideas of the day.

For instance, the naughty boy of the hour in any "cautionary" sense needs a much more robust handling than that awarded to Naughty SAM. The mere idea of throwing his younger brother in the mud, and bothering his invalid mother for a squirt, would be quite insufficient to supply the sensational environments of the modern pickle. He would have to be dealt with, say thus, as

SPITEFUL PETER.



Young PETER was
so full of spite,
That he, without
remorse,
Procured a ton of
dynamite,
And blew up Char-
ing Cross.

And when Police-
man A. discerned
The upshot of his
vice,
To PETER's Nurse
he sadly turned,
And said, "This
isn't nice."

"Young gentlemen
who life begin
By giving folks a
shock,

May someday find themselves within
A common felon's dock."

Then again, the typical "promising child" suggests much greater breadth of treatment than is furnished by the level pages of *The Daisy*. In these days of over-pressure the opportunity should not be missed of investing the picture with dramatic force in this obvious direction. What, for instance, could be more to the purpose than the subjoined little "cautionary" poem:—

TINY JEM.

'Tis pleasing to see
Tiny JEM,
Whose age is un-
der two,
Floor the Binomial
Theorem
And Hydrostatics
too.

For him Papa has
lofty views,
And loves to see
him grope
About, and try his
best to use
The Solar Spec-
troscope.

And says Papa,
"Although he
looks,
I own, a trifle wild,

He will, if kept well to his books,
Turn out a clever child."



There are, of course, a host of other subjects that suggest themselves, but the above will serve to show what could be done in the direction indicated. A happy combination of strict simplicity of diction and vigour of illustration is all that is needed to follow up *The Daisy* with an appropriate sequel, that would certainly be far more adapted to the ideas of modern children of from four to eight years old than the mild pabulum which apparently satisfied our grandfathers. We make Messrs. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co., the enterprising Publishers, a present of the suggestion.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

(TALKING OVER THE BALL.)

Cousin Sophia (talented and accomplished). "YES; I LIKE MR. FIBSON, HE'S SO SENSIBLE. HE TOLD ME HE DIDN'T CARE A RAP FOR UNINTELLECTUAL WOMEN, HOWEVER BEAUTIFUL THEY MIGHT BE!"

Cousin Bella (only pretty). "DID HE, REALLY? WHY, HE TOLD ME HE COULDN'T BEAR INTELLECTUAL WOMEN! HE SAID WOMAN'S MISSION WAS TO BE BEAUTIFUL!"

CALLING THEM HOME.

Hoho! Hoho! The call resounds
Afar o'er rock and heather;
'Tis time from pasture's farthest bounds
To call the flock together.
They've rambled wide since morning's prime,
Unchecked by crook or collie;
To let them stray beyond their time
Would show the Shepherd's folly.

Hoho! Hoho! With call and crook
He shouts and signals. Readily
They tumble up from byre and nook,
The old ones trotting steadily,
Home to his feet as oft of old,
That well-known voice obeying;
To find within the ancient fold
An end to frolic straying.

And if of youngsters one or two
Seem yet inclined to gambol,
The call, the crook, will check them too
In their too venturesome ramble.
That Shepherd knows his art too well
To let them wildly wander,
Or far from the bell-wether's bell
To stray from here to yonder.

He all day through hath still reclined,
And let them feed at leisure;
And one would rove at his sweet mind,
And one would leap at pleasure.
But now that folding-hour's at hand,
He rises from the heather,
And summones the woolly band
Back home to bond and tether.

Though one or two be wild of will,
To seek fresh pastures loving,
They'll follow the Old Shepherd still,
For all their taste for roving.
He knows, however far they roam,
His rallying call will find them;
Like Bo-Peep's sheep, they'll all come home,
And bring their tails behind them!

THE VOTE OF THE RED AND THE BLUE.

(A Tragic Sequel to a recent Legal Decision.)

COLONEL PIPECLAY asked for the Adjutant.
"Please, Sir," returned the Sergeant-Major, "Mr. AWDLEY-ROOME's gone canvassing. He won't be here until after the Election."

The Colonel bit two inches off his moustache, but kept his temper. "Where's the Majors?" was his next inquiry.

"Please, Sir, standing for the Division," was the prompt reply. "Mr. AWDLEY-ROOME told me, Sir, that you had struck them off duty, so that they might attend to their political affairs."

"Ah! to be sure—so I did, so I did! Bless the Election!" And another inch of the Colonel's moustache was bitten off. Then, seeing that the non-commissioned officer still lingered, the Commander asked, "Well, Sergeant-Major, do you want anything?"

"Please, Sir, after I have sounded for the parade, may I have leave? I have promised to take the chair this afternoon at a meeting at which the Senior Major is to address his constituents, subject to your permission."

"Very well," replied Colonel PIPECLAY. And the Sergeant-Major saluted, and retired. Five minutes later, the Commander of the Battalion appeared in the barrack-squares.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, "Where's the Regiment?"

"Please, Sir, they're all away at the Election," replied a voice, apparently proceeding from the guardhouse.

"Who's that addressing me?" asked Colonel PIPECLAY, looking round, and discovering no one.

"Please, Sir, the Prisoner." And the solitary occupant of the guardhouse brought himself to "attention" in his cell.

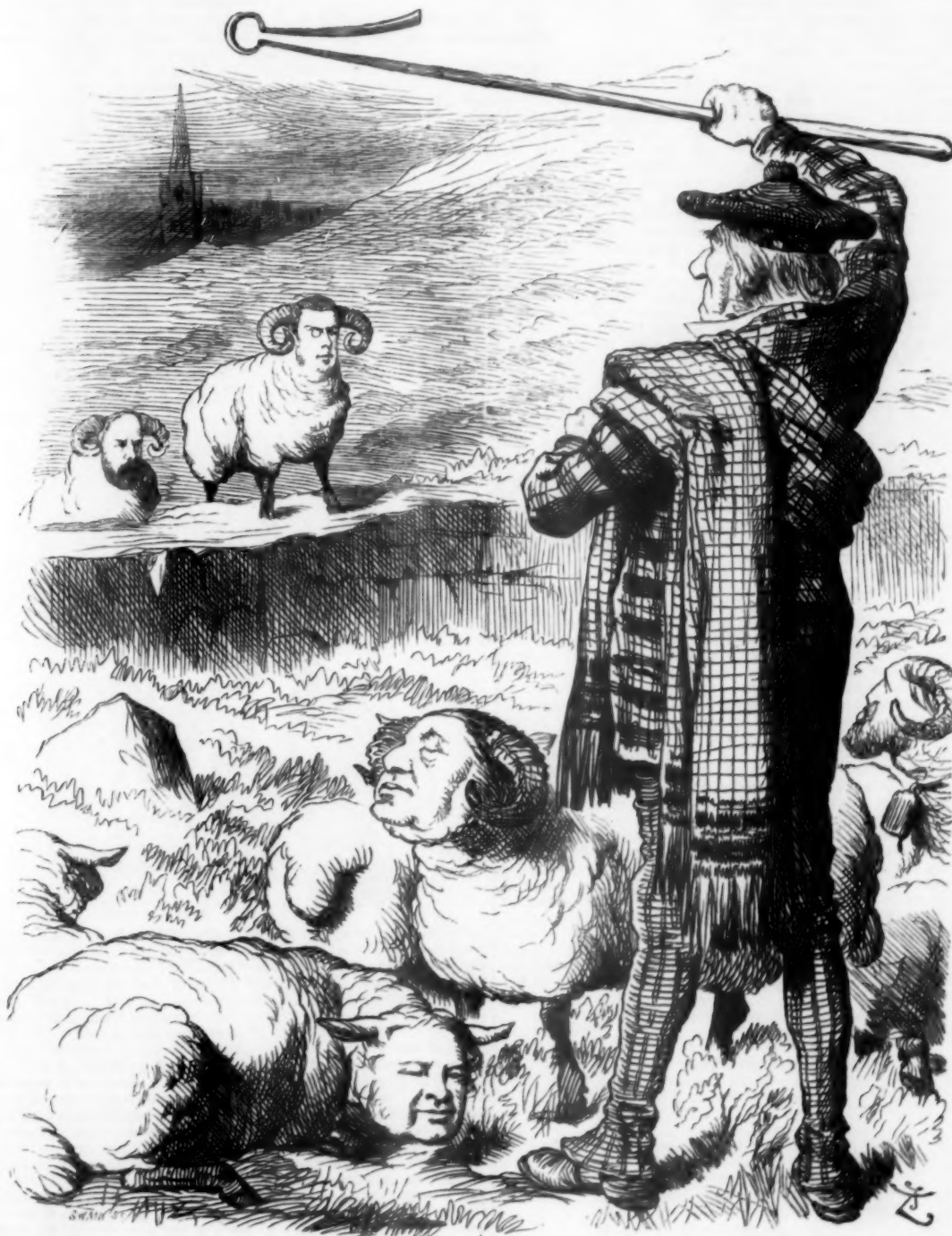
"Well, Prisoner, you and I seem to be the only people on parade. What's the meaning of all this?" asked the Colonel through the bars of the small window.

"Please, Sir, I heard that Major BLACK, commanding the Right Half-Battalion, had given leave to his companies A, B, C, and D to hear him lecture on Conservatism, while Major WHITE had ordered his Half-Battalion to hear him speak on the Radical programme."

Another two inches of the Colonel's moustache were sacrificed. Then he called out angrily for a bugler.

"Very sorry, Sir," replied a Police-constable, who happened to be passing, "but the whole of the Drums and Fifes have been run in by the School Board. As for your Officers, they, like the Adjutant, are all canvassing. The officers of Major BLACK's Half-Battalion for Major WHITE, and the officers of Major WHITE's Wing for Major BLACK."

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed Colonel



CALLING THEM HOME.



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PIPECLAY. "All voting against one another! What will become of discipline!"

"By the new Act, Sir," replied the Police-constable, "discipline is suspended till after the Election."

Before the Colonel had time to make an angry but suitable reply, a telegram from the Horse-Guards signed "CAMBRIDGE" was handed to him for perusal. The despatch ran as follows:—

"General Order. Soldiers' vote sending Service to customary destination; only, as I hate strong language, don't swear!"

And Colonel PIPECLAY being a good soldier (and knowing that obedience to a superior is a good soldier's first duty) didn't! But the effort to repress utterance of his vigorous thoughts was too much for him, and he died of spontaneous combustion. And he was buried with military honours—after the Election!

LORD MARE'S DAY.

HEARING from my old friend the Gildhall Beetle, who told it me with almost a tear in his two eyes, as how as the old onered Copperashun, tired out with their constant worry fust with one Ome Seckretary who wanted to reduce 'em to a meer Westry, and then with



another Ome Seckretary who wants to put the quite common Bored of Works—who ain't not got even no Magasine Gownds and no Field Marshall, let alone a pair of Sherryffs and a Sword Bearer—over their old and ancient heds, had, to speak the powerful langwidge of the Sportin World, "thrown hup the Spunge," and fearing therefore that this here Lord Mare's hallowed Show might be the werry last, I conceived sitch a idea as any cums to us in our extremity.

"Yes, ROBERT," I sed to myself, "if this is to be the hend of ewerythink in the Show line, jine in it, and form a part of it, so as future ages of all kinds may say wen speaking sorrowfully of it, I'm glad as ROBERT was there, it was fitting as he should be." I had no difficulty in gaining my hobject. I nose several of the Eppin Forest Keepers, so I marched victoriously along with them as far as the butiful Griffing, and then quietly slipping down in Chancery Lane got back to my dooty without not never being mist. Having taken my last final farewell, probberly, of the werry grandist speektackel of modern times, if we excepts the Drury Lane Pantomine, I felt just a leetle down on my luck, as the Bishop said when the Larndress scorchd his lorn sleeves, but a glass or too of my faverit Mydeary put me all right, and I set about my arduous duties with my usual hemergy. The washupfool Company of Grumblers was present in rather greater force than usual, they grumbled because the horses that drawd the four City Company's hembles was only werry common Cart Horses! Of coarse they expected as Lord ROTHSCHILD would have lent about 20 of his race horses for the hinteresting cerry-mony! Then at the Bankwet they grumbled at the Turtel soup

becoz the thin was too thin and the thick was too thick, and at the pigeon pies becoz there wasn't not no pigeons in em. I reelly wonders wot sum persons do expek. They'll be expectin to find Maraskino in the Jelly nex, insted of we nose what.

Most of us Waiters and Common Counslers being starnch Conserwatifs has been a looking forward for some time to see our old friends cum amongst us again and cheer us hup a little, as we sadly wants it, so Her Madjeaty's Ministers was receeved with plenty of chairs as they marched up to be presented with appy arts and smilin faces. And didn't their bran new unyiforms look lovely, why in freshness and shinyness they was amost ekwal to the Lord Mare's own footmen's livverys, and that's about as big a complement as even an Hed Waiter could pay even to a Conserwatif Ministry. The Company was a werry brilliant one, speeshally the Ladys, and as for the Dimons they was that numerus and that dazzing that the gas all seemed wasted. BROWN, who was wunee in the Pornbrokering line, and so ort to know sumthink about their wally, said as how as he thort he should put it down at jest about a million, if they was all reel. But there's no imperance as BROWN isn't capable of.

We was all a good deal disapinted with the Prime Minister's speech. He torked a long while about a lot of forren things as nobody didn't seem to care much about, for they was as silent as the Toom, and two or three on 'em was acabally fast asleep. But he rowed 'em up a bit towards the hend wen he sed as he hoped to see lots more Lord Mares with all their ushul splendor and with nobody to hinterfere with their goings on. If I mite without harrogance put in jest a word, it wood be, them's my sentiments to a Tea.

The Lord Mare looked splendid, as usual, and so did the Rite Honnerabel the Lady Mareess with her nice Sweet of Pink Pearls. It's estonishing how all Lord Mares cuts out their Four Fathers. He didn't care about speaking Greek all nite, as he mite easily have done, of coarse, so he spoke French, jest like a Native, with of coarse estonished 'em, jest as Natives easily is. BROWN said as how if the French Embassador had bin there he would have spoken of him as a Man and a Brother, and have called him Mar Mare!

The Judges maid us all larf with their fun, to which their comical appearance gave a hextra relish. The Lord Chanceseller—who that rude and vulger BROWN said reminded him of Mr. TOOLE when in his prime—made 'em all rore by sain as they might as well expek tears from a flint stone as good law from him, and that he did not intend to erboliah primeoginytur. The Master of the Rolls—who BROWN tried to perswade me was Master of the Bakers Company, but I know'd better—told 'em that if he attempted to be serious there, nobody woudn't beleeeve him. His brother Judges was all different from one another excep in one thing and that was, they was all as clever as the cleverest man as ever lived?—Tork about cheek! said BROWN—and though they differed they never made use of bad langwidge, like some people he coud name, nor called each other norty names. One or two of the gents at the top table tried to larf, but I sumhow thinks it was ony to hide their tell-tail blushes. The Turney General said as how it was the duty of the Bar to keep the Judges Straight, but they was sitch a rampagious lot that it made it a werry difficult thing to do, but they meant to keep on a trying though they knowed as it was amost a hopeless task! After these jolly Lawyers had finished with their capital charif, the rest of the Speakers seemed a werry sollem lot, so amost everybody got up and went away.

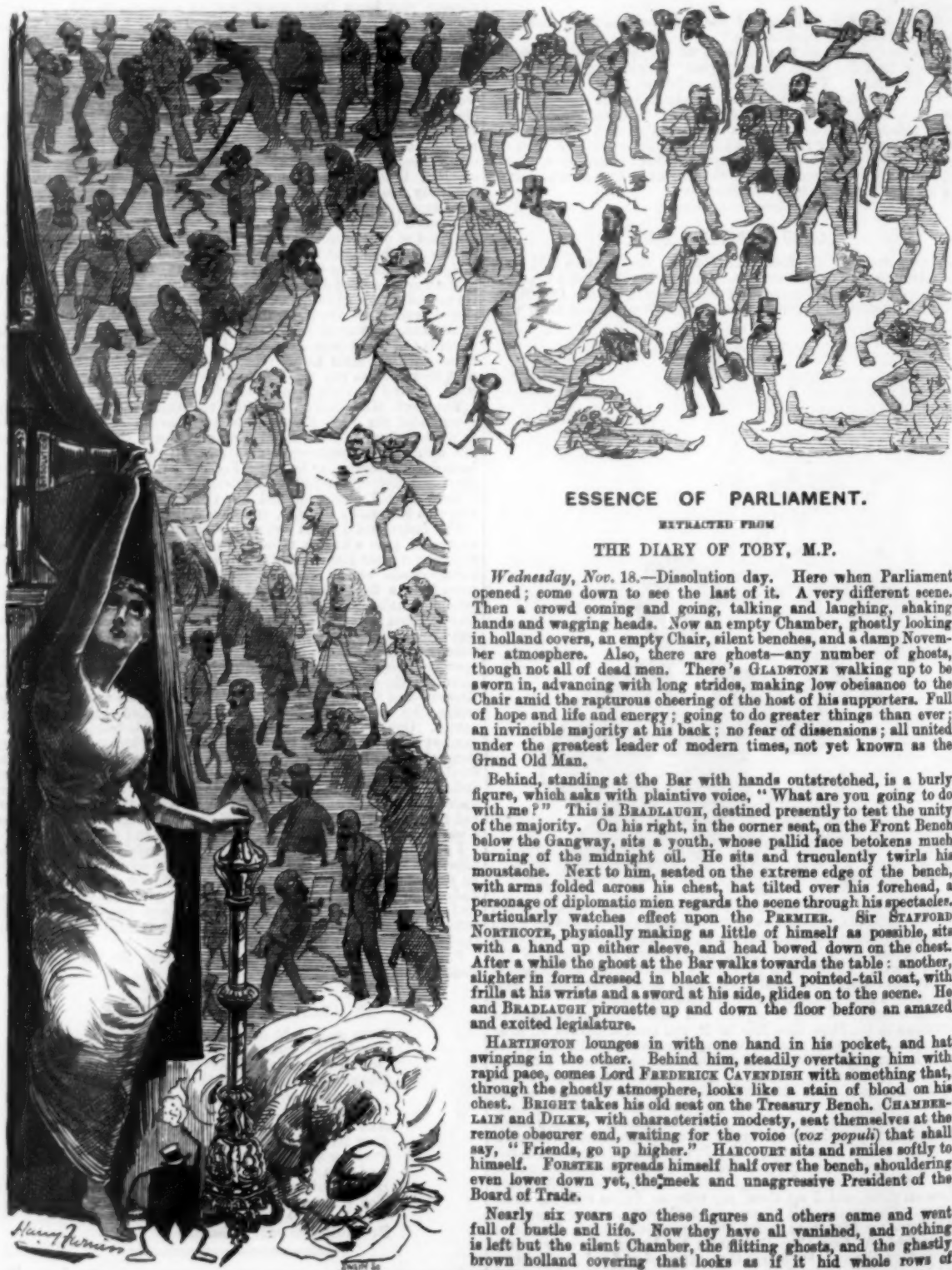
I got thro my ofishal duties as quick as possible and got into the Libery to see the Judges' quodreel, as BROWN told me was about to be dancd by the Lord Chanceseller, the Master of the Rolls, Mr. Judge LOPES, and Mr. Sargent ROBINSON, with the four prettyest Ladys of the Lady Mareess's sweet, but I was two late for wunee, witch I was werry sorry for, as I should think it must have bin about the best part of the hole Show.

P.S.—"ROBERT V. ROBERTS." Who drinks the arf bottels. I shall rite on this pint in my nex.

AN ARCHIDIACONAL FUNCTION.

DOES each night Archdeacon DENTON
Ask on GLADSTONE's head a benison?
No. Yet if he's still perverse,
GLADSTONE's not a whit the worse.
"Because," retorts Archdeacon D.,
"GLADSTONE's bad as bad can be;
And I'd as soon—such is my whim—
Pray for Old Nick as pray for him."
Pray for Old Nick w/ ROBBIE BURNS,
And then for GLADSTONE, both by turns.
If thus Origen-al you be,
You'll show some Christian Charitee,
Which will, though triding the amount,
Be credited to your account.

GLADSTONIAN, BUT RATHER IN THE STYLE OF THE LATE MR. MANTALINI.—Disestablishment is a question of the dim future.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Wednesday, Nov. 18.—Dissolution day. Here when Parliament opened; come down to see the last of it. A very different scene. Then a crowd coming and going, talking and laughing, shaking hands and wagging heads. Now an empty Chamber, ghostly looking in holland covers, an empty Chair, silent benches, and a damp November atmosphere. Also, there are ghosts—any number of ghosts, though not all of dead men. There's GLADSTONE walking up to be sworn in, advancing with long strides, making low obeisance to the Chair amid the rapturous cheering of the host of his supporters. Full of hope and life and energy; going to do greater things than ever; an invincible majority at his back; no fear of dissensions; all united under the greatest leader of modern times, not yet known as the Grand Old Man.

Behind, standing at the Bar with hands outstretched, is a burly figure, which asks with plaintive voice, "What are you going to do with me?" This is BRADLAUGH, destined presently to test the unity of the majority. On his right, in the corner seat, on the Front Bench below the Gangway, sits a youth, whose pallid face betokens much burning of the midnight oil. He sits and truculently twirls his moustache. Next to him, seated on the extreme edge of the bench, with arms folded across his chest, hat tilted over his forehead, a personage of diplomatic mien regards the scene through his spectacles. Particularly watches effect upon the PREMIER. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, physically making as little of himself as possible, sits with a hand up either sleeve, and head bowed down on the chest. After a while the ghost at the Bar walks towards the table: another, slighter in form dressed in black shorts and pointed-tail coat, with frills at his wrists and a sword at his side, glides on to the scene. He and BRADLAUGH pirouette up and down the floor before an amazed and excited legislature.

HARTINGTON lounges in with one hand in his pocket, and hat swinging in the other. Behind him, steadily overtaking him with rapid pace, comes Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH with something that, through the ghostly atmosphere, looks like a stain of blood on his chest. BRIGHT takes his old seat on the Treasury Bench. CHAMBERLAIN and DILKE, with characteristic modesty, seat themselves at the remote obscurer end, waiting for the voice (*vox populi*) that shall say, "Friends, go up higher." HARCOURT sits and smiles softly to himself. FORSTER spreads himself half over the bench, shouldering even lower down yet, the meek and unaggressive President of the Board of Trade.

Nearly six years ago these figures and others came and went full of bustle and life. Now they have all vanished, and nothing is left but the silent Chamber, the flitting ghosts, and the ghostly brown holland covering that looks as if it hid whole rows of corpses.

AT THE "ALBION."

"The 'Albion,' in Drury Lane, has of late years lost much of its old renown as a theatrical tavern and favourite haunt of first-nighters. Messrs. SPIERS AND POND have just purchased the lease, and promise to restore its faded glories."—*The World*.

Ho! Waiter at the "Albion,"
Before you bustle out,
Just put a juicy chop upon
The grid, and bring the stout.
For well you know me I'll be sworn,
Not one of your chance comers,
I've used the house both night and morn,
For five-and-forty summers.

How often in this room I've sat,
On many an afternoon,
And played 'mid histrionic chat,
With meditative spoon.
And oft at night I've talked and laugh'd
And scorned the winter's fury,
And haply modest beakers quaff'd
With actors from old Drury.

The shadows of a by-gone age,
My dreaming eyes behold,
The mighty men who trod the stage
In all the days of old.
I see MACREADY and the KEANS,
Here presently assembles,
Each hero of a thousand scenes,
Your GARRICKS and your KEMBLE.

And coming down to later times,
I see amid the smoke,
How SOTHERN heard the midnight
chimes,

And BUCKSTONE cracked his joke.
While actors of the modern school
Are here, of fame deserving;
Our BANCROFT, and our lively TOOLE,
And HARRIS, and HENRY IRVING.

And here, on many future nights,
When some new play is o'er,
Will critics gather 'neath the lights,
And actors throng the floor.
May each piece in those days beyond
Our ken, find firm defender:
And well we know, O SPIERS AND POND,
Your chops and steaks are tender.

THE G. O. M. ON ARTISTS' MODELS.

We are entirely unauthorised to state that Mr. HORSLEY, R.A., has received a letter from Mr. GLADSTONE, "werry much applauding what he'd done," or rather what he had said about unclothed models in Art Schools. The Right Honourable Gentleman says he has no rooted antipathy to the Naked Truth, and sees no objection to Truth, when in a state of nudity, remaining in the Well, which well he would leave alone. But Truth out of the Well is evidently another matter, and should be, as Mr. HORSLEY would have the models, well wrapped up. The G. O. M. quite understands how painful it must be to Mr. HORSLEY's feelings to travel about the country at this time of year, as he is doing, in search of Pictures for the Winter Loan Exhibition of Old Masters, in consequence of the trees being stripped.

There was once a political phrase, which had a temporary success, it was "meddle and muddle;" and Mr. GLADSTONE, while deprecating all attempts to give his meaning any other colouring than the Artist would approve, yet thinks that if "Meddle and Model" were just now remembered it would be well for all lovers of Art who have some regard for its encouragement in the dim future. Mr. GLADSTONE kindly remonstrates with the high-minded, but somewhat too



ACCOMMODATION.

Needy Friend (to Prosperous Speculator). "Now, if you could make it FIFTY!—and you 'RE IN SUCH LUCK THAT IT'S JUST POSSIBLE I MAY PAY YOU BACK IN—"

severe, Artist for having, as he had been informed,—and if wrongly informed he would apologise beforehand and withdraw the observation,—dismissed a country servant, who, on being asked if he recognised a landscape of Mr. HORSLEY's, replied that "He knew'd it at once." The sound of "knew'd" was, of course, objectionable, but the Right Honourable Gentleman expressed himself convinced that the humble possessor of the Service-franchise erred ignorantly, and not wilfully, and, therefore, if it had so happened, he begged he might be reinstated. Finally, Mr. GLADSTONE observes that his recent huskiness suggested his addressing the eminent Artist, as the sound of his own voice had reminded him that he was less like speaking GLADSTONE than "speaking HORSLEY."

A CORRECTION.—We are bound by Christian courtesy to give every one credit for the highest motives, though we may condemn their conduct. So that, when at the end of a lively article in the *Daily Telegraph* of last Friday on projects for establishing "hostels" for City Clerks, we read that "there is but one radically effective remedy for bachelor loneliness, and that, unfortunately, many members of the useful and honourable guild of City Clerks are, from financial reasons, unable to secure—a wife,"—we may suggest that the writer would have made his real meaning clearer, if, instead of the vague recommendation to take "a wife" (i.e. some wife, any wife), he had substituted the verb "to marry."

A LITTLE MUSIC.

VERY pleasant evening at Herr PEINIGER'S Second Recital. Interesting programme, though at first sight rather serious, the commencement being GRIMM. This was from his "Op. 14." An 'ARRY observed that he supposed this was intended for dance-music, and wanted to know if GRIMM gave many "'Ops" during the season.



Herr Peiniger playing Variations on the Contango, or Bach-wardation movement.

The Analyst in his published remarks,—price, with programme, sixpence, and cheap at that,—says:—"There is an element of broad humour in the inversion of the three notes already indicated, i.e., C D C on the violin, and, by way of the *tu quoque*, the piano retorts C D C, and vice versa."

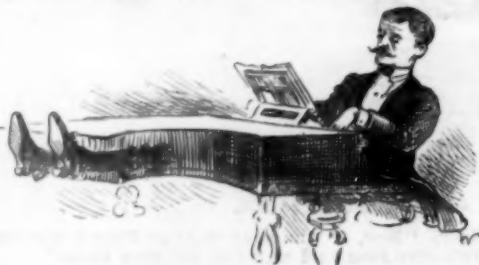
Isn't this real fun? The audience was convulsed—respectably and quietly, of course; doing what *Mr. Weller Senior* tried ineffectually to practise—"a silent chuckle."

Subsequently, the Analyst remarking on BACH'S "Ciaccona in D minor,"—if BACH had been a great traveller, he might have written something in Asia Minor, but he didn't,—says that Variation 16 is "of a character so full of repose, and anthem-like"—yes, we were almost asleep, like a Dean, *qui a bien diné*, in a Cathedral stall,—that one is sorry to be drawn along with the next variation into the bustle of figuration again."

As this suggested a Milliner's Measure and a Dress-Improver, we woke up, and looked about for her appearance on the platform, but we were disappointed. We heard "the bustle of figuration" to the end, were delighted with Herr PEINIGER in his "Airs Hongrois" ("used to have Pom-made Hongrois for my 'airs," said 'ARRY, but he was immediately 'ashed down), and when four Violinists got up together, and began to attack an *Andante* and a *Rondino*, we thought it was time to retire, and so we did, but it was the last selection, and then out we went, and out went the lights. So home to bed with great content.



Music from a Stone.—Miss Stone. Wonderful portrait!



A leg-grow movement. Rather an "Ould" joke.

AN OPERATIC HONOUR.—Sir DONALD MARTIN STEWART, Bart., G.C.B., C.I.E., has been made an Extra Knight G.C. of the Star of India. We congratulate Sir DONALD, but the title of "Extra Knight" is so familiar to old subscribers to the Royal Italian Opera, that it is a question whether this dignity could not be appropriately conferred on either Mr. GYE or Mr. MAPLESON.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE.—A student of the divine WILLIAM'S draws our attention to the speech of the Porter in *Macbeth*, act ii., sc. 3. We refer the Primrose Knights and Dames to the passage, but do not suppose that those who "go the primrose way" will care to quote SHAKESPEARE to their purpose in this instance.

HOW TO RUIN WOOLWICH INFANTS.—Give fifteen Commissions in the Royal Engineers to unqualified outsiders.

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The Art of the Stage, by PERCY FITZGERALD (published by REMINGTON & Co.). This is a Collection of CHARLES LAMB'S Essays, with a Commentary by PERCY FITZGERALD. These Lamb-chops with Mr. FIG-OTT. With the Essays everyone is more or less familiar; and Mr. FITZGERALD'S commentary adds nothing to them except a Commentary. All Shakespearian students will agree with CHARLES LAMB, and also with Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD, who has the advantage over the delightful Essayist in possessing a practical knowledge of the modern Stage, and a further advantage in being alive to write about it.



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But this is equally true of all plays of which we do not possess the "prompt copies," or where the details of the action have not been most carefully provided and written down. Mr. IRVING in his study can put down all the business for all the characters in *Hamlet* from beginning to end, and how few comparatively would take the trouble to read the laborious compilation when published! But in three hours they can be impressed with a clearer view of how Mr. IRVING thinks the play of *Hamlet* ought to be represented, by visiting the Lyceum Theatre, than ever they could by studying day after day such an "acting edition" as we have just imagined. They may or may not agree with Mr. IRVING'S views, but, on the whole, the majority of those who are fairly well up in the play will enjoy the performance more for that very reason; and the fact of their having seen the play intelligently performed, will add a zest to their next perusal of it in the privacy of their own study.

If we had no theatres, and suddenly discovered the plays of SHAKESPEARE, there would be a national subscription, or, in these days, a Limited Liability Company immediately formed, for the purpose of building a theatre for their special production. We should not be content merely to read them: we should want to see them in action. What CHARLES LAMB, who was not much of a dramatist himself, does not seem to value sufficiently is, the undeniable fact that these plays were written to be performed, not to be read, and the characters were in many cases, notably that of *Hamlet*, written to suit certain members of SHAKESPEARE'S Company. We fancy Mr. FITZGERALD has missed this point—or we have overlooked it, in reading his commentary, which, by the way, is written in a pleasant chatty style, and if it does no more than promote a general re-reading of *Elia's Essays*, it will have served a good purpose.

A Christmas Angel.—We protest against Mr. FARJEON getting us to take him into our houses with his Christmas Angel, and then in return taking us in, and making us weep and snivel and blow our noses, and giving us red eyes and violent colds in our heads. It isn't kind, Mr. FARJEON. Such Angels' visits are fortunately few and far (jeon) between, so it will be another twelve months before he dares to do it again. There is yet another month to Christmas, so our advice is, read this book—a beautiful little book it is, though a bit cloudy and mysterious at first,—before Christmas comes, and then get something to make you laugh, for Mr. FARJEON'S Angel will not do this. Very much to the contrary. Most of the illustrations, by GORDON BROWN, are full of character, but here and there a little too "frenchy" in style for truthful representations of low Cockney types.

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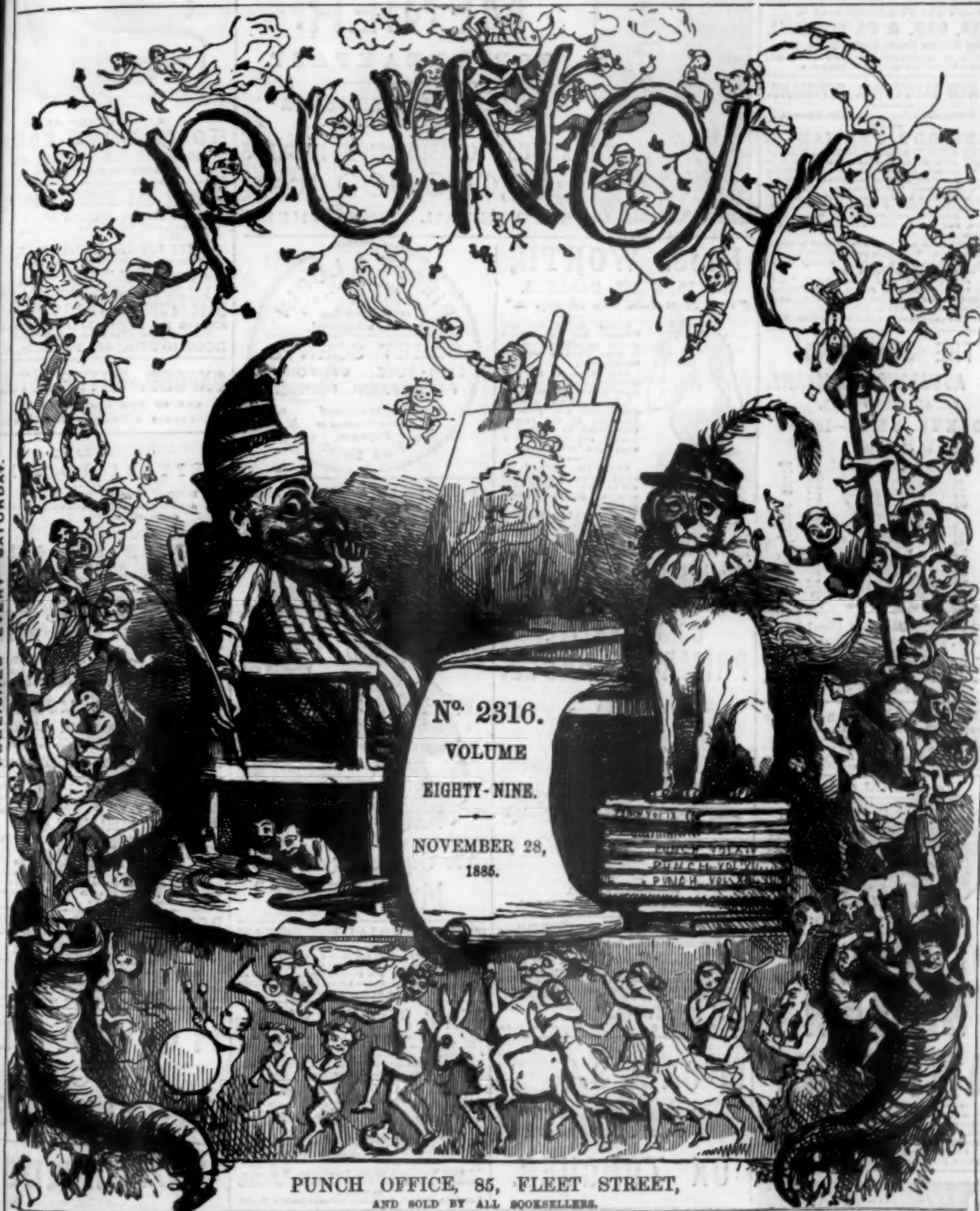
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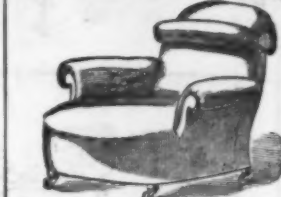
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With the simple, soft, and green,
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Sold, besides, with "butterine."

A CRY FROM EPPING FOREST.

I WANT to thank you, good Mr. Punch, for what you have said on our behalf. Things have lately gone very hard with us. We felt they were really beyond a joke.

For hundreds and hundreds of years, we fallow Deer have had free range of Epping Forest. When the Ancient Britons were mere beginners, we were here. Since time was, the Forest has been "fallow" ground. What is happening to us now no Fallow can understand! Dear Mr. Punch we are not being killed—that would be merciful, and we are but venison. At the Civic "hunts" you have heard about we are literally tortured to death. Does the thing your City calls its Corporation possess bowels of compassion? If it is not quite callous to the agony inflicted in its name, it will stop, once and for ever, the ghastly "sport" of the past season.

My Sire lies rotting in the Forest. Flying one morning last September before a band of yelling beaters, one of his legs was smashed below the knee by a Cockney "sportsman's" chance shot. My lamed Sire made for a near brook, flowing through a deep hollow in the wood. Here at night we came to him. The ball had smashed the bone to splinters. At first he crept from place to place along the brook, leaving a track of blood. Then, as the wound grew worse, he lay in the deepest water, and died on the fifth day. Some nights after this, when we came we found the body. I wish some City "buck" could be made to endure a tithe of my Sire's sufferings.

A FOREST FAWN.

THE DISESTABLISHER'S DIARY.

(Coming Extracts from—According to the Prophets.)

VOTED last night for the third reading of the "Church of England Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill." Scene in the House exciting. Great anxiety as to what line the G. O. M. would take at the last moment. When he rose, it was known that the majority was safe, if not overwhelming, and upon Harcourt whispering this to him, he determined on his course. Peroration magnificent. "What was," he said, "but a few short months ago looming vaguely in the dim and distant future has suddenly burst upon us, luminous and clear in the distinct and pressing present." Then he beat round beautifully and acknowledging the magnitude of the responsibility, confessed himself quite willing to accept it. He closed amid ringing cheers. The result, a majority of 136. So that question is settled for good and aye. On my way home, threw a brickbat through the Vicar's study-window, just to celebrate the event, and give him a foretaste of to-morrow's news.

Controversy still hot as to the best way of appropriating the surplus of the two hundred and fifty millions realised by the sale of Church property. "The National and Educational Music Halls for the People" scheme, with free drink up to sixpence, and admission gratis, seems not half-bad, and as a chastening progressive social factor ought to work well. Might be amended, perhaps, in Committee.

Being Sunday, looked in this afternoon into Westminster Abbey, to see how the old place strikes one under its new conditions. Effect curious at first. Little tea and coffee-tables in rows right away up the nave strike one as quaint and almost out of place, but the eye soon grows familiar with them. Building fairly full of loungers. Has been leased for three years to the "Westminster Intellectual Sunday Improvement League," and they are apparently trying a tentative and not altogether unattractive programme. When I looked in, somebody with a stick was lecturing from the pulpit on the habits of the Megatherium, illustrated by diagrams let down in front of the screen. People not very much interested. The whole entertainment enlivened by occasional performances on the organ of Old English Airs and selections from popular Comic Operas. The latter, when recognised, being accompanied by the audience. On coming out, found the Dean, surrounded by one or two Minor Canons, holding forth to a large but decently-behaved mob on the iniquity of the whole thing, within the railings of the enclosure. He appeared to be denouncing the League, and sending round his hat for half-pence. General attitude of the public apathetic. Took St. Paul's on my way home. Heard a bit of a discourse from a popular Atheist. It did not seem to go down. Benches pretty well empty. Thought I saw Liddon behind a column taking notes, so perhaps he will reply in a letter to to-morrow's Times. Shall look out.

Disturbances of dispossessed Country Clergy appear to continue. Meeting of several thousand at Stoke Poges, under the presidency of a Rural Dean, to protest against "the confiscation of the sacred fabrics," dispersed, after the reading of the Riot Act by the local military. Suppose something ought to be done for them. But what? Great dissatisfaction expressed by agricultural poor at the disappearance of the coal, blanket, clothing, and benefit clubs that have vanished everywhere with the country vicars and their wives. They don't seem to accept the National Country Inquiry Committee's Agent as an equivalent, although, on investigation, he is empowered to render temporary assistance in extreme cases of necessity, when he meets with them. The abolishing of the Country Clergy has undoubtedly opened up a perplexing problem for solution.

Things seem to be going very hard with Church dignitaries. Was much shocked this morning to see a bevy of Bishops, in their worn-out aprons and battered shovel-hats, parading the street, and joining in the chorus, "We've got no work to do." I sent them out a loaf of bread and a shilling, and they seemed, poor fellows! quite grateful. Really, if I had fully taken in all the dire consequences of Disestablishment, I do not think I should have voted for it. However, what is done is done, and there's no help for it. But it is a sad thing to think those Bishops will, in all probability, come on to the rates. Such a future is indeed dim, but, I fear, not distant!

Some Fruits.

[The St. James's Gazette says that nothing more is now demanded than that there should be a thorough overhauling of the fruits of Free Trade.]

"FRUITS"? Those of Protection would speedily come,
And their nature all men in advance may divine:
The Capitalist might make sure of a "plum,"
But the fruit for the Poor would be "pine."



GENUINE ENTHUSIASM.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"A JOURNAL KEPT BY DICK DOYLE
IN 1840."

'Tis more than forty years ago,
The world was not so old, you know,
And we were young—I fancy so—
And life was fresh and vernal:
Years, years before one used to see,
In *Punch*, the monogram "R.D.,"
Or, *Mr. Pips his Diary*—
Was written *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

Here cunning youthful fingers trace,
A scene, a show, a well-known place,
A character, a form, a face,
With quaint remark diurnal:
What graceful fancy and what heart!
What truth, what humour, and what
Art!
And all that Genius can impart,
We find in *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

Shrewd is the Artist and exact:
It would appear he could extract
From passing folly, fashion, fact,
The essence and the kernel:
And, as you linger o'er the page,
That chronicles a bygone age,
You'll leave no picture, I'll engage,
Unscanned in *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

'Mid "Journals," I have ne'er found
one
Throughout so admirably done;
So full of honest, boyish fun,
And spirits sempiternal!
There's not a page that's dull or dry—
A book you ought at once to buy—
So quick to SMITH & ELDER fly,
And order *Dick Doyle's Journal*.

"KIND INQUIRIES."

A CORRESPONDENT having called Lord HARTINGTON's attention to a speech by the Tory Candidate for West Cramtown, in which his Lordship was stated to be a "Communist in disguise, and a secret friend of all the most desperate of the Continental Nihilists," Lord HARTINGTON's Secretary writes that his Lordship is glad to supplement the information given. Not only is he a Communist and Nihilist, but he was the person who set fire to the Tuilleries, murdered the late Czar, and materially assisted GUY FAWKES in his spirited but premature attempt to introduce the *Cloître* into Parliament.

A Gentleman in Essex has written the following letter to Mr. BRIGHT:—

SIR,—Is it or is it not a fact that a prisoner at Portland in the years 1843-6 had exactly the same Christian and surname as yourself? Is it also a fact that on one occasion when Mr. CORDEN and yourself were both to address a meeting on Free Trade, you purposely elbowed that gentleman, pretending that it was a pure accident, over the edge of the platform, whereby he sustained a fracture of the knee-cap, all in order that you might occupy first place in the attention of your audience? As my uncle's father-in-law knew a man who was at the meeting, you see my information is indisputably correct.

Yours indignantly,
A BIRMINGHAM ELECTOR.

Mr. BRIGHT has forwarded the following reply:—

SIR,—You are evidently some new form of jackass. Mr. CORDEN never had a fracture of the knee-cap in his life. JOHN BRIGHT.

A Correspondent, having invited Mr. GLADSTONE "to explain, if he can, the fact that he is at the present moment the part-owner of valuable Gold Mines, in the neighbourhood of Widdin, which accounts for his disapproval of the Servian invasion of that province," has received a reply to this effect:—

"Mr. GLADSTONE begs to acknowledge the letter from a Gentleman signing himself, 'NOT TO BE HUMBUGGED EASILY.' He has made it a rule never to answer silly calumnies of any sort, and only does so now because he finds it impossible to adhere to his rule for more than five consecutive minutes. Mr. GLADSTONE is surprised at the state-

ments of his Correspondent. At this period of the electoral contest he will not allow himself to be dragged into a discussion on Gold Mines, or any other mines. He may, however, adduce one or two reasons why his Correspondent's assertion is *a priori* improbable. In Mr. GLADSTONE's belief, Bulgarian Law does not admit of part-ownership of any kind; he, moreover, is not aware that there are Gold Mines in the vicinity of Widdin, but on this point expresses no decided opinion. If all these arguments are inconclusive, he finally says, what perhaps might have been placed at the beginning of this communication, that as a matter-of-fact he does not own, or part-own, Gold Mines near Widdin, or anywhere else, and the statement that he does so, is false."

The subjoined correspondence has also been sent to us for publication:—

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.

MY LORD,

I WISH to address to you a pertinent inquiry. One who knows, because he was there, tells me that at the recent banquet at Guildhall, you were distinctly heard to say, when the toast of HER MAJESTY's health was being drunk,—"That's one cheer too many." Such a disloyal remark from the professed Champion of the Constitution needs no comment from,

Yours threateningly,

AVENGER.

The Marquis of SALISBURY has replied as follows:—

Hatfield, Nov. 18.

SIR,—The incident was this. Three hearty cheers were given in the usual way, and some unauthorised person attempted a fourth. This gave rise to a jocose observation from myself, in which I am unable to see anything approaching disloyalty, and I regard your inquiry as rather impertinent than pertinent.

Yours obediently,

SALISBURY.

To this the same Correspondent has replied that "he isn't at all satisfied with the explanations given, and as soon as he can get leave from the authorities of the establishment where he resides, he will come and personally explain to the Marquis his reasons."

The Secretary of the noble Marquis has forwarded this latter communication to the Governor of Colney Hatch, with a request that he will exercise greater supervision in future over the epistolary vagaries of the lunatics under his care.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.



WAITING! What will it be, the issue?
 How will the new threads interweave
 Into the old diplomatical tissue?
 Will it, as optimist Tories believe,
 Bring back their BENJAMIN's "spirited" policy?
 Or must they reckon with WILLIAM again?
 Will British Voters the Radicals' folly see?
 Or will they flock in Midlothian's train?
 Is the old glamour exhausted and impotent,
 Or does its wielder retain the old spell
 E'en over "vistas most distant and dim" potent?
 None may divine—yet a short time will tell.
 So then they wait all expectant. The Iron One
 Grimly inquisitive, firm in his faith
 That, of all perils and plagues that environ one,
 Weak vacillation brings surest of scathe.

Austria, too, with an eye upon OTTO,
 Wonders and watches. The Turk humbly hangs;
 "Dog may eat dog" is his time-honoured motto,
 His only task 's to keep clear of their fangs.
 Moody the Muscovite, furtive as Bruin
 Eager for honey, but dreading the sting;
 Brooding o'er schemes which the Verdict may ruin,
 Hopes that the issue may shoot on the wing.
 Lithe Lady France looketh vigilant. Verily
 Much, for them all, on this case may depend;
 If it goes one way some schemes will run merrily,
 If in the other, some plans will find end.
 Had they their way they would settle it readily,
 Then were the Verdict conclusion foregone;
 But British Judges try calmly and steadily,
 And British Juries have ways of their own!

THE BOOK OF BADMINTON.

A REMARKABLE series of volumes on "Sports and Pastimes"—rice STRUTT's, obsolete—has recently been commenced. It is intended to be the standard English work on the subject, being written by undeniably competent authorities, and edited by a trio whose names alone will be a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of its general information, and for its strict accuracy in matters of detail. The title of this series, *The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes*, was naturally enough suggested by the place whence proceeded its first inspiration, Badminton, the home of the Mighty Hunter, His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G.

Three volumes have already appeared—the first on Hunting, the second on Fishing, and the third on the same topic. The dedication to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, signed "BEAUFORT," and the Preface, signed by "the Editor," being repeated at the commencement of each volume, on the principle, we suppose, that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing. The series, as a whole, is announced as "Edited by His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., assisted by ALFRED E. T. WATSON," who ought to have been raised to the rank of a Baronet for the occasion, as from the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., to plain ALFRED E. T. WATSON is rather a drop, though it would have looked better if the name of the untitled, but talented assistant, had been printed as "ALFRED WATSON, E. T.," which would have balanced the "K.G." However, ALFRED the Little prefers to be 'umble and to "assist" His Grace.

The Hunting volume is announced as written by the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., and MOWBRAY MORRIS. It is enriched by contributions from the Earl of SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE, two single gentlemen rolled into one, the Rev. E. W. L. DAVIES (glad to see that a Sporting Parson still remains. Is it to this Contributor we owe the strictures on his prototypes, the hunting Abbots and sporting Bishops of the thirteenth century?), DIBBY COLLIER, and the ubiquitous ALFRED WATSON, E. T. Of course this volume, as one of the series, must also have been edited by the Duke and his trusty benchman. The Duke is a deservedly popular M.F.H., and the type of a genuine English Sportsman. His talented Assistant-editor and Contributor, ALFRED, is Editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, and author of *Hunting Sketches*, knowing equally as much of Sport as he does of the Drama; and being also, or having been till recently, the Musical Critic on the *Standard*, a better man for a five-barred gate (with crotchets and quavers in it) could not well be imagined. How he would take an Oratorio in his stride, jump in and out of a Fantasia, and follow every note of music in true workmanlike style! With his keen dramatic and sporting eye he would tell you whether a musical piece was well mounted or not; and, taking him all round, we may say that, in spite of his being on the *Standard*, there couldn't be a fitter man for the post. His Grace's collaborator in this volume on Hunting is MOWBRAY MORRIS, an Oxonian sportsman, whose undergraduate experiences qualify him to get through what he can't get over; he was the Dramatic Critic on the *Times*, is a distinguished *Quarterly Reviewer*, Editor of *Macmillan's*, author of an excellent compilation of poetic extracts, and the inventor of the phrase "Chicken and champagne criticisms," which so annoyed some actors and journalists.

The Drama, therefore, as we have shown, is very well represented in this work on Hunting, MOWBRAY and ALFRED being Dramatic Critics, and his Grace having been long known as a staunch patron of the Drama, which, *à propos* of horsey subjects, may be reckoned as one of the Duke's Hobbies. We were, therefore, a little surprised at not finding any mention of the Hunt as performed at Hengler's, or the Equestrian Drama at Sanger's, nor any allusion to the history of

Ducrow's, Batty's, or Astley's in the first volume, or at least, in that chapter of it which is mainly—and tail-ly—devoted to "The Horse." It is a thousand pities that Mr. HENRY NEVILLE was not asked to contribute, as he could recount some stirring experiences on and off his charger during the run of *Human Nature*,—a run far longer than any recounted in this work, or any other on Hunting. However, every distinguished contributor couldn't have had a hand in the series, or even in the Library of Duca! Badminton there would not have been shelves sufficient for the books.

The Dedication is to "one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time," H.R.H., who exerts, it appears, in "extricating himself from a crowd,"—of course, the crowd never will get out of H.R.H.'s way; in "taking a line of his own,"—why did he not write several "lines of his own" in this book?—in "knocking over driven grouse, and partridges, and high-roosting pheasants, in first-rate workmanlike style," in a hard-blowing wind; in being "a good yachtsman,"—it does not say anything about the hard-blowing wind in this case; in his "encouragement of racing," and in his attendance at Cricket Matches,—in being, in fact, "like most English Gentlemen, fond of all manly sports." And a great compliment this from his Grace.

Then comes "The Preface" signed by the Editor, K.G., presumably assisted by ALFRED WATSON, E. T. There's some roughish ground to get over here. For instance:—

"It is to point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written."

Where was the talented friend "to help and coach" the Editor K.G. in the above instance? Here's a little easier going:—

"To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within."

The noble Editor then gracefully alludes to the "courtesy of the Publisher,"—what on earth did he do? Come down to Badminton himself, and wait in the hall for the "copy"? Did he hold the Duke's stirrup, or, when he saw His Grace mounted, did he courteously refrain from making any cockneyish suggestion as to "getting inside and pulling down the blinds"? The "courtesy of the publisher" bothers us. The Editor K.G. recognises "the unfinishing, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor,"—that is ALFRED WATSON, E. T. But from what might he have "flinched"? a fence, a post and rails, a stone-wall, a brook, the MS. score of

an opera, or the liquor after a hard day's hunting? But it's very nice and affable of His Grace, whether he is His Grace before or after meals, and the "indefatigable" and "unfinishing" ALFRED E. T. must be highly delighted. That he will end his indefatigable and unfinishing career by being introduced to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, raised to a Peerage, made Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Buckhounds, Licensor of Plays, and President of the Royal College of Music, may be regarded as little less than a certainty.

The Duke and MOWBRAY MORRIS are responsible for the first volume; and, of course, in a general way, so is always the Indefatigable and Unfinishing One. The occasional transition from "We" to "I" gives a reality to the narrative; and the explanation as to why the singular has been substituted for the plural comes late, but is as naïve as it is satisfactory, especially to the uninitiated reader, who is ignorant as to which "I" of the many contributing Egos is addressing him. The "unfinishing and indefatigable" One, no doubt, had plenty to do. The pace was too good for him now and then; and here is evidently something that escaped the wary ALFRED E. T.:—

"Now any sportsman, of average intelligence, who thinks of this, will, I dare say, come to the conclusion that an hour after hounds have left a covert any hounds left, if they were hunting a fox, will have rattled him out of covert, and no longer be there."

And just above this, on the same page, is another variety of



THREE JOLLY BADMINTON BOYS.

classic Badminton mixture. The Indefatigable One had had a hard day of it, he was nodding on his Pegasus, and this passed him without his seeing it:—

"In the first place, it was as regards going away that which I have above written as the prevailing system now."

But besides these gems in a Dual Coronet, this first volume is full of good things, racy old sporting anecdotes, valuable information, amusing remarks on Sportsmen's troubles, and some interesting chapters on Stag and Otter hunting.

Messrs. STURGES and J. CHARLTON have done some spirited illustrations, and there are two or three by an Artist whose signature is "A. B.," which, for "go," are equal to anything in the book; but, oddly enough, in the picture of the huntman leaping, there is a signal instance of "thrusting the feet forward," which is singled out for reprobation by the Dual writer at page 203. His Grace, like H. R. H., can evidently take a line of his own; not easy to follow him here. The illustrations outside suggest good sport for the readers, as the covers are not drawn blank. On the whole, a very promising series. We shall next take a dip into Vols. II. and III., among the Anglers. The Three Jolly Badminton Boys ought to have begun with the Fish, and then gone to the Meets. But they haven't, and so we take the goods the Duke & Co. provide.

ROBERT VERSUS ROBERTS.



Well, things is coming to a pretty pass with some on us, things is. There seems for to be a new race of inquiring minds a springing up, as goes about a finding out all the most secretest of secrets, and the most delicatest of fax, and the most honourablest of understandings, and then reveals 'em all to a grinning and ever-reverent Public for the small charge of a penny! Where its to stop I'm sure as I don't no, tho I don't see as how it can go much further than it has jest gone. How our good and kind employer Mr. ROBERTS—please notice the hex-tra hees—could

have condysended to make such reweleyashuns on certain delicate subjects, I can't understand, I'm quite sure as his young Senior Partner, Gentlemanly BERTHAM as we calls him, would have draw'd the line at Pigs and Waste Tubs, and such low things. Would he go a betraying of the profoundest secrets of his Assistants? Suttently not, for, as the Poet says, "It isn't his nature to." As regards the question of waste of Wittels, I've nothink to say to such rubbish. It isn't in my line, and I leaves it to them as has stronger stummocks, than an Hed Waiter. Tho if they are a going to make Dainty Dishes out of Refuse, a blo will be struck at Igh Living at which the werry profoundest Chef may well tremble.

But I now turns with a si to my own speeshal greevances. There appears in the Article which I am noticing both in sorrow and in anger, the following libellous line, all in capittal letters by itself:

"ROBERT DRINKS THE HALF-BOTTLES."

As I sed the other day, when I fust red this fowl callumny, I thort I would go to my Loryer and bring a haction, and I went to Mr. Roberts near the Old Bailey, who told me that he was sorry to say as a haction wouldn't lie. I at wunoe natrally said as I didn't want it to lie, but to speak the onest truth, when he larfed and said, my good

dear ROBERT you are too good for this world, and he sent me away much disapinted. But how satisfactory it is to be thoroly appreciated!

Well now then, let any gent who nose what an Hed Waiter is, how by slow degrees he rises from the wulgarrity of a mere choppouse to the dubble refined luksury of a Grand Otel, let such a Gent try and fancy such a Waiter condysending to drink syraptushu a stale harf bottle of meer common Beer! Why the thing's not only a hinsult but a hartless one, and I feels it deeply. An occasional glass or too of one of my favrit brands of Champagne is of coarse quite *Hotter Shows*, as the French says, and I am pleased to hobserve as how as that Mr. ROBERTS rekognises the fareness of the erangement. I for myself cannot emadgin a more hawful torture for an Hed Waiter of refin'd tastes and dellycate appytite, than for to be passing his hevenings amid the most exquisitest dellycoasys that Hart or Natur can produce, and to be xpected to be content with meer wulgar Mutton and Beer! BROWN, who's a bit of a Skoller, says that the life of Tantalus would be nothink to it. I bleeves as he was a sort of permanent Waiter who was allus a longing for what he couldn't get, pore fellar!

Having disposed of one matter to my own entire satisfaschun, I now turns with summot of a tremble to another werry dellycate subject. The rude and cross Questioner calls it tipping, me and Mr. ROBERTS—wot a pare as regards egperience, ROBERT and ROBERTS!—calls it ginerosity. But when my partner goes into detales he gits jest a little mixt. For instance, he says that if a waiter serves a dinner for 12, thorowly well, five shillings isn't too much for him. Well I shoud think not indeed, five shillings for 12! why its only appence a peace. Why I nose a sillybrated place where we allus looks for a shilling a head, and amost allers gits it. And why?—tho' it was amost too bad of Mr. R. to memshun this little infurmity of pore human natur—but the fact is so; them as ain't ginerous is newous and wonders what we shall think of 'em, and avoids our eye like a gilty thing as they goes skulking away with our sixpences in their unholy pocketa. But wot a perfectly orful state of things he reveals in the low Choppouses in the City. Fancy a reel City Cook condysending to receive a miserabel penny for picking out a nice Chop or Stake for the himp-uncuous Sibberite!

It seems however as the Cooks has struck and run the price hup to tuppence. Mr. R. says this is like the happytite increasing by wot it feeds on. I never seed one of these remarkabel fine spessimens myself. Wot a werry welcome gest he wood be at the shilling Ordinary near Newgate! There is one house tho' as is quite after my own Art as described by him, where ewery customer is xpected to pay 3d. to the carver as wheels round the jint, 3d. to the waiter as brings the dishes, 3d. to the hed waiter as brings the Bill, and 3d. for the table money. That's reely sumthink amost sublime, and if they has plenty of customers, not so werry bad a plaice for a Hed Waiter to retire to wen he's quite past work. Mr. R. winds up his rayther free-spoken information by expressing the bold opinion that there will always be what he rayther indelicately calls "tippe," until the Millenium cums, witch I umbly presooms is a long ways off. To witch I takes the libberty of adding, and I speaks with a long and waried experience, no, not even then, unless you so ehanges human natur as to do away with grattitood, and to do away with ginerosity, and to do away with hungry waiters and with stingy masters.

ROBERT.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"WOULD you have shut up SOCRATES?" asked Lord COLERIDGE of Dr. RUTHERFORD, one of the witnesses in the Weldon case, last week, who cautiously answered "I don't know." But would, or could Lord COLERIDGE, himself, have "shut up SOCRATES?" We venture to think that he could not, even if he had thoroughly mastered the Socratic method. No doubt Lord COLERIDGE remembers the one striking instance of SOCRATES being shut up by the only person who could shut him up thoroughly well, and that was his wife. It is recorded in the idiomatic *Argo* dialect which characterises the celebrated

Διαλογὸς Κορβαλίου. Κ. 3.

"Μὴ δὲρ" οὐδ Σωκράτης, "πλὴν λεγμὲ τάδε θῆκε τῷ νυνι." "Τοῦτο ποθὲ κλοβῶν πνευμὲ σκευδὸν!" κριθε Σαρβίττα. "Νοτιφινῶντ, ἔλδιν!" Σο Σαρβίττα ἔδθη βούτῃ ἐν ἄτοφ Σωκράτης. "Ἦδεν βεγῶντο ἄργυ, βυτ ἥρουνδ ἰμελεφ ἥσιλες ὕννεβι Σαρβίττα. Σο ἡ βεγῶντ σελφῶ ἔβλαν βίρε ἰδερμῶν. Σλῶις Σωκράτης.

The expression "ἥσιλες ὕννεβι" will recall the passage to most of our readers. No doubt Lord COLERIDGE had this in his mind, when he asked Dr. RUTHERFORD if he would have "shut up SOCRATES."

A Horrible Idea!

(To the Clerk of the Works at the British Museum.)

WHAT! pison the pigeons! O shame! hear the cries on 'em! Poor pison'd pigeons! suppose they'd made pies on 'em!



SIC VOS NON NOBIS.

(The eminent Publishers, Graham and Sharpe, call on their favourite Novelist, Netherclift, about a new Serial.)

Graham. "ULLOA, SHARPE! I SAY! WHAT LUXURIOUS ROOMS! AND A MAN SERVANT IN LIVERY, BY JINGO! WHY I HAVEN'T GOT BETTER MYSELF!" Sharpe. "YES, CONFOUND IT! SO THIS IS WHERE ALL OUR PROFITS GO TO!"

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS
AND MICE

THE strenuous toils of mimic Mars I write,
The springs of contest and the fields of fight;
How Liberal Mice advanced with warlike
grace,
And battled with the croaking Tory race.
No louder abindly shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born Titans smote the immortal
powers.

Their mighty deeds demand a mighty song,
So wake, recording Muse, and cut along!

Ranged o'er the flats that crown the reedy
shore

The embattled hosts contend, as oft before,
For right of rule supreme o'er field and marsh.
Now to the champions of the croakers harsh,
Now to the nibbling race's heroes tall,
The fight inclineth and the honours fall.
The Mice most often, such are Jove's decrees,
Win in the wars, and dominate with ease
Pelusia's far-reaching flats and fens.
But—for the ways of Mice are much like
Men's—

High confidence inspired by long success
Oft in its turn engenders carelessness,
Division prompts, indiscipline instils,
Brings croppers dire, and ends in nasty
spills.

So with the furry phalanxes arrayed
By great PRICHARFAX; broken and betrayed
By counsels cross and vacillating will,
In vain their valour and in vain his skill.

Great PHYSIGNATHUS, of the froggy host,
High-swollen chief, and Frogdom's youthful
boast,

Pert POLYPHONUS, bactrian renowned
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound,
These, 'vantaged by wide variance 'midst
their foes,
Contrived their fall, and to their places rose.

Raged universal Mousedom at the sleight,
And roused its hosts and ranged its ranks for
fight.

Not long, they swore, the croaking race should
hold

Their stolen honours. MERIDARFAX bold,
Brummagem's pride, and glory of the House,
And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse,
His actions briki, robust his well-knit frame,
Young, but already of resounding fame;—
This warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud,
Then strutting near the lake with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with impending fate.
Him POLYPHONUS marks and loud defies,
The fire of fight in his protuberant eyes.

Well matched, these champions of the reedy
flat,

This one the nimbler, and the stouter that.
EMBAICHTTROS, sleek and silvery chief,
Of puss-like fur, of polished speech and brief,
With tender CALAMINTHIUS counters blows
More keen than ponderous. CALAMINTHIUS
knows

Chivalry's rules, and views with scornful
smile

Protagonists of the "big and bouncing" style.

The goggle-eyed CRAUGASIDES croaks out
Defiance at ARTOPHAGUS the stout,
Bland burly chief whose bludgeon-blows beat
down

The spiteful proddings of the Frog whose
frown,
Glassy and grim, Medusa's horror apes,
Yet wakens laughter and gives birth to
japes.

The brave LICHENOR, of the impassive face,
Fronts loud HYPSIDOAS, he who pushed from
place

Mild CALAMINTHIUS, and usurped his post
As honoured Captain of the hopping host.
Nor these alone, but many a hundred more
Of Frogs and Mice throng to the rushy shore,
Intent on crowning onset. Even he,
Hole-seeking TROGLODYTES, ever free
At flouting his Mouse-fellows, follows now
Their lifted standard with unfaltering brow.

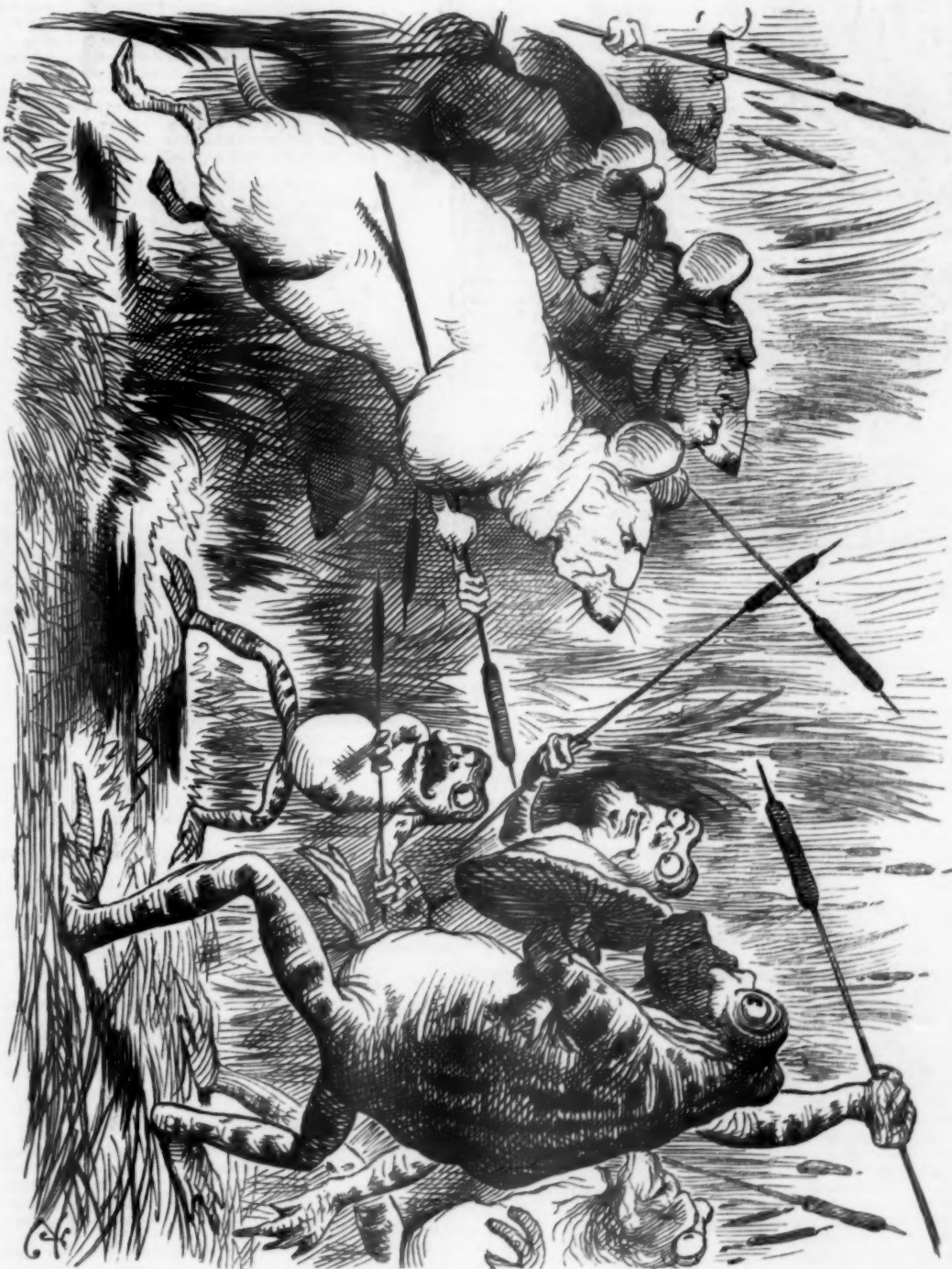
But now the great PRICHARFAX shone afar,
A venerable chief well versed in war.
Long time the warrior in his tent abode,
Like great Achilles, silent. Now he strode
Swift to the front of battle, and upbore
The banner oft to victory borne before.
The lesser chiefs may babble, and may boast,
He, he alone, may lead the whole Mouse-
host!

The black-furr'd hero, MERIDARFAX, shakes
A threatening spear, but second place he
takes

To proud PRICHARFAX, whose prodigious
stroke

No froggy champion ever foiled or broke.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 28, 1885.



THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

(After HOMER.)



This saw PELOBATES, and from the flood
Raised with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Dishonours his pale face and clouds his eyes.
Indignant, fiercely spattering, from the shore
A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate Mice of lesser days;
Full on the leg descends the crushing wound,
The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground,
Face-cleared PSICHARPAX holds his conquering course,
And takes the headship of the furry force;
Whilst in the vanguard of the froggy bands,
Haughty, high-shouldered PHYSIGNATHUS stands.

Now front to front the serried armies frown.
Shall Frogdom perish, or shall Mousedom drown?
The Chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war.
Here halt, O Muse, nor venture to divine
Which way Jove's golden balance shall incline!

ALL MY EYE ART.

WHAT shall he do who cometh after the Rus-Kin? Something novel and original, and Professor HERKÖMER is evidently going to do it. In his first Oxford lecture, last week, he said:—"Art is the result of seeing with a privileged mind through the trained eye." He alludes



Professor HERKÖMER, A.R.A., giving a practical illustration of Local Colouring.

to Eye Art. Had Hamlet a "privileged mind" when he saw with his eye his father's ghost? What is a "privileged mind"? How is an eye "trained"? By running it along a line? By always keeping the pupils under the lash, and by invariably "letting the Eyes have it?" The New Comer, the Herkömer, will answer these queries in his next lecture. He announced his intention of "painting heads in the presence of his audience." Whose heads? The Heads of the Colleges? This will be most amusing. And what capital fun about Pantomime time! There will be a great rush to see the various heads of his lecture being painted. Of course he will draw them first with a Slade Pencil?

SONG AND SUGGESTION.

SIGNOR TOSHI's new Song, advertised with the title, "The Love that came too Late," suggests the question, "Too late—for what? Dinner?—Supper?"

"The soup is gone, the fish is cold, | At least this at the door was told
Alas! we could not wait!" | The Love that came too late!

This is suggestive; and we make Mr. WEATHERLY a present of it. What a changeable disposition is suggested by the name of WEATHERLY. Like the immortal Mr. PETER MAGNUS, he must afford his friends considerable amusement—his songs give them a great deal of pleasure—by coming out at different seasons as Bad Weatherly, Good Weatherly, Queer Weatherly, Strange Weatherly, Cold Weatherly, Horrible Weatherly—but there's no end to it. Just the very name for a song-poet.

THE RIGHTS OF IT.

Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage. Various Well-Informed Persons discovered deep in the "Continental Intelligence" of their respective daily papers.

First Well-Informed Person (putting down paper). Hum—puzzling affair, this Servian and Bulgarian business. One really scarcely knows which side to take.

Second Well-Informed Person (with interest). No,—that's just it. I'll be hanged if one can make out what it's all about. (Tentatively.) I suppose though the Serbs have a case against this fellow, Prince ALEXANDER?

Third Well-Informed Person (emphatically). Not a bit of it. That's just what they haven't got. It's all the other way about. No; it's King MILAN who is the aggressor. He has started the whole business for dynastic purposes, and as for the people, they don't care twopence-halfpenny about the quarrel.

First Well-Informed Person. That's just what strikes me. But what are they fighting for, then?

Second Well-Informed Person. Oh, it's clear enough why they are fighting. It's because the Conference took such a time interfering, and let the tension get too great. They were bound, you know, to fight if nobody intervened.

Third Well-Informed Person. No, that's not it. Who, I should like to know, could have intervened? Not the Three Emperors: nor France, nor Italy, nor could we. The Conference, too, didn't meet to take cognizance of this business. Their concern was simply with the Roumelian Question. Turkey is the proper Power to intervene,—that is to say, if it can.

First Well-Informed Person. That's just what I think. But why can't Turkey intervene?

Second Well-Informed Person. Surely that's obvious enough. Why, it's afraid of Russia, of course. The Bulgarian Question is the Russian Question. Everybody knows that.

Third Well-Informed Person. No, I beg your pardon. Austria is the Power that is most interested in what is going on at the present moment in the Balkans. The Bulgarian Question is really the Austrian Question. That's quite clear. Why, it is Austria that has egged on King MILAN. That's why he attacked Bulgaria.

First Well-Informed Person. Exactly. That is what I say. He attacked it to restore the status quo ante.

Second Well-Informed Person. Just so. But why does Serbia want to restore it? That's what I can't make out.

Third Well-Informed Person. Plain enough. Serbia wants to restore the status quo ante, because she means to go in for fighting at any price. That's what all the row is about.

First Well-Informed Person. So I thought. But still I can't make out why she should want to fight.

Second Well-Informed Person. Well, yes. It is a very puzzling question. I suppose, though, SALISBURY knows the ins and outs of it.

Third Well-Informed Person. SALISBURY? No—not he—no, nor anybody else!

[Left, together with First and Second Well-Informed Persons, groping about in a fog.]

THE UNAUTHORISED VERSION.

(From Lord R. Churchill to Messrs. Routledge.)

My Speeches in one vol, for publication!

"I! Knew it!"

Never! You hadn't got my approbation,

You'll rue it!

ROUTLEDGE, you're under some Hal-

Lucy-nation!

Don't do it!

(From Messrs. Routledge to Lord Randolph.)

The publication was a risk, a bold 'un.
Your speeches, silver; but your silence,
golden.

It is, you will admit, your special glory
To be the type of Democratic Tory.

Now—absit omen for your future years,
We break the type up. Lo! it disappears.



Mr. Routledge, in a Lucy'd interval, smashes the type of the Democratic Tory Leader.

A WORTHY PAIR.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says that Mr. BAKING, of Walthamstow, who tried to make him out a Positivist and a contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* before it existed, is over-bearing, but that Mr. MARRIOTT is past bearing. Fancy Mr. Wheelabout Turnabout MARRIOTT trying to put the screw on JOW, who can "kick up hind and afore"—and let Mr. W. T. MARRIOTT have it rather hot, too.



"RIDICULOUS!"

Ethel (who really thinks she must clean some of her old Gloves this Winter, times are so bad). "DO YOU SELL KID-REVIVERS!"

Chemist. "YE—YER, M'M. I THINK YOU 'LL FIND 'MRS. GUMMIDOR'S INFANT CORDIAL' A MOST EXCEL—"

HECKLING A HECKLER.

THAT a fool may ask more questions than a wise man can answer we already know, on old, and excellent authority. But it seems that, when the foolish questioner is himself questioned by a wiser interrogator, he doesn't always, as the Americans say, "make much of a show" himself.

A Conservative farmer at Shrewston, we are told, lately put Sir THOMAS GROVES, the Candidate for the Wilton Division of Wilts, through his facings with a series of questions. Well, one good turn deserves another; so, when he had finished his catechism, up jumps a labourer—like his newly-enfranchised impudence!—and asks to be allowed to question the farmer. This is something like the flock preaching to the pastor, the pews reading homilies to the pulpit. And the labourer's questions seem to have been smashers.

The farmer had expressed an opinion that "the labourer would be better paid if corn were taxed." CHAPLIN, LOWTHER, & Co., would doubtless agree with him, and had perhaps inspired him. But this awkwardly inquisitive labourer didn't. "Wasn't it six shillings a week, and barley bannocks, when the corn was taxed?" asked he, with almost epigrammatic audacity. Smasher No. 1! Farmer didn't come up to time with any answer, not having CHAPLIN, LOWTHER, & Co. at hand to prompt him with some plausible fiscal sophism, by way of counter. So that awkward customer of a labourer pegs away again. "Can you tell of a single measure benefitting the tenant farmer which was passed by the Beaconsfield Government?" Come that's a wider hit, and less of a foorer! Yet the farmer again "goes down to avoid," and answers not. Smasher No. 2! "Hadn't the Liberals protected them from the raids of ground game? Had they not given them compensation for improvements, and abolished the Malt-Tax?" To this "one-two-three" the farmer does reply. But instead of

A BALLAD IN POSSE.

(As Sung by Hodge, and Dedicated to Mr. Jesse Collings.)

THEY'VE raised my wages half-a-crown,—
But what's the use of that?
Here's twice the price for FREGGY'S gown,
The same for my new hat.
Then cheese and butter risen too
And bread gone up as well.
Come, what's a chap like me to do?
Ah! who on earth can tell?
I only knows I've got it hot!—
Fair Trade, Fair Trade,—I love thee not!
Protective tariffs, so they said,
Would see my troubles o'er.
But all they've done's to bring instead
The wolf inside my door.
"Protective tariffs" won't go down
With empty plate and cup.
What good's a rise of half-a-crown
When prices all go up?
"Protective tariffs?" No,—they're rot!
Fair Trade, Fair Trade,—I love thee not!

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

AMONG the various questions asked in the House of Commons—that's the place for "heckling" during the Session—arose from time to time inquiries, put to the late ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as to the distinction between "contentious" and "non-contentious business" in connection with his office.

The present ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems desirous to undertake the "contentious business" department; for at Burton-on-Trent, on being rudely interrupted at a Conservative Meeting, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER informed the unmannerly persons that, if any one of them would come outside the Hall, "he would accommodate him" for ten minutes. "The First Law Officer of the Crown" is an excellent title for a gentleman so ready to punch a nob. Dash his wig, but he is clearly the very man for "contentious business," and knows how to take the law, literally, into his own hands. We shouldn't like to oppose the Attorney. What! fight WEBSTER! No! Walker! Get our heads in Chancery? No thank you—we prefer "Crown Cases Reserved."

"HALF-HOURS WITH A NATURALIST."—Good book. Reasonable time. Title to match. Half-minutes with a Metaphysician.

countering his persistent foe with a spanking negative, he, we are told, "amid much excitement, admitted this was true." Which amounts, at most, to "taking his punishment like a man." Smasher No. 3! The three rounds on this merry mill, Labourer v. Farmer, went all, therefore, in favour of the former. It is stated that "the labourer was loudly cheered." No wonder! If *this* is the way in which the New Rural Voter sets to work, long-despised HODGE will "make some of them sit up," before long.

COMMUNICATED.—A School-bored Boy writes, indignantly, to know why he was plucked for an Examination, when he answered every question right, specially this one about the Horse, which he was asked to describe. "This is the way I did it, and showed 'em I knew what a Cow was as well," says our School-bored Boy:—

"The Horse is a noble creature, and so is the Cow: he gives us milk and has four legs, one at each corner, and a tail in the middle, and horns at the other end; but not the Horse. If you hit him he won't do it again. He only kicks at the back. The End."

And the School-bored Boy was plucked for this!! Too bad.

"STOCK A BUY BABY."—See an article, with this heading, in last week's number. Mr. PUNCH begs to acknowledge a number of letters protesting against "the infant," S. CROMMIE's, being considered a member of "The House." No children are admitted: and no member of the Stock Exchange is permitted, by the rules, to advertise.

MR. PUNCH has received "a Presentation Cartoon from Society." It is drawn by PHIL MAY, and certainly MAY has managed to fill the page with some excellent likenesses, though Mr. PUNCH's Showman doesn't appear "to have come out very well." However, "The promise of May" has been most satisfactorily fulfilled.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 26.



THE REFORM CLUB.

AN UN-SERVICE-ABLE FRANCHISE.

THE subjoined list of questions to be asked of Lodgers and Persons claiming to vote under the "Service Clauses" of the Reform Act, is (or ought to be) found in the very latest "Manual for the use of Revising Barristers":—

1. In your present situation are you allowed a whole latch-key all to yourself, or do you go shares with somebody else? Who may be said to "hold the key of the situation?"
2. Does your employer invariably know you're out, when you are out?
3. Have you, as occupant of your room, power to wipe your feet on the inside doormat, or merely to make use of the outside scraper? When seeking admittance, do you give a loud and lordly rap at the knocker, or humbly pull the area-bell?
4. Have you ever any washing, and if so, who pays for it?
5. Would you consider it within your rights, as tenant of a "top-floor back" above your employer's business premises, to throw that gentleman down several flights of stairs if he objected to your keeping a barrel of liquid nitro-glycerine in your apartment?
6. Are you habitually allowed one inch, or two inches, of candle when you go to bed?
7. Is the menial who blacks your boots in your employ, or your Landlord's? If neither, and you black your boots yourself, state what maker's blacking you use.
8. Is the bolt of your bedroom on the inside or outside of the door?
9. Is your employer in the constant habit of putting total strangers into your bed without asking your consent, or giving you the slightest warning, and if so, what is your way of expressing your surprise upon finding them there when you retire to your couch at midnight?

FREE AS AIR.

Among the Court announcements the other day appeared the following:—

"The freedom of Windsor will, it is understood, be presented to Prince HENRY by the Corporation."

The question naturally arises, in what does the "freedom" of Windsor consist, and how will Prince HENRY be able to enjoy it? Does it mean a gift of Windsor soap, or the presentation of a Windsor uniform? Or does it merely imply that the Prince will have the privilege of walking about Windsor where he likes, as a kind of isolated "Windsor stroller"? Perhaps his "freedom" may pass him to the State Apartments on closed days, or give him the right of crossing over the grass? Or it may possibly involve some relief from undue detention within the walls of the "Augusta tower," to which, it appears, his Highness has been consigned during his stay in the Royal Borough. If this is the case, it has been certainly thoughtful of the Corporation.

Cases for Colney-Hatch.

FROM returns in a recently-published Blue-Book on the subject of Lunacy, it appears that among professional men those most remarkably apt to go out of their mind are Civil Engineers. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact;" and imagination overwrought by the Civil Engineer, perhaps rendering him "compact" with the poet, tends to set his eye likewise "in a fine frenzy rolling." Strange perhaps to say, the statistics of insanity supply no confirmation to the saying, "As mad as a hatter."

ESSENCE OF MIDLOTHIANISM.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.



a speaker less practised than myself. In mind's eye all the time I was speaking, there was Grand Cross's spectacled face, with his head cocked a little on one side like contemplative sparrow listening to every word and ready to answer it. Shook me a bit, I own, especially at first speech. Partly got over it, with practice; but trust Cross won't do it again.

Wednesday, 11th.—Spoke in Free Assembly Hall this afternoon. Discourse on Disestablishment. Hall crowded partly with grim Dissenters wanting to hear me declare for Disestablishment, partly with determined Churchmen prepared to go over to the enemy if I did, and then Grand Cross always at my elbow ready to answer me, whatever I say. What can a man do? Necessary that I should speak for an hour. Equally necessary that I should say nothing. Can I do that? I'll try. . . . Have tried, and think I succeeded pretty well. Audience cheered all through. A little hitch once when I spoke of Church Question not being at the door, but at the end of a long vista. Disestablishment men growled. But if I'd said the reverse—question at doors not at the end of a long vista—Churchmen would have growled. So it comes to the same thing. Explained that when I said question at the end of long vista, meant it only in a Pickwickian sense and immediately changed the subject. This seemed satisfactory, for they cheered again, and things amicably arranged themselves. Fancy I took the right line, walking exactly in the middle of the road, leaning neither towards Establishment or Disestablishment.

Thursday, 12th.—Here's the papers. Let's see what they say. Fancy they'll descend on the skill and dexterity with which I avoided difficulties. I know how it will run:—"Mr. GLADSTONE had a most difficult task to perform at Edinburgh yesterday. Hurried, on the one hand, into a precipitate declaration in favour of Disestablishment; held back, on the other, by an influential party who threaten to throw their vote into the Conservative Ballot-box if he encourages the hopes of the Free Churchmen; the Right Hon. Gentleman steered a middle course, happily escaping alike the Scylla of Disestablishment and the Charybdis of the Church." That's the sort of thing, especially Scylla and Charybdis. I have known them in all circumstances through more than fifty years of newspaper reading. [Opens batch of newspapers and reads.] Halloa! What's this? Both sides down upon me. "Mr. GLADSTONE has put a heavy strain upon the fidelity of the Liberal Party in Scotland," say the Free Church papers. "It is all very well for Mr. GLADSTONE," say the Church papers, "to declare that Disestablishment is not a question for the new Parliament. How can he guarantee that, and what pledge does he give that the new Parliament may not be dissolved in twelve months, a new Parliament summoned, and

AVEN'T had time to write my Diary up from day to day. Must jot down recollections of the fortnight. A pleasant journey up. Made a few speeches at the stations, but did it in moderation. Made up the average on arriving at Edinburgh. Last time drove straight off to Dalmeny. But now got in pretty long speech immediately upon arrival at Edinburgh. Rather nervous at first. Couldn't get figure of Grand Cross out of mind. Exceedingly thoughtless of him to say what he did at the particular epoch he uttered it.

"I wonder," said he, "what Mr. GLADSTONE is going to say in Midlothian, because I am ready to answer him." That would have been enough to upset altogether

Disestablishment carried with a rush?" [Throws down papers.] Pretty hard lines these. Thought I would please everybody, and instead seem to have riled everybody. Grand Cross will make a nice thing out of this. Shall go out and cut down one of ROSEBURY's trees.

Sunday Morning, 22nd.—Here endeth the Fourth Campaign. Spoke on Tuesday and again last night. Enthusiastic audiences. Seem to have got over difficulty about Disestablishment. Are quarrelling among themselves and leave me alone, which is pleasant. It's hard work this battling with prejudices. Wonder how SALISBURY likes it. RANDOLPH doesn't mind. There's a lightheartedness about that youth that enables him to meet successive days and varying circumstances with an entirely new manner. What he said yesterday has no controlling influences over what he may say to-day, still less to-morrow. But the Marquis is a serious man and must feel the peculiar circumstances of his situation. Wonder if he really believes he has any chance of being kept in Office. Suppose he hardly can. Within a month I shall be Prime Minister again, and all the old familiar toil will weigh me down once more. How long will it last? Well, a year at least, and then I'll think it over again. Sometimes not quite sure that I shall not exceed PALMERSTON's record, and I'm a good many years off that. In the meantime here's the Fourth Midlothian Campaign over, and I am feeling as jolly as a sandboy—though what are the precise pursuits of a sandboy, and why they should conduce to excessive jollity of manner, I cannot conceive. Must inquire into that. Knowledge might be useful some day.

Now's Grand Cross's chance. He hasn't answered me yet, but he's been listening attentively, and I suppose before the week's out I shall be crushed.

A FLYING VISIT.

THE Cavendish Rooms. If names go for anything, this ought to be the place for a smoking-concert—an idea we suggest to Mr. BRUCE WILDBROOK, whose entertainment here last Wednesday delighted a crowded audience. Imitations of LIVING are overdone, and are better left undone, but Mr. WILDBROOK was so well done that it was one of the dishes most relished by his patrons. He ought to succeed with *Matinées* about Christmas-time. There are not many popular entertainment competitors in the field; and if they are in the field at winter-time, they will be "out in the cold," which won't affect a Wild Brook, unless there's a tremendous frost. We wish him piping times in the Cavendish Rooms, and this must be taken, of course, as a puff.



CAVENDISH AND BIRD'S-EYE.

Piping Bullfinch. "Wonder if smoking's allowed?"

ROUTLEDGE'S POCKET LIBRARY.—We've only just come across one of these volumes, and seeing it was intended for carrying in the pocket, we at once pocketed it. Anyone calling at the establishment of GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS can become possessed of a similar volume in one of three ways: (1) by asking for it, and it being given him as a present; (2) by adapting it to his own pocket when neither GEORGE ROUTLEDGE or any one of the Sons is looking; (3) by simply—very simply—paying for it. The third volume, just out, is *Hood's Comic Poems*. We have not seen the preceding volumes, but if like this in type and binding, they can't be bettered. We hope the firm has sent a Christmas Copy to LORD RANDOLPH. His Lordship might select, for recital, "I'm going to Bombay."

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my daughter, who sailed for Sydney last April, as
Assistant-Matron of the *Samuel Plimsoll*, in which
she says:—'I am sorry indeed, dad, to hear how the
winter has tried you. Make up your mind, and
come out here. You will never regret it. And
don't forget to bring some **ENO'S FRUIT SALT**.
It was the only cure on board for sea-sickness. I
gave it nearly all away to those who were ill, which
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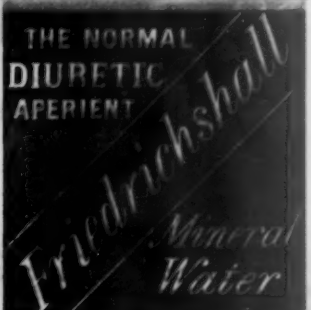
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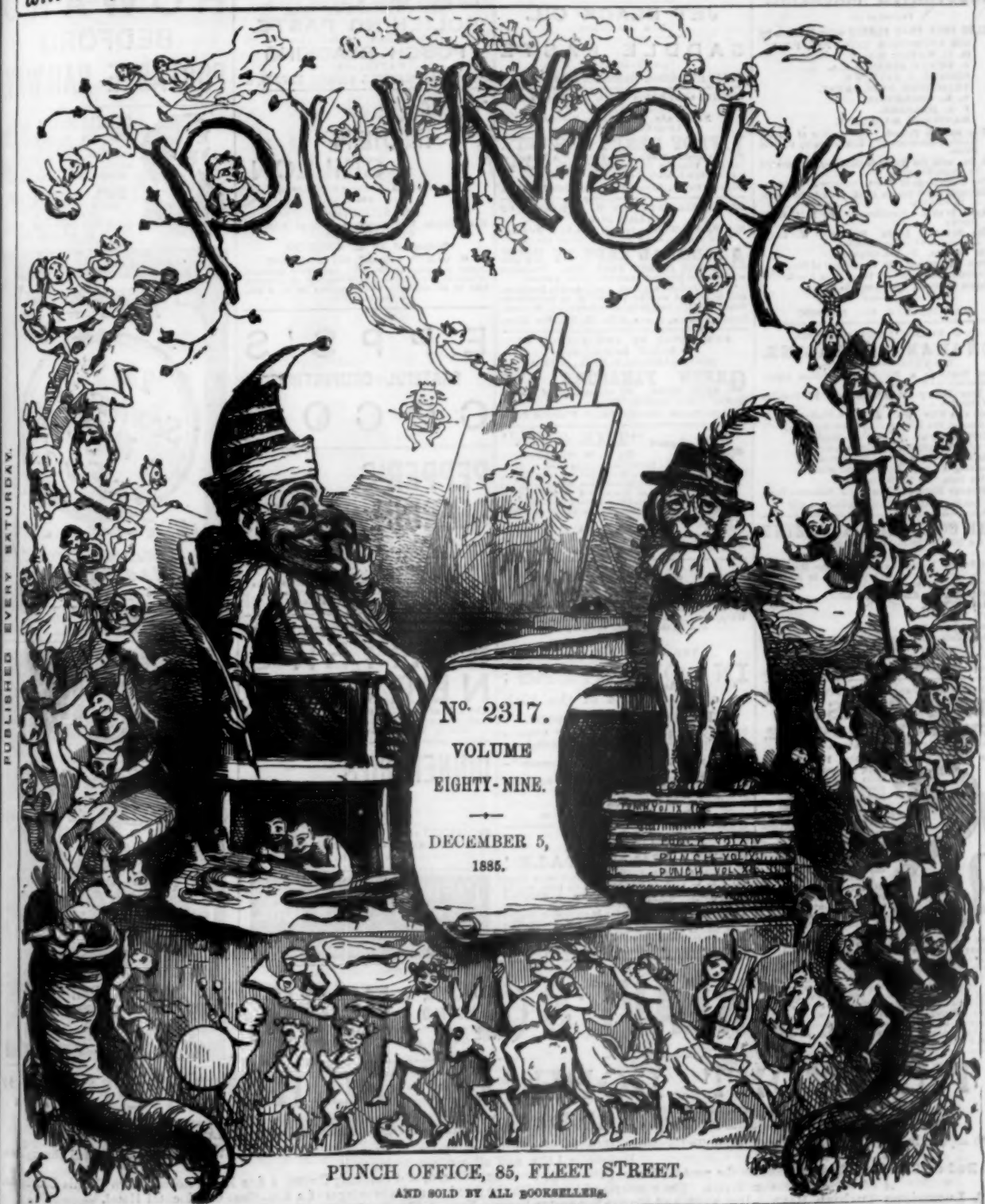
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ROBERT DECIDES HOW TO VOTE.

I AM a voter of the independent Burrow of Sum Pancras, who, Brown tells me, was the inventor of Pancakes—whence his name. In that onerable capacity I have, for the last three munces, been the hobnob of the constant attention of two of the most onerablest gents in all our distinguished sanitary W.C. district. The numbers of werry long letters and pamphlets, and bills and edresses, has kep us all in waste paper and innercent erusement for the hole time, while the portrates and picters of the two Gents, and their goings on, has quite deokorated wot I calls my Studdy, tho' it's really ony my Bed-room, coz I does all my riting there nice and kerreyet.

The first Gent is, I bleeve, from his welthy name, a Ebrew, and, judgin from his Pieter, a remarkable andsum man, xcep for a werry remarkerbel agwint in the left eye, witch gives him the look of always a winkin of it, wich of course in a married man with a bootiful wife, as I'm told as he's got, is not quite comny fo, as the french says. He seems to be a regler staggerer for Eddicashun, wich is a pint as don't hold mutch for me; but he cums out like a reel nobbleman as regards the Poor, and gos in a regler buster for impruvin their mizerable omes, and trying to make 'em jest a little more comfurabel and appy, pore fellers, spesheelly pore women, and, speshallest of all, pore children! Ah, we've had plenty of tork and plenty of promisses lately, shoals on em, oshans on em; but a pore umbel Waiter wenturs to add jist one word of adwice, and only one—let all jine together to better the lives of the werry Pore, or they 'll all jine together one of these days to wusser the lives of the werry Rich.

But this buy the whey as the Milkman said.

Our second Candid Date is sumthink like a Swell! He sent me a grate big Pieter with his own face in the middle a smilin away at the world in gineral and the Burrow of Sum Pancras in pertickler, and all round it xampels of the highly Lordable way in witch he passes his time and spends his money. Fust you sees him a pattin of his bootiful Race Orse as is a going for to win the nex Darby (may I be there to see). Then you sees him on his favrit unter a follerin the ounds. Then you has him a nookin down the Fezzants with his dabble barreld rifle. Then you cums upon him a drivin his fore horse Drag jest like a reel Nobble'em. And then, to crown all, you sees him in his own umbel home, most helegently furniaht, a neelin down on the bootiful carpet, regardless of spiling it, a playing at horses with all his lovely children. The contrast between the heger sportaman among the Fezzants, and the appy Parient a neelin on the bootiful carpet among his helegant offspring, is most hartistic, and amost drawed tears from Mrs. ROBERT's eyes.

The nex thing as I had from him was a little book'in which I aeshally red reel letters from Lord SORLESBURY and Lord IDDIOTELY and that owdashus Lord RANDOLF, all a sayin as praps the one thing in which they all most artily agreed was, that one of the most important things as could be dun to save the Country was to wote for their frend! Ah, he must ha bin a appy man, the day as them flattrin letters cum, and he probbarly had another game on the lovely carpet with his deer hinfents jest to blow off the steam of egaitement as it were, and then went out the nex morning and had a good run with the ounds in the brillin sun of Orgust.

Then I had an edress, in witch among other little matters he promist that everyboddy shoold always be nice off and cumferabel if we did but send him to Parlyment, and furder, that everyboddy as wanted work shoold allus have as mutch as he wanted and be paid jolly good wages for it, and as that is jist about the sort of thing as wood suit my book, I think as I shall suttently wote for my number 2.

ROBERT.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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ANYBODY, Viscount. Eldest son of the Earl of POCKETBOROUGH. Born 1864. Educated at Eton. A Lieutenant and Captain in the Welsh Guards. Conservative. Part proprietor of the Frailty Theatre. A patron of the Drama. Beyond supporting the Party to which he belongs, has no political views, save favouring a revision of the regulations affecting Queen's Plates at race meetings. Sits for Pocketborough.

BUSTBY, BENJAMIN. Educated at the Foundling Hospital. Born 1815. At the age of ten swept out the offices of Messrs. MONEY, BULLION & Co., of which firm he subsequently became messenger, clerk, manager, and partner. Father-in-Law to the Marquis of MUDVEINS, who married his elder daughter in 1883. (Divorced 1884.) Is a Tory. Objects to the Social Improvement of the Poor, and the School-Board Rate. A Magistrate for three counties. Represents the Eastern Division of Sheepsheire.

CURFEW, Marquis of. Eldest son of the Duke of DOOMSDAYBOOK. Born 1860. Educated at Westminster, and Christ Church, Oxford. Author of "A Trip Round the World," "Cromwell, and other Poems," and the libretto of "Whack-de-fol, the Waterman," Comic Opera, in Three Acts. Member of the Marlborough, Garrick, and Junior Scribblers' Club. Objects to the House of Lords, Primogeniture, and the union of Church and State. Sat for Feudalborough in the last Parliament as a Conservative. Now represents the same Constituency, in the Radical interest.

KOSTS, COLLARD. A son of the late — KOSTS, Esq., an Officer in the service of the Sheriffs of Middlesex. Born about 1836. Educated at the Bethnal Green Grammar School. A Solicitor. Author of *Bankruptcy and its Advantages*, a pamphlet (read as a paper before the Incorporated Law Society) entitled *Reflections on a Proposed Pawnbrokers' Act, Foreclosure and its Uses*, and the article upon "Sixty per Cent." in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Liberal. Objects to Vivisection, Vaccination, and the increased Licensing of Public-houses. Founder of the Paupers' Bank and Infants' Save-all Association. Managing Director of the Widows' Mite Collection Company, Limited. Is unmarried. Represents Cloddington.

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ZULLIVAN, PATRICK, commonly called "The Shaugraun." Born in Dublin of Irish parents, but is an Englishman. Descended from all the Irish Kings. Educated in various places. In early life a clerk in a Government Office, owing his appointment to the late Mr. DAN O'CONNELL. Is a supporter of Mr. PARWELL. Is in favour of making Ballyragg the Post Town for all the Government Mails, and subsidising the Town Council to enable them to inaugurate various municipal improvements. Tried in Brussels for having shot his uncle in a duel, but acquitted on the score of extenuating circumstances. In favour of the Repeal of the Union. Author and Composer of the song "Here's to the Queen!" Sits for Ballyragg.

POOR Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN!—We sincerely congratulate him on his escape last Tuesday. Some scoundrels had plotted to take the lynch-pin out of his carriage, but they were discovered in time, and so he wasn't lynch-pinned. The account of his providential escape Mr. MORGAN tells to the people of Rhoillanerchrugog, Rusbom. Good gracious, us! Why the name of such a place is enough to upset a coach without taking out a lynch-pin.



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Aunt Jemima (Blue Ribbon). "THERE, CORNAY. THIS IS FOUR VOOMAYK—SANKONT SONTREMS! BUT IT'S A FOURMANGER, YOU KNOW—NOT A FOUR-BOIRS!!"

THREE SIDES OF IT.

Fragments of Agricultural Evidence.

I.

Mrs. Temple Courteney, Dame of the Primrose League, writes in her Diary.—Stopped the carriage on our way home to-day at JOSEPH HODGE's cottage and found him in. Gave the playthings to the children and the clothing and coal-tickets to his wife, and then began the conversation. Found him very attentive and willing to listen, and when I described the dreadful things that would follow upon the Disestablishment of the Church if the Radicals got into power, I could see that what I said went straight home to him. Then I pointed out how the dear old relations existing for centuries between the holders of the land and those who laboured upon it would be destroyed and disappear, and I am sure he was much impressed. I finished by telling him that he might at the present moment become a pillar to support the State, and preserve society from outrage and overthrow by charlatans and adventurers. He smiled, I thought, pleasantly at this, and took it in quite intelligently, and was, to all appearances, gratified at the importance of the rôle he was called on and expected to fill. I could not stay very long, having several other cottages to canvass before we reached home, but I know I left him in excellent dispositions. Indeed, with confidence I may say, we may be quite sure of counting on JOSEPH HODGE.

II.

Extract from the Note-book of Mr. John Tall-talk, Radical Agent.—Waited about a bit and finally collared that fellow, JOSEPH HODGE, in the tap-room of the "Rising Sun." Stood beer and went at him straight. Gave him the history of the Landlords' Iniquitous Rule from Magna Charta downwards in a nutshell. Explained the whole coming scheme. He took to the idea of six acres and a couple of cows, and when I promised him a new house as well he fairly

THE BEMUSED VOTER.

WHAT? To give you my vote and my interest?
Oh, that is what you've come to get.
Bless the man! why I only just got it—
I ain't going to part with it yet.
About here they've gone mad on Elections,
The pub of a night is just like a fair!
Half on 'em don't know what they want,
And the other half don't really care.
Daft JEMMY has now got a vote,
And he went off the very first day
To sell it for three of cold gin
At the "Blue Anchor" over the way.
Old BUEGINS, who can't read or write,
He's the blacksmith just round by the store,
Was given two rival placards,
So has stuck 'em both over the door;
He wants to keep in with the pair,
And act fairly to JONES and to BROWN:
The one he's hung right out of sight,
The other he shows upside down.
We don't want our Church disestablished;
We're agreed that must not come about;
For we like to go there of a Sunday,
Lay our legs up and then think o' nout.
But I don't mean to part with my vote,
For my mind ain't made up very clear.
If I see you do well through the Winter,
Werry like you shall have it next year!

"OH LETTS!"—Well, not owe LETTS, but pay LETTS—CHARLES LETTS, that is—when you purchase one of his most useful annual *Diaries*, or account-books.—LETTS's Books form quite an entertaining series:—The Butcher's Book, The Baker's Book, The Washing Book, &c. As we said, quite an entertaining series, as no one could entertain without assistance from the above-mentioned tradesmen. Then the Poultry-yard Account Book, with the record of when eggs is eggs and when eggs isn't eggs eggactly; and a separate division headed, "Particulars of Sittings," which at first sight looks like the account kept with the Clergyman for seats in Church. However, it has no Ecclesiastical signification, but has only to do with Hens, which may be called the Lay-ity.

THE ABANDONMENT OF ALL A FAIR LITIGANT'S ACTIONS.—Well done!

opened his eyes. Went into the Disestablishment Question, and showed how the whole thing was rotten to the core, and how the Parson was mixed up with the Squire in keeping things as they were and dead against bettering his condition, and how they were both bound to go. Then I laid it on thick about his responsibility to the country at the crisis, and I could see he liked the idea of his being of importance, for he smiled pleasantly, and took a fresh pull that pretty well emptied his mug of ale, and I ordered some more and went through the points of the Birmingham catechism till I know he must have taken them in and got them all pretty well fairly by heart. So I may safely set down in my day's work JOSEPH HODGE as "secured."

III.

Reflections of Joseph Hodge, Farm Labourer.—Well, sure enough, it be coming to this, that oi be somebody, and no mistake. For t' Squire's Lady she be mighty civil to oi, a stoppin' her carriage to step in and talk foine to oi about the value of be t' State, and a whole kit more about votin' agin them Radical chaps, as she says are for pullin' Parson and Squire about our ears, and destroyin' th' old relations existin' betwixt we and they for ever so long a time. Well, as to that, oi doan't know that there's much to be destroyed as oi should fret over, though oi'm not to be flummoxed wi' the big talk of the Brummagem chap as oi meets at the tap o' the "Rising Sun." Six acres and a couple o' cows and a foine new house for oi—that be all well enough, says oi, but who's going to foind t' money for t' "Oot o' Church property, sure enough, that'll come," says Brummagem chap. "Tell that to your grandmother," says oi; "ye'll promise big enough, but when it comes to performin', you'll sing another tune." So, who's to have my vote? T' Squire's Lady, or Brummagem chap? They were both cock-sure of it, oi could see that much with half an eye. Fact is, JOSEPH HODGE, he doan't care much for t' Squire's Lady or for Brummagem chap, and he's blessed if he thinks he'll give his vote for either one or t' other of them. They both be foolin' oi; it would only serve 'em fair if oi be after foolin' them back again—and that's flat.



Harry Furness

FAMILIAR FACES.

Mr. Punch (Cartoonist-in-Chief). "OH, I KNOW ALL YOU OLD MODELS. I WANT SOME NEW 'CHARACTER'!"

FILLING UP AT PHILIPPOPOLIS.

THE difficulties that encountered the Porte in its endeavour to appoint a fitting Commissioner to represent it at Philippopolis, seem likely to have been overcome by the selection of ASSIM PASHA. As he appears to be so noted for his taciturnity, that it is reported that, when he was Minister for Foreign Affairs, not even an Ambassador "could get more than a nod or monosyllable from him," it may be conjectured that he will be well suited to the post, which is one of which it could be fairly advertised that "talking" was "no object." Indeed, the less said now about the Servo-Bulgarian business the better, and ASSIM PASHA will be entirely in his element. The idea of appointing RUSTEM PASHA to the post, though momentarily entertained, has been wisely dropped, it being doubtless felt that, with such a name, too little of that diplomatic polish necessary to the effectual smoothing down of the situation, might naturally have been expected from its owner.

False Notes.

YOUNG JOE, kicking up behind and before,
In despite of his Old Leader, does not appear to score.

What at present do you think of your plan, JOE?
You tried to lead the concert, but you struck the chord too soon,
And the voters have responded with an independent tune,
On an instrument suggestive of the *Ban-Joe*!

MEM.—MR. GLADSTONE'S Political Pilgrimage to Scotland may be regarded as the latest "Expedition in search of the North Poll!"

ADVICE GRATIS TO A GOOD HAYTER (*proffered a trifle too late*).—
Don't go to Bath.

CRYING "WOLFE" ONCE TOO OFTEN.—Putting him up for Portsmouth!

THE WIZARD'S CURSE.

In the days when I was young, and very foolish, goodness knows!
'Twas my painful lot to suffer from a pimple on the nose;
So I went to a Magician, who was noted at that day
For the skill with which he conjured such excrescences away.

He pronounced an incantation in a dismal kind of squeak,
And assured me that my pimple would be gone within a week;
Then he caught me to his bosom, brushed away a starting tear,
And demanded twenty guineas; which I thought a trifle dear.



But my pimple did not
vanish; nay, I found,
to my surprise,
That it grew until it
reached a quite un-
reasonable size.
So I called again one
morning at the Ne-
cromancer's house,
And informed him,
with a stick, that I
considered him a
"chouse."

He declared he'd have
the law of me, and
did; but what was
worse,
As I turned to quit his
premises he laid on
me a Curse,
Shouting, "WIGGLES,
your brutality I'll
give you cause to rue:
Your moustache shall
be Magenta and your
whiskers Prussian-
Blue."

"You may dye them
ev'ry day, and any
colour that you
choose,
But, whenever you
most want them to
retain their borrowed
hues,

They shall instantly revert to the gay tints that I've decreed,
The effect of which, I may say, will be curious indeed!

"There's a glass upon the mantelpiece; go, look into it well,
Whilst I speak the dread and potent words that constitute my spell:
Jarnibieu! Abrahadabra! Hokey pokey winkey wee!
Maranatha! Donnerwetter! Ego maledico te!"

As his wand he wildly flourished,
in accordance with his rules,
I observed to my dismay that
my moustache was turning
gules,
Whilst my whiskers twain,
which theretofore had some-
what foxy been,
Changed before my eyes to
azure—that is, bright ultra-
marine.

Panic-stricken, as I realised the
horrors of my doom,
I entreated him to spare me;
but he bade me leave the
room.

"Take, oh, take this bitter
curse away!" I sobbed. He
answered, "No!
You must dree your weird as
best you may. Good morn-
ing! You may go."

When I left the wicked Sorcerer distraction tore my mind,
And I sped away to TRUFFITT's with the swiftness of the wind.
"Say, inimitable Artist," I exclaimed, "what must I do
To get rid of this Magenta and this awful Prussian-Blue?"

"Nothing simpler," he replied, to my extravagant delight.
"Our Kallianthesistikon will promptly set you right;



To your beard the precious liquid you must thrice a day apply.
Ten-and-six is all we charge for this inestimable dye!"

Like a shot I paid the money, seized my bottle, and was gone;
All day long I steeped my beard in Kallianthesistikon.
The Magenta changed to yellow—grassy green became the blue—
But at last moustache and whiskers re-assumed their normal hue.

The relief that I experienced was thrillingly intense,
And I went on dyeing lavishly, regardless of expense;
From my memory the details of the Curse kept fading fast,
And the hope that I had dodged it grew to certainty at last.

Months went on, until I lost my heart to ALEXANDRA BROWN,
Who had beauty and securities, besides a house in town.
As one day she smiled upon me with a tenderness divine,
In a spasm of affection I resolved to make her mine.

I was kneeling at her feet and gazing fondly on her eyes
With a comfortable feeling that I'd gained my lovely prize,
When a look of ghastly horror on her countenance appeared,
And she screamed, "Good gracious heavens! what has happened to
your beard?"

"'Tis the Wizard's Curse!" I stammered. "I am seldom taken so.
Pass it over, beautiful angel—if you love me, do not go!"
But she left me with a shudder, and I staggered to my feet,
Breathing hideous execrations which I will not here repeat.

Then I wandered down her street, and as the corner I passed by,
On a hoarding near the public-house a picture caught my eye.
'Twas a bearded and moustachioed face, with whiskers all awave,
And a legend underneath, in ten-inch capitals, "Why Shave?"

"Why not Shave?" Ah, happy thought! It flashed like lightning
through my brain,
And I started at the double off to TRUFFITT's once again.
There arrived, I shouted, "Hither bring your razor, strop, and hone,
Gifted Artist, shave me closely—shave me to the very bone!"

"Wicked Wizard, I defy
you! Your anathema is
naught!"
(Here I yelled "Hooreoah!"
and capered like a High-
lander distraught.)
"Let my beard and whiskers
perish! You forgot to
curse my hair!"
And I laughed as I sank back
into the operating-chair.

With a face as smooth and
hairless as a billiard-ball
or glove
I returned to ALEXANDRA—
to my tender, startled dove.
"They are gone!" I softly
whispered. "Wilt reward
my sacrifice?
Kiss my cheek, no longer
hirsute, but extremely
sleek and nice."

Then she tearfully embraced me, sobbing, "Thine, for ever thine!"
And I knew that I had won her—that her scrip would soon be mine.
We were wed; and, thanks to shaving and an amply furnished purse,
For the Wizard's Malediction neither of us care a curse!



"Where are you driving to?"

THE following startling advertisement appears in the Daily
Telegraph:—

IF THE CABMAN who drove a Gentleman to Redcliffe Gardens, and
afterwards to Warwick Place, will CALL at — before twelve o'clock
any day, he will be REWARDED.

Most assuredly we live in a brutal age. What had the Gentleman
done that he should be driven from pillar to post in this heartless
fashion. And then some person, if possible more heartless, offers to
reward the Cabman for his conduct. Surely this person is accessory
after the fact, and he and the Cabman should be indicted for con-
spiracy. Where is the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, and why does he not look into these matters?

READING SAUCE.—The rejection of the Ex-Postmaster-General.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

A FEW nights ago at the Comedy Theatre I saw *Erminie*. It is described in the bill as a "New Comic Opera, written by CLAXSON BELLAMY" (in small type) "and HARRY PAULTON" (in large type); the music being "by EDWARD JAKOBOWSKI,"—whose name is printed as big as that of the second collaborateur. If size of type is a measure of importance, evidently the person, or persons, who arranged this bill did not entertain so high an opinion of CLAXSON BELLAMY as of HARRY PAULTON. Perhaps the Composer himself might have observed that CLAXSON BELLAMY was "no great shakes."

I sincerely congratulate Mr. HARRY PAULTON on being linked to a collaborateur with such an excellent name as CLAXSON BELLAMY, and, at all events, it is easier to pronounce than that of his talented musical partner in the work, JAKOBOWSKI. If this Composer be a genuine Pole Star, I trust he may have many a chance of shining brighter than he does on this occasion, when he only twinkles, and that without any very striking brilliancy.

I do not know from what source the conspirators obtained their plot, but of course their two principal characters are our old friends Robert Macaire and Jacques Strop, here called *Ravannes* and *Cadeau*. In the novel *Robert Macaire in England*, this gentlemanly thief does, if I remember rightly, personate a Vicomte whom he and his companions have robbed of his papers and left for dead on the road. This was a capital starting point, and the story is well worked out, though the subtle delicate touches of the rascally *Macaire's* character are omitted, and he is represented as a mere foil to the comic ruffian,—a foil, it may be added, without much point and not highly polished. To those who do not know what *Macaire* ought to be—a thorough Devil-Ma-caire scoundrel, with dandified airs and an occasional touch of sentiment, which he immediately represses, the part as represented by Mr. FRANK WYATT, will be sufficiently amusing, considered as a "feeder" for the comicalities of *Cadeau*.



"Sure such a Pair!"

Mr. PAULTON would make, as no doubt he often has made, an excellent *Jacques Strop*, in the real play, but the "business" indulged in by the two thieves belongs more to a burlesque version of the story, than to Comic Opera. The utter impossibility of these two grotesque blackguards ever being accepted by the "nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood" as belonging to their own order, is so glaring as at once to destroy all notion of true Comedy, which, I believe, though perhaps erroneously, should be the characteristic of a Comic Opera, and relegates the piece to the list of *Opéras Bouffes*, where it would be in excellent company.

In the music there is so little to carry away, that there would be no occasion to call for the remainder another evening but for the song in the Second Act—all the best things are in the Second Act—for Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN with a refrain, "Ah me! Ah woo!" which she gives, as she alone can give a song when it suits her, with such vivacity and real fun as to warrant any number of encores, and to make it the greatest attraction of the Opera. It struck me as the best truly comic rendering of a song I had heard since SCHNEIDER's celebrated address to Venus in the Second Act of *La Belle Héloïse*, or her "Dites-lui" in *La Grande Duchesse*. By the way, what the song was about I did not exactly catch, but I fancy that the words of the refrain were "Ah me! Ah woo!" As to their meaning I am still in the dark, but Miss ST. JOHN's manner of giving them is of itself irresistibly comic. She looks charming, as she always does; and if somewhat too *nonchalant* in her acting, it may be because the part does not suit her. But then why emphasise this? Her old operatic father is always going about calling her "You baggage!"

which must be very trying and irritating to a young lady of her quick temper. Why "baggage"? If her father calls her "baggage," she would have a right to call him a hat-box or portmanteau. Miss



The Prettiest Trio in the Opera.

M. A. VICTOR is worthy of her name, the Victor Unvanquished. She and Mr. PAULTON may be said to keep the fun almost entirely to themselves. Miss MELWORTH, who plays *Cerise*, the heroine's sister, quietly and nicely, has shown great taste and judgment in the mounting of the piece, as the scenery and costumes are unexceptionable. Mr. MERVIN in powder surely ought to reduce that enormous white moustache; but perhaps even the persuasive powers of the fair Manageress could not induce him to come out as a young shaver. Miss KATE MURROCK looks most fascinating, and does her very best, in singing and acting, with a part which, but for her, would be reduced to a mere *soubrette* of the ordinary type. Taken altogether, there is plenty of "sweetness and light" in the entertainment to keep it going for some little time to come. The house has been tastefully decorated, and the comfort of the audience thoroughly considered. We certainly do our auditoria better here than in Paris. QUILL NIBBS.

HELEN OF CAMBERWELL.

I WOULD that very worthy maid,
Miss HELEN TAYLOR, I could aid,
For she, deserted and betrayed,
Sits not for Camberwell!

Oh! let that craven wretch
The base Returning Officer,—
Why he should choose 'twixt
"him" and her
That stands for Camberwell!

Oh! think ye not my heart was
sore,
When HELEN stood outside the
door,
And did most mightily deplore
The sins of Camberwell?

I felt inclined to stab the wight
Who thus debarred her of her right,
The Liberal cause to disunite
In dismal Camberwell.

Yet, though St. Stephen's she
would grace,
Its Lobby is a horrid place,
And p'raps it's best she did not
face
The poll in Camberwell!

O HELEN, most unjustly spurned!
Is this the guerdon you have
earned,
That homeward you should be
"returned,"
And not for Camberwell!

OUR Representative Youth went to the Aquarium to view SENORITA ANITA, "the Tiger Lady,"—we've seen lots of Ladies as Tigers in burlesque with natty top-boots, &c.—and Little ROBINSON, "the Bear Boy,"—and we've seen lots of bare boys, too, in the bathing season—but on presenting his card of admission the officials began to doubt the wisdom of admitting our envoy to see the Bear Boy, our own boy being named in the ticket as "the Bearer." Evidently the "Bear Boy" would be nowhere beside the "Bearer Boy," and so up to now we've not heard his report on the two subjects. SENORITA ANITA is, of course, a Hairress.

ERRATUM.—In last week's Number, for "Ἰακωβὸς Σκάρπης" read Ἰακωβὸς Σκάρπης, which makes all the difference to the sense, and will satisfy the classical scholar.

THE REAL ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.—Chemical Attraction.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE BARITONE.

"OMNIBUS HOC VITIUM EST CANTORIBUS!"—HORACE.

"DO ASK YOUR HUSBAND TO SING, LAZZIE!"

"I WILL, IF YOU WILL PROMISE TO ASK HIM TO LEAVE OFF!"

"HOW SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

(Adapted—distantly—from "Macbeth.")

SCENE—An Open Place. Thunder, Lightning, and Fog. Enter Three Witches.

First Witch . . . P-EN-LL.
 Second Witch . . . S-L-EN-RY.
 Third Witch . . . GL-DST-NE.

First W. How shall we three meet again,
In wonder, terror, joy, or pain?Second W. When the hurlyburly's done;
When the Election's lost and won.Third W. (aside). How in shadow sets the
sun!

Was't for this, for this it rose?

First W. Where the place?

Second W. Why, in the House,
Third W. There to meet, with bated breath,
On matters grave of life and death.

First W. I come, Grey Ancient!

Third W. Yes, ah! yes!

Swift to the tryst flies glad success.

But failure?

Second W. Of your spells and charms,

Oh, close contriver of all harms?

Too late you have essayed your part,

And shown the magic of your art;

And, which is worse, all you have done

Is thwarted by a wayward son,

O'er-bumptious, who, as others do,

Plays for his own ends, not for you.

Third W. Too true, too bitterly o'er-true!

He doth spurn prudence, and doth bear

Big hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear.

And all do know, security

Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

Second W. Wisdom late-learned! Has't
been thy fate

To learn, plan, act, too late, too late!

First W. Ha! ha!

Second W. Ho! ho!

Third W. They laugh who win!

But now the strife doth but begin.

How shall we meet anon, anon;

When what is promised must be done,

Or banded friends break hands? Beware!

First W. (aside). To balance both shall be
my care.Second W. (aside). How shall we meet? I
do espy

Herein much doubtful augury.

Who breaks shall pay,—yet oft one finds

That he must also pay who binds,

And the bond's price? When claimed

that cost,

Our bark may yet be tempest-tost.

First W. (aside). Triumphant Captain, pilot

dumb,

Wrecked as homeward he did come,

Both shall be mine ere all is done.

All. Our Mistress calls. Anon, anon!

Third W. (aside). Fair seems foul, and foul

seems fair,

In Party fog and poisoned air!

[They vanish.]

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

"THE People's Favourite," "Accepted
 Universally but never Returned." *Punch's*
Almanack for 1886. Polling Day, Decem-
 ber 7. Politics—Incorruptible. Price 3d.

ALLEGED CRUELTY TO A COLLIE.

CAN it be that the Local Government Board has refused to rescind the sentence of suspension passed by the Managers of the Eastern Hospitals on Dr. COLLIE—by their own admission a most able and efficient Medical Officer, and unequal only to the exercise of an adequate supervision over the dietetic expenditure of subordinates in his department? But, for this business, knowing it to be too much for him, he, it seems, had requested clerical assistance, and they refused it. What, then, did they really expect him to do doctor's work and clerk's work as well? Talk of working a willing Noble Animal to death, what is that to so preposterously overworking a COLLIE? Their suspension of their COLLIE seems fully as unreasonable as the treatment awarded to the little dog in the nursery poem, who, because he had lost his tail to-day, was, to-morrow to be *sus. per coll.* Besides, Dr. COLLIE had no tail to lose, nor can he fairly be charged with having lost his head; because he could not be expected to perform an excess of brain-work, quite enough to turn his brain. Suspend Dr. COLLIE! Did they really consider their servant, COLLIE, a dog, that they should do that thing to him? Well, Dr. COLLIE's case is in the hands of the Medical Defence Association, of which, let us hope that the professional members will succeed in bringing that case, as well as other cases of their own, to a successful conclusion.

THE REAL "TIP"—TILTED NOSE.—The Waiters when offered a penny.



"HOW SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN"?

(Macbeth adapted.)



THE SHUTTLE-WORTH SYSTEM

"IMPROVEMENT" AT ETON.

We've recently heard something about Reforms at Eton. The School is divided into "Forms"—of which the sixth is the chief, and the boys of the sixth form ought always to be in the best possible form, but there are some forms not included in the School Division, and these are Re-forms. Reform, by all means, whatever is bad or unsatisfactory, but while reforming Masters and morals, rules and regulations, think several times before you (whoever you are who make these proposals) knock down the entire block of picturesque buildings which include the Head Master's House. If this block be destroyed then soon that other block will be abolished—the Headmaster's block, let us call it, at which so many "merry Swish'd boys" have knelt and prayed for first fault. There have already been protests against this contemplated destruction.

And then it has been absolutely audaciously suggested that the Upper School should be converted into a Library! Shades of all Eton Worthies, and substantial Etonians yet all-alive O! who have paid your half-guineas to the Head Master's servant in order that your names should be indelibly carved on the old oak panels, which, on every fourth of June, you will point out with pride to your sons and grandsons, your wife and daughters and daughters-in-law! What! lose this ten-and-sixpenny immortality! Perish the thought! Have your names hidden by bookshelves! Never! "Arouse ye, arouse ye, my Merry Swish'd Boys!" and protest, while there be yet time, against all such unnecessary reforms as will destroy the character of Eton; for the hands that would pull down this block of buildings, and transform the historic Upper School into a Library, will next proceed to demolish the Chapel, and let out the ground, from which the cloisters will have disappeared, as sites for cockney villas and additional Masters' Houses. *Floreat Etona!* will soon have to be translated, May Eton be flooded! And, if there's any rebuilding, flooded the houses will have to be. So much, for once, on this subject. But there is another Improvement at Eton supposed to have been introduced within the last ten or fifteen years, and that is educational improvement. We should like to know if the Old and the Oldest Boys observe any very great difference between the work of their time, no matter how long ago, and the record of to-day, which we put before them—the

DIARY OF A PRESENT ETONIAN.

Monday.—I take up my pen this week to make the first entry in my Diary in a state of great indignation. I've had awful bad luck all day. I did my Sunday Questions in time, all except the last; and so I don't see what right my Division Master had to complain to Tutor because I didn't happen to know my Greek Testament. And besides, if I was late, it wasn't my fault—I can't help oversleeping myself. I told him I hadn't been called; but he wouldn't take the excuse—I must have tried it too often. I think I shall lose my collar-stud next time I'm late. Besides, it was such rot my being late, because I meant to learn my Testament before school; but of course, as I was late, I couldn't; and when I tried to learn it from my Bible in school, the beak nailed me cribbing, and set me a punishment. Then I meant to have learnt my construing for half-past nine at breakfast; but I got quarrelling with my minor, who messes with me, and so I hadn't any time. I really must say that my minor is a pig; it's impossible to keep the room tidy when he's in, he will throw things about so. He cheeked me, so I chucked a bit of sugar at him. It hit him on the nose; and he sent a roll at me, so I threw a pat of butter at him, and missed; but the butter stuck on the wall, and made an awful greasy mark there. And if one's minor behaves like that, how is a fellow to keep his room straight, I should like to know? However, I managed to get through construing, for SCROGGLES lent me his list of words, and prompted me, and I copied his derivations when my Tutor wasn't looking.

After eleven o'clock school, I had to go to pupil-room and do my verses. I got there at twenty past twelve, and my Tutor kept me in till two. That's more than an hour and a half's continuous work, without stopping—and that tells upon a fellow, I can tell you. At least, it was almost without stopping, for my Tutor was called away by the Butler—on business, he said—for half an hour. I dare say he only went to have a good feed—he's a very hungry man is my Tutor. We had a good rag when he was away; but he came back in the middle, and found me on the desk, shying one of his cribs at SCROGGLES, and that made him rather angry; so I swore I had been working awfully hard until just before he came in; but he couldn't quite swallow that. However, I got nine verses done, and, with seven that I did on Saturday, and three that SNIFF did for me, and one of SCROGGLES's, and two that my Tutor gave me, it made twenty-two; and Tutor let me off the rest when I promised that I would learn my construing better next time. I didn't mind promising that, as I shall probably find my Virgil crib by then.

One of my verses riled Tutor awfully—I can't say why. "*Hannibalem quæserimus submittere Romam.*" It construes all right—

"We have asked HANNIBAL to conquer Rome"—and it scans all right. It hasn't got a cesura, but no more have a lot of VIRGIL's lines. I told him that, and he said something about "great things with smaller to compare." I think it was—at any rate it was poetry. I don't quite understand him, but I rather think he was laughing at me.

I got my allowance after dinner, and went down town at once, and soaked it; but a shilling doesn't go far, and they wouldn't tick me. I couldn't play football after four, because I had to do the *pæna* I got for being late. I thought I'd better do it, as I've shirked so many; and if my Division Master gets his back set up, he'll complain of me; and the Head lays in harder than the Lower Master—I'm told. When I had done the *pæna*, I went in search of a crib to learn my Virgil with; but no one had one except SNIFF, and his didn't belong to him, so he wouldn't let it out of his room. I think I should have learnt the lesson, only we got talking about one thing and another; and so, when the clock struck, I hadn't looked at the crib. However, I was not put on, so I got through that all right. Nothing happened at tea, except that my minor upset the milk—at least, he made me upset it—he's such a clumsy beggar. At seven we had evening school, which I particularly hate; and after that, as I had no work to do for Tuesday, I played passage-football. But it's time now for me to go to bed, and so I must shut up. I meant to have put down how it was I came to keep a Diary, and all about SCROGGLES, and SNIFF, and my Fagmaster; but I shall have to leave that for to-morrow, I suppose.

(To be continued.)

THE REASONS OF MY NON-RETURN.

By an Unsuccessful Candidate.

BECAUSE that confounded Redistribution Bill put the majority of my best supporters out of the constituency.

BECAUSE of a number of Unholy Coalitions between almost all the classes, trades, and interests in the place.

BECAUSE the Local Caucus swore I should.

BECAUSE the Local Publicans swore I shouldn't.

BECAUSE the Publicans were the stronger, when it came to the pinch.

BECAUSE, though the Publicans—collectively—opposed the Caucus, the Caucus—individually—supported the Publicans—by presence at their bars after all its meetings.

BECAUSE a Publican is more likely to convert a "Working Man" Caucusite than a Working Man Caucusite is to convert a Publican.

BECAUSE the Local Caucus consisted mainly of men who would spout and would not work.

BECAUSE every time they spouted they spoiled Votes.

BECAUSE so many of my volunteer Canvassers used the Canvass-books for pipe-lights.

BECAUSE those who did canvass made converts for the other side.

BECAUSE the majority of the Constituency could never be induced to come to my meetings.

BECAUSE my Caucus supporters would persist in trying to break up the meetings of my opponent, instead of attending mine.

BECAUSE all the people who had their heads broken, and didn't like it, voted against me.

BECAUSE I am a less confident and graceful liar than my opponent.

BECAUSE I am not an Adonis.

BECAUSE my opponent is.

BECAUSE the ladies went for him to a woman.

BECAUSE a lot of lady-canvassers enlisted in his cause.

BECAUSE female blandishments and the promise of blankets are sometimes more potent with working-men, or at least with their wives, than blue posters and sound principles.

BECAUSE the "pulpit drum ecclesiastic" has been pounded merrily against me.

BECAUSE people are so easily persuaded—by property-holders, parsons, and pretty women—that Reformer means a "blend" of JACK CADE and TOM PAINE.

BECAUSE CHAMBERLAIN has horribly frightened and aroused to combined action all the property-holders, parsons, and pretty women.

BECAUSE the members of this Triple Control identify me with the cause of "Jew," and consequently "go for me" with uncompromising unanimity.

BECAUSE—in their local organ and otherwise—they paint me as a pleasant combination of liar, thief, bigamist, born idiot, artful dodger, poor adventurer, wealthy monopolist, dandy, demagogue, slave, despot, party-hack, renegade, atheist, skittle-sharper, dynamiter and duffer.

BECAUSE Cobbler Bon, the blatant local Bradlaughite, supported me. Last—and, of course, least—because the majority of the Constituency made up their minds to have nothing whatever to do with me!

SMALL PROFITS AND QUICK RETURNS.—The recent Elections.



"DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES."

First 'Lady.' "AND WHICH SIDE IS YOUR 'USBAND NOW, MRS. MANGLES!"

Second Do. "SOMETIMES ONE, AND SOMETIMES ANOTHER, M'UM. WHEN I DON'T WANT ANY MONEY, HE'S A 'LIBERAL,' BUT WHEN I'M SHORT, HE'S A REG'LAR CONSERVATIVE!"

A DISCLAIMER.

WITH a view to silencing any further misrepresentation, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has most emphatically protested that he has not promised Three Acres and a Cow to every Rural Voter. Judging from the way in which Party compliments are flying, he might add to the list. Though his supporters will not need to be assured on the subject, his opponents may yet need reminding that he has not at present counselled the following measures, viz.:-

That the furniture and effects of Country Gentlemen be equally divided among the local Agricultural Labourers; That the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, as soon as it be disestablished, be shipped off to New Zealand; That St. Paul's be let out for Sunday afternoon Atheistical Lectures, illustrated with Dissolving Views; That Westminster Abbey and Canterbury Cathedral be opened as popular Music Halls; And that the confiscated emoluments of the Church be applied to the furtherance of the National Industries, notably to subsidising the Screw Trade.

POLITICAL KISSES.

"A judicious amount of kissing was formerly inseparable from the progress of an Election contest, and was considered to have an appreciable influence upon the result of it. The kiss political is, in fact, a time-honoured institution."—*St. James's Gazette.*

In other days the Candidate,
As old Election tales relate,
Of our staid English nation,
Kissed all the women; babies too
Got many a "buss," as was their due;
Folks won by osculation.

But now we've come to colder times,
And ne'er can our Election rhymes
Recount such pleasant stories:
The kissing of the days gone by
Is o'er, like wine and bribery,
And old Election glories.

No more fine ladies give a kiss,
To help a husband up to this
The height of his ambition,
To represent a town or shire;
'I would set committee-rooms on fire,
Such aid to requisition.

And yet when ladies vow that they
Should go to Parliament to-day,
Most useful they would find it;
Who could refuse to give a vote,
When asked for in a dulcet note,
And with a kiss behind it.

That women are advanced, no doubt
Exists, but *Punch* would fain point out
To these ambitious Misses,—
They'd find the path to Parliament
Much easier, if time were spent
In bribing men with kisses!

ALL OF A PIECE.

MR. HARRIS, the spirited Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, during the Elections has been announcing the results of the pollings between the Acts. Surely this might be improved upon. Why should not this important intelligence be interpolated into the dialogue of the play? To explain our meaning, we dash off the end of an Act, of which, with our customary generosity, we do not reserve the copyright.

SCENE—The Battle-field. Realistic details. Captain NEVILLE HENRY, mortally wounded, reclines in the arms of his Wife. Soft music. Groups of Soldiers in distance.

Captain. Ah, my darling! It is pleasant to die thus—in your arms, with your loving lips telling me you forgive me.

Mrs. N. H. I have nothing to forgive, loved one. (*Offering him flask.*) Take this, it will revive you. (*He drinks.*) But see who comes yonder. See how he dashes past the enemy's outposts! He is lost! Oh, I cannot bear the sight! Poor fellow! Poor fellow!

[*Messenger staggers in, and gives the Captain a despatch. He then reels, and falls down dead.*]

Captain N. H. (opening telegram). Ah, this is news, indeed! It keeps me alive! No—I am not dying! Listen, dear wife.

Mrs. N. H. No—another time, darling. You excite yourself!

Captain N. H. I must tell you the news, even if it kills me! Ah, my eyes are growing dim! I cannot see you. Stay! The Muddborough Election is decided, and—(*gasp*)—PORTS—(*gasp*)—has been elected! (*gasp*) You hear—PORTS has been elected! [*Die.*]

Tableau and Curtain.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.



URING yesterday forenoon in Buckingham Palace, specially lent by Her MAJESTY for the purpose, TONY, late M.P., was nominated as Candidate for the representation of the County of Barks. He was proposed by JOHN BULL, Esq., of Great Britain, India, Australasia, Canada, and the Isle of Man. The nomination was seconded by Mr. Punch, of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The Lord Chancellor, who presided, asked whether there was any other Candidate. Mr. Punch (*sotto voce*): "I should think not." Usher: (so-called because he is always making a noise) "Silence!" There being no further remark, TONY, once more M.P., was declared duly elected. An immense crowd had assembled round Buckingham Palace, and the new Member, his

Proposer and Second, were received with loud and continued cheering.

TONY, M.P., the newly elected Member for Barks, was born in the spring of 1841, of poor but honest parents. He was not the only member of the family, which was, indeed, inconveniently large. It would be idle to deny the fact that at this time the subject of our memoir suffered much privation, though it was a life of luxury compared with an epoch shortly to follow. One day his father told him that he must "look after himself." TONY, always obedient, immediately began to do so. He turned round and round in the effort till he was almost dizzy, and then he had caught only a fleeting glimpse of the end of his tail. On stopping through pure exhaustion he found his father had fled.

He was alone in the world!

What was more, he was hungry. If there was anywhere a dog with sixpence in his pocket determined some day to manage a theatre, that dog was not TONY. He thought first of breaking a window, and so getting sent to prison. He stood before a butcher's shop, and thought he would steal. But he was too honest. Besides, the meat was hanging far above his reach. As he stood marvelling what he should do or whither he should go, he observed a portly Gentleman walking down the street with a stick and a benevolent smile. The wild thought entered TONY's head that he would bite him. The stranger's legs were a little slim in comparison with his figure. "But," as TONY cheerfully said to himself, "beggars mustn't be choosers." The mere thought of getting something between his teeth made his mouth water.

The stranger came along humming a tune, beaming with good-nature, and swinging his stick. TONY hesitated a moment. What had the stranger done to him? There might be for him at home a fond wife awaiting his presence, a cluster of happy children to lisp his name. Why should TONY send him into their presence with a mangled calf?

"Sentiment be blowed!" said TONY to himself. "I must bite something—so here goes."

He made a dash forward, and what he did bite was—the dust.

"Ha! ha! would you?" cried the Benevolent Gentleman, his smile suddenly changing into a stern frown whilst he brought the stick down on TONY's scone. TONY was at this time a mere child, a circumstance difficult to realise by those now accustomed to listen to the words of wit and wisdom which fall from his lips. He lay yelping on the ground. Gradually the stern look faded from the face of the Benevolent Gentleman, and there beamed once more the smile.

"Poor dog!" he said—"methinks I have wounded thee. Accompany me to my home, and no more of your larks."

TONY limped along at the heels of the stranger, who led him home, inducted him to the kitchen, and placed food before him. TONY, M.P., has been heard to say in more prosperous times, when dining with Marquises, Dukes, and a' that, that he never forgets the flavour of that sausage, nor the remorse which haunted him for weeks afterwards at the thought that he had snapped it up in two bites, when he might have lingered through six.

In 1841, lo! a strange thing happened. The Benevolent Gentleman (who was none other than Mr. Punch) started a weekly show, and invited TONY, not then M.P., to join him in the undertaking. Later on he said—

"Come, we will change our course of life. I will sit in a chair with a pen in one hand, and the forefinger of the other at my well-developed nose. You shall sit on a pile of many volumes, with a frill round your neck, and a feather in your hat, whilst the merry world goes round."

TONY accepted the offer, and there they sit to this day.

In 1881 TONY was elected M.P. for Barks, after a severe struggle, in which he came out triumphantly, at the head of the poll. As appears from the above announcement, the Hon. Member has now been returned without a contest.

Sir Ralph Allen Gosset,

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

For nearly Fifty Years in the Service of the House of Commons.

DIED NOVEMBER 27, 1885.

GONE, genial GOSSET? Death, who smites so blindly, Ne'er struck a heart more courteous or more kindly; Never stern Law more pleasant guise took on, Than in the House's common friend, now flown From friends and House alike, but still to live In all that many memories may give Of immortality. The frolic whim Of Punch's pencil oft his friend would limn, In humorous masquerade, that might not hide The pleasant grace, the port of honest pride. Farewell, good GOSSET! In this pictured page Shrined for the pleasure of the coming age Live on! Great ones might covet the green bays Sprung from St. Stephen's love and Punch's praise!

PROFESSORS OF POETRY.

DEAR PROFESSOR PUNCH,

In writing concerning the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, the *Daily News* asks, "How should a Professor of Poetry lecture?" How? Why, he shouldn't lecture at all. He should sing. On a fine day, when it happened to suit him, he should loll in a well-cushioned punt, beneath some leaf-shaded spot on the Thames or the Cherwell, with a silver tankard of something-and-ice, and plenty of cigarettes handy. And then he should sing whatever he might have to say, accompanying himself on the banjo. Now, I would ask, can Mr. FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, M.A., of Exeter College, sing and play the banjo? If not, why is he appointed Professor of Poetry* to the University of Oxford. I only wish I had been up in time, and then I would have had the appointment myself. I would have shown them how to sing and how to play.† Yours banjoosely,

The Lazeries. THE LAZY MINSTREL.

* The L.M. is a professor of poetry—but he never practises what he professes.—Ed.

† He has done nothing but play ever since we have known him. When he comes for his screw he will sing—sing very small, too.—Ed.

Nocturne in North Lambeth.

(By an Indignant Radical.)

AH, yes, we'll remember this night of November, The trick of Sir JAMES CLARKE LAWRENCE; Who swelled with vain glory, and—let in the Tory! A treason to hold in abhorrence! Our own plucky WALTER the case strove to alter, So let all true Rads in the nation, With tongue and with pen, give ovation to WHEN, For North Lambeth requires (W)renovation!

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By our Special Book-marketer.)

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

You must know at the sign of the "Bible and Sun,"
Dwell purveyors of picture-books, stories, and fun;
And their names?—how absurd! for all good children know—
They are GRIFFITH and FARRAN, and OKEDEK—and Co!
They have sent us a parcel! Quick, quick, cut the string—
And examine the books as I lazily sing!

The Village Blacksmith here behold, 'tis illustrated well,
By GARNETT, TUCKER, COPELAND, by SHEPHERD, and by SCHILL.
Child Pictures, sweet, from DICKENS, and *Tam o' Shanter*, too,
Both with CRUIKSHANK's illustrations you must not omit to view.
How boys will love *The Briny Deep*—it savours of salt spray—
The tale is told by Captain TOM, with cuts by Captain MAY.
The Cruise, too, of the *Theseus* they'll read with pure delight,
The sketches are by FULLER, and the yarn, by ARTHUR KNIGHT.
While BARNARD's *Master of his Fate*, to read you'll ne'er refuse:
'Tis translated from the Swedish, with pencillings by HUGHES.
A Soldier Born, a record is of battles, brisk and fierce—
'Tis written well by PERCY GROVES, the pictures are by PEARCE.

The girls will ne'er miss *Girlhood's Days*, and, mid the many tomes
Omit *Through a Refiner's Fire*—'tis written by Miss HOLMES.
A Generous Friendship, they'll peruse; they likewise will I wot,
Enjoy *The Bunch of Berries*, for it's told by LEADER SCOTT.
Miss GELLIE's *Fearless Frank*, you know, and Miss WAUGH's *Little*
Chicks

Will suit all bonny babies of the age of five or six.
In *Queer Pets*, by Miss MILLER, no doubt each pet will look.
And in *Rose-buds*, will discover a most dainty little book.
The *Children's Christmas Carols*, too, each child will gladly scan,
With REDHEAD's music, and the words, by Mrs. HERNAMAN:
Hughes' Sacrifice—this story, by Miss NORRIS, is well told,
And the drawings, done by FURNISS, delightful to behold!

II.

Here's more dainty volumes—they're second to none—
For they hail from the mansion of BLACKIE AND SON!

Four stirring books GEORGE HENRY writes, well worthy of his name—
There's *The Dragon and the Raven*, likewise, *For Name and Fame*:
Each book is full of incident, and every boy will say
The Lion of the North is prime, and so is *Through the Fray*!
They team with illustrations of country life and town,
By PAGET and by SWANLAND, by SCHÖNBERG and by BROWNE.
The latter aptly illustrates the work of skilful pen,
In *Patience Wins* and *Brownsmith's Boy*, by clever MANVILLE
FENN.

Professor CHURCH and deft MARIE, with pen and pencil show
The wand'rings of a Roman boy *Two Thousand Years Ago*.

The *Searching for the Talisman*, to like, you'll hardly fail,
So good are SCHÖNBERG's drawings to FAITH's exciting tale!
But here's *The Penang Pirate*, writ by HUTCHESON, and he
Tells with graphic force and spirit a good story of the sea.
Little Tottie, by TOM ARCHER, you'll not omit to read,
With pictures done by PROCTOR, which are very good indeed.
And last, not least, dear *Gullicer*, in gorgeous disguise—
With BROWNE's delightful drawings is a veritable prize!

III.

Babes' books by the bushel, light reading in tons!
Let's look at the parcel from ROUTLEDGE AND SONS!

All children most delighted are—pray where's the child who's not?—
With all the clever fancies drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT!
The Great Panjandrum Picture Book, and likewise, *Mrs. Blaize*,
Will give them food for merriment on many merry days;
With *Romps in Town* and *By the Sea*, they'll pass delightful times,
As FURNISS pictures paints for them, and LENNARD writes their
rhymes.

And *Every Girl's*, and *Every Boy's*, are *Annals* to buy—
Such volumes as all boys and girls must annually try!
KATE GREENAWAY's new *Almanack*, you scarcely will forget,
And A. B. C.'s a pleasure, with her dainty *Alphabet*.
If little ones should sleepy get, we counsel them to take,
A'dose of Mrs. BARKER's book, called *Little Wide-awake*!
Grimm's Fairy Tales, with WEHNERT's cuts you'll love to linger o'er,
And the *Fairy Tales of ANDERSEN* are welcome as of yore!
Escaped from Siberia, in *The Brave Days of Old*,
Are narratives by HENRY FRITH most admirably told.
In *A Sea Change* does Miss EDWARDS most clever pictures draw—
To a pretty little story, well written by Miss SHAW.

IV.

Another batch! A goodly show!

It comes from FREDERICK WARNE & Co.

You must read—if modern heroes to worship you incline—
On Honour's Roll, 'tis edited by Mrs. VALENTINE.
Masterman Ready charms to-day as it charmed years ago,
But E. J. WHEELER's clever cuts an extra charm bestow!
Upon *Three Kittens* little ones delightedly will look,
At *Our Dog Laddie*, and at *Aunt Louisa's Nursery Book*.
Conjuror Dick, a story is, by LEWIS, smartly told,
And HOCKING's *Cricketer* doth a tale of humble life unfold.
Sylvia's Daughters your attention earnestly invites,
For EDITH SCANNELL illustrates what FLORENCE SCANNELL writes:
The former's clever handiwork in two good books abounds—
New Honours, *Lena Graham*—both by Mrs. SELBY LOWNDES.
Two volumes of *St. Nicholas*—most admirably done!
A gallery of pictures and a treasury of fun,
A sheaf of striking stories and a lot of laughing lays,
That children all will revel in through many merry days!

A MUGWUMP'S APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

TAKING up my *Daily News* the other day I dropped upon a
little poem called the "Ballade of the Mugwump." Now I adore
Ballades, and I dote on quaintness. Mugwump sounds quaint. So
expecting that superior treat which springs from the tender titillation
of the subtler æsthetic susceptibilities, I re-arranged myself in my
easy chair, pointed my polychromatic *pantoufles* towards the pleasant
blaze and proceeded to perusal of this queerly named poem.

Sir, I was disappointed. I may say disgusted. The "Mugwump"
from which I had expected so much, thinking it must be something
Villon-ous or *Baudelaire-ish*, turns out to be, in American political
parlance, the superior person who holds aloof from politics. The
refrain of the Ballade, intended, I presume, to be satirical, is, "The
Mugwump does not vote." The Mugwump is pictured as a com-
temptible being, who discovers a selfish satisfaction in standing
aside from the press of practical politics.

But, Sir, I am a Mugwump, if that is what a Mugwump means.
I never vote. Good gracious, no! The very thought of turning out
on such a morning as this to plod down to the polling booth and affix
my cross to a scrap of paper in a dreary place smelling potently of
rustian and fresh cut planks makes me shudder. I hate politics.
They are so troublesome, so noisy, so uncomfortably warm. They
involve horrors called Public Meetings. What is a public meeting?
A distressingly crowded mass of perspiring humanity where the few
talk loud nonsense, and the many make horrid noises to show their
appreciation of it. They whirl their arms about and shout
"Hooray!" To see a grown man shouting "Hooray!" is, to me,
an amazing sight. Only gey-boys and fools at a boat-race should
shout "Hooray!" I could not do it to save my life. And as to
elapping one's hands—as all the listening idiots do at every other
stupid sentence of the painfully emphatic speaker—why it absolutely
hurts!

To me the country appears to be comfortable enough, without all
this troublesome fuss about Reform. If any agricultural labourer
is so singularly constituted as to be happier with a vote, he is quite
welcome to mine, I am sure. I do not want three acres and a cow—
what could I do with them? And as to Disestablishment, so long
as they do not disestablish Clubs, I do not care. I rather fancy,
from what excited friends tell me, that that singularly loquacious,
and distressingly earnest person called GLADSTONE is disposed to be
down upon them as haunts of idleness and luxury, forsooth! Well,
if Reform means the abolition of idleness and luxury, Reformers
must be madder even than I have taken them to be. What else
is worth living for?

Besides, I do not care for any Party. I dislike the Radicals be-
cause they are so dreadfully destitute of repose, and wear such shock-
ing bad hats, whilst, as to the Primrose Leaguers, well I should say,
some way after *Peter Bell*:—

A Primrose loved by old Earl B.

A yellow Primrose is to me,

And it is nothing more!

To the numerous "Dames" of my acquaintance it appears to be a
sort of sacred *oriflamme*. They pester me worse than a lot of im-
portunate widows, and if they don't bring some of their pet Can-
didates to grief before they've done, the Corrupt Practices Act is a
faroe and a fraud.

I declare I have written quite a long letter, and am almost falling
into the unpardonable sin of "emphasis." Well the Parties may do
what they like with the country so long as they do not disturb me.
That I hold to be philosophy and good form. And because I do so I
am to be held up to the ridicule of angry Philistines as

A MUGWUMP!

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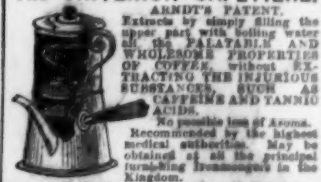
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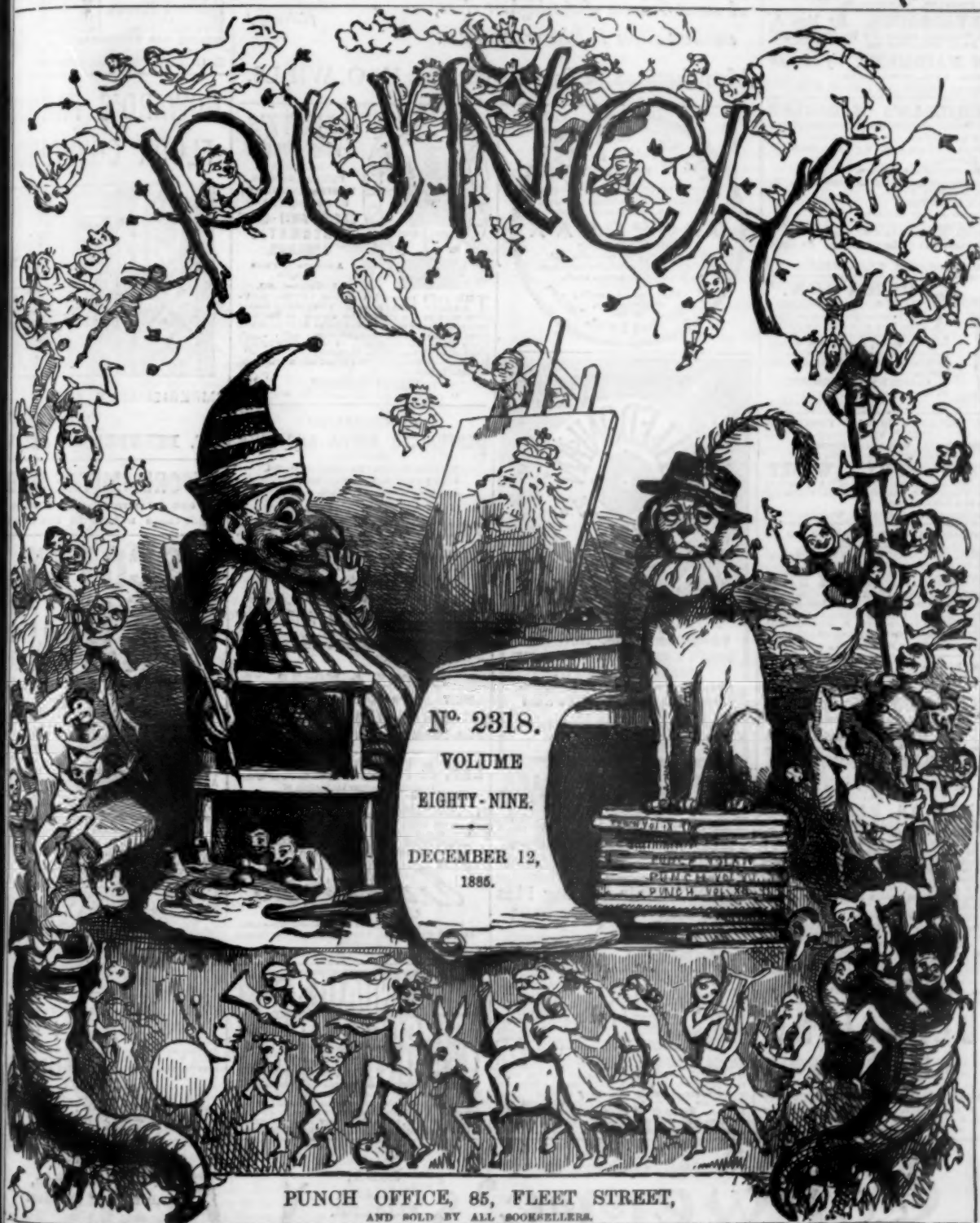
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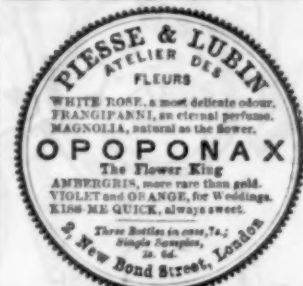
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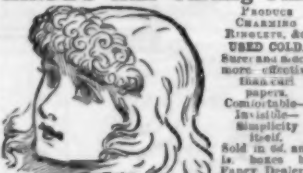


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A Corker for the Member for Cork.

(By a Sanguine Liberal.)

PARNELL says our Party he'll throttle;
But, when the Poll comes to its "tottle,"
He may possibly fear
It is not quite so clear
That the Cork has the best of the bottle!

"Hi DIGGLE DIGGLE!"—On Thursday last, the new London School Board rejected Mr. E. N. BUXTON for Chairman, and instead, elected the Rev. J. R. DIGGLE, an "unattached" Clergyman, with Sir RICHARD TEMPLE for Vice. The "Temple for Vice" does not sound well in connection with the School Board. But Sir RICHARD will give efficient aid, and as to the Rev. J. R. DIGGLE "unattached," he will have every opportunity of proving whether the Board's choice is, or is not ri-diggle-ous.

'ARRY ON THE ELECTIONS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow goes it, my Joskin? Aseuse that remark, dear old bloke, But the chawbacon life wot you're leading ain't fit for a 'Amstead 'Eath smoke. Rural parts, mate, are all tommy rot, and it gives me the needle, dear boy, To see you still buried down there, where there's nothink to see or enjoy.

We've bin goin' it proper in London. Elections all over the shop, And them Rads 'aven't 'ad a look in, Sir. We've landed 'em fair on the 'op. I 'ave cheered myself 'orse, I assure yer, bin at it for weeks, day and night, And when 'ARRY is straight on the job, things is bound to come out about right.

I am Tory right down to my bluchers, and straight up my back, as you know, And I think I've give GLADSTONE his gruel, and bunnicked up Brummagem JOE. Leastways, if the town was all 'ARRIES and Aristos, Rads and their rot Would be licked to that orful extent they would wish themselves jolly well shot.

If there's any dashed thing I do hate wus than work and stale swiz, it's a Rad; He is mostly a white-feathered Muggins, and always a oled or a cad. So I pal'd on the Tory Committee, stuck red silk rosettes in my coat, And went canvassing round a rare buster in search of the working man's vote.

Sech larks, my dear CHARLIE, sech shindies, sech row-de-dow meetings all round! Sech turns at the chucker-out bizness, wich suits me right down to the ground!

'Most as 'unsey as 'unting a Welsher. Chap 'isses, that puts up yer blood, So you go for him, six on yer, thump him, and leave him to cool in the mud.

'Fen brinkbats, though, CHARLIE, old bloater! we 'ad 'em 'one night, and no kid!

Stopped one with my Sunday best 'at—a bran' new un as coat arf a quid; So I drew the line sharp, and skedaddled. Won't run to it, CHARLIE, dear boy! And that dashed Corrup Practices Haot leaves us jolly few perks to enjoy.

Blarmed nonsense all that! I've been working six weeks for our man, MARK McCRUMP, And there's jest nothink hangs to it, CHARLIE! It gives one the fair blooming 'ump.

There's some chat about blankets and soup-tickets, most on it kibosh, of course; But bedclothes and skilly won't pay me for 'owling until I git 'orse!

't's the company does it, old boyster, the company! Lor it's A.1 To be took in a Long Acre Lando to poll. Then the girls are good fun. Wy a Primrose League Dame—a fair scorcher—as pinned a rosette on my collar, Sez, "Do your best, dear Mister 'ARRY!"—I did, too, you bet your last dollar!

I pelted the Radical posters, I guded all the Radical spouts; I cockerow'd their Candidate crazy, in spite of their wild "Turn-im-houts," They talk of a Citizen's dooty; I think, dear old pal, you'll admit That wot with his vote, voice, and mud-shying, 'ARRY done his little bit.

We returned him, McCRUMP, by three 'iggers. Great Scott! When the poll was declared

I thought we'd 'ooray'd all the roofs off. The Rads all looked sulky or scared; And as for the pets of the Primrose, one snappy young beauty in pink— Well, I thought she'd 'a wept on my shirt-front! Yum-yum, CHARLIE; wot do you think?

That's Tory R-haction, my pippin! It warms up a Patriot's 'art. Wot we want in Old England's Protection, and Pluck for to take our Own Part. To give them dashed furriners toko with tarriffs tremenjously hot And if they rough up and cut didos, to jolly well lick the whole lot!

Them's my politics, CHARLIE, packed 'andy; and that's wy I'm Tory right through. Lord RANDOLPH's my mark; there's a Statesman! As 'ot as they're made, and True Blue.

He's worth ten Old Midlothian Muddlers, and twenty Brum Jokes packed in one. Make him boss of the Show, and by Jingo he'll show the old Jokers some fan; And now I've jest heard, my dear CHARLIE, that down in your chawbacon part, You have chucked out the Tories. Oh scissors! it cuts a cove slap to the 'art! Wot's the good of hus starting the game hup in Town in so proper a way, If them turnip-fed jolterheads muck in, and give JOE the best of the play?

If that Cow and Three Acres does fetch him, HODGE must 'ave a puddeny chump.

Wy, I thought we was winning 'ands down, mate. Are me and sech swells as McCRUMP

To be sold by a Juggins like GILES? Are our Dames to shed tears and go sad? Must the Primrose be licked by the Buttercup? CHARLIE, old chap, it's too bad!

Can't believe it, dear boy, can't believe it. You give 'em the straight tip from Town.

If you think my snide patter will help you, wire up, and I'll jest toddle down. This Election, old pal, is a Crisis, and one as we Toppers must carry.

The Pink Primrose girl told me that—it's the gospel accordin' to 'ARRY.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Visitor. "HOW IS IT, I WONDER, THAT YOU ALWAYS GET BETTER TEA AT OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES THAN YOUR OWN?"

THEEBAW'S DIARY.

Monday.—Glad it's all over. Cost me a pang giving up Mandalay and the entire army, especially as I had settled a grand military execution for next week. This invasion has put out all my arrangements. The Cabinet Torture I had fixed for the 15th postponed indefinitely. These Barbarians don't know how to govern. Why, they have been in the capital for the last four-and-twenty hours and haven't yet killed anybody—not even impaled a Prime Minister!

Tuesday.—They are beginning to understand me and my little ways. A dish of live snakes at breakfast this morning, capital! Had an interview with the Chief Barbarian. He was very civil, but refused to scold my late Privy Council to death in boiling oil! When asked if I wanted anything else, sulked, and said "No." Suddenly remembered that my European tailor just before I left Mandalay had sent in his account. Requested that his head might be removed and forwarded to me by Parcel Post. Chief Barbarian said he was afraid that the regulations would not allow of the transfer, but he would "see what could be done." Told him that I did not want to cause inconvenience to anyone, and that if they buried the tailor alive it would do just as well.

Wednesday.—Very dull indeed. Nothing to do. Asked the Chief Barbarian if I might have a dozen or so of my cousins to slay. Told me that "Murder was prohibited." Couldn't see what that had to do with it. Surely the head of a family may thin it occasionally? Was extremely annoyed because the Chief Barbarian refused to allow the steamer that brought me from Mandalay to be blown up, with its crew, for my amusement. The Chief Barbarian takes advantage of my weakness. He is a bully!

Thursday.—Chief Barbarian tells me that deputation from the Burmese Branch of the Anti-National League and Destruction of British Interests Association desired to see me. When they were admitted they told me that they would use their best endeavours to get me restored to the throne of my ancestors. Very good of them, but they bored me. Before retiring they thanked me for the patience with which I had listened to them. They wouldn't have had the opportunity if I only had had my nine-bladed sword ready to hand before they entered! Subsequently the Chief Barbarian refused to have them all bitten to death by serpents, although I begged him to give the order as a personal favour to myself. The Chief Barbarian is very unkind to me!

Friday.—Received a number of letters from British sympathisers, condoling with me on my dethronement. Answered them on my pet "poisoned note-paper." The only real bit of enjoyment I have had since leaving Mandalay. How surprised

their executors will be! Saw PRENDERGAST chuckling in a corner. What at? Something he was reading, he said. What? I asked. Then he told me it was the current number of *Punch*. I informed him that I knew of Mr. *Punch* perfectly well, and I said that I wished the people of England to be told how deeply I regretted not having studied the wise words of Mr. *Punch* all my life, and then I should not now be in my present pickle. PRENDERGAST replied that he would write the QUEEN to that effect, and then continued reading and chuckling. Should like to take his head off. I hear that Mr. *Punch*'s Artists take off people's heads; even the heads of the greatest Ministers. I love Mr. *Punch*'s Artists for this. There is a sympathy between us. We shall meet.

Saturday.—I am to be liberated, and go to England. I am to have a benefit at a place called Madame TISSAND's where (with a double-headed war-club) I am to run amuck for five minutes amongst the Early Norman Kings. I am to be lodged at the Albert Palace, because it is more lively than Buckingham Palace. Also I shall meet Mr. *Punch*'s Artists, who take off people's heads.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

To Town, about the close of dull November,
Up comes the Country Cousin, pray remember,—
The Cattle Show to visit in December!

She's bonny and bewitching in her sealskin,
Her pretty gloves fit tight as any eel-skin,
And roses bloom—not rouge—upon her real skin!

Her winsome, watchet eyes, they are the sweetest
Her *botines* and her ankles are the neatest,
Her toilette you'll consider the completest.

She's pretty, piquante, pouting, and capricious;
So dainty, dimpled, daring, and delicious:
She's joyful, and she's jaunty and judicious.

She loves to hear the latest tittle-tattle;
On manners, music, crinoline, and cattle,
And pictures, peers and poets will she prattle!

She often goes out shopping with her Mother,
The Park she sometimes visits with her Brother—
She'd much prefer to stroll there with Another!

The bright *Mikado* music sets her humming—
And how she likes the Temple kettle-drumming,
With those who love to go ohrysanthemumming!

She has no views on "rights" or vivisection,
Finds politics a bore, upon reflection—
But dotes on CORREY GRAIN and his Election!

She dearly loves a pleasant lunch *à la* VERREY,
And much prefers dry Pommery to sherry;
She's "gone" on Mr. IRVING and Miss TERRY!

She goes to TOOLE's, and there she roars with laughter;
To *Human Nature* off next night you wait her—
She sees the *Colleen Bawn* the evening after!

She music loves—from dances unto dirges—
And when she from the Albert Hall emerges,
You'll have to take her off to MOORE and BURGESS!

She can't e'en rest 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
But in a hansom—despite Mrs. GRUNDY—
She drives down to the Abbey on a Sunday!

She's bright each morn—as fresh as any daisy—
And when with seeing sights I'm nearly crazy,
She says I am "incorrigibly lazy!"

But when one day from Euston she has started,
(Those eyelids drooped a wee bit when we parted!)
I certainly felt dismal and down-hearted.

That merry whirling time at last is ended!—
And as for hearts? Pooh! pooh! I'm feeling splendid!
"Least said," the proverb hints, "is soonest mended!"

PUBLICANS V. REPUBLICANS.—Joy of the Tavernkeepers on hearing of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's defeat. The event may be chronicled as the Great Waterfall!



"OUT IN THE COLD."

T-by, M.P. Gentlemen, Gentlemen, what's all this about? Why stand here in the cold?

Mr. George R-s-s-l-l. We're obliged to stand, because we've lost our seats.

T-by, M.P. Ah, very good. But, you know, you'll have to move on. It's against the Act of Parliament to have anything like a mob in Palace Yard. Probably you don't mean anything, but there's a ferocious look about H-rr-r that bodes ill for the public peace. You haven't got pikes up your back now, have you? You don't mean to have a scuffle with the Sergeant-at-Arms? You'd better disperse quietly before I read the Riot Act. How's H. C. E. to-day? He doesn't look so like H-ere C-omes E-verybody as he did six months ago.

Mr. H. C. E. Ch-l-d-r-s. No, T-by. I confess it's broken me down a little. After all I have done for the country, to be treated thus. I strengthened its Navy, reformed its Dockyards, made its Budget, and now in my old age Pomfret deserts me. If I had served—

Mr. Sh-ee L-f-vre. Pom, pom; don't fret. Look at me, and think what I've done, and what the country loses in me. And yet I have no sigh, and shed no tear. [Mr. C-ne. Nor does the country.] I was just beginning to reach my proper sphere. I was in the Cabinet, Head of a Department, respected by my friends, feared by my enemies—

T-by, M.P. And rejected by Reading. Well, never mind, we must try and get on without you for a bit. And how does my friend H-l-m-s take it? H-l-m-s, sweet H-l-m-s, there's no place like the Treasury Bench. Eh?

Mr. H-l-m-s. I own I was surprised. I worked hard for Hackney, and think I did well enough at the Board of Trade.

T-by, M.P. So you did, and Hackney hasn't behaved Hansom And you, my J. K., are you Cross?

Mr. J. K. Cr-ss. Not a bit. Glad to be out of it. Bad enough before R-s-s-l-l went to the India Office; but he takes my breath away when he talks about India—and that's awkward.

Ec-lyn Ashl-y. So it is, especially if you have to make such long speeches as those with which I pleased the House of Commons in dealing with matters relating to the Colonial Office. But I don't mind—I never did care for office.

T-by, M.P. Walker!

Mr. W-l-k-r. I beg your pardon. Did you speak to me?

T-by, M.P. Well, I didn't mean to. But now you've walked out of office, perhaps you'll say how you like it.

Mr. W-l-k-r. Immensely. Never had a minute's peace—especially when the House was sitting. T-m H-l-y always jumping at me. Windbag S-x-y-n interminally pumping out the tepid fluid of his talk; J-s-p-h G-l-l-s grinning at me, and moving his fingers convulsively, as if he were Mr. Quip, and I Mrs. Jinniscen. I'm really glad to be out of it.

Mr. R-s-s-l-l and Mr. C-ne (together). So am I!

T-by, M.P. And you, Sir ARTHUR?

Sir Arth-r H-y-l-r. Oh! I hate ter think of it! Ladyship says I'll have more time to look up nice people for her Saturday evenings. But that's poor consolation.

Lord K-n-s-ngt-n. They will miss me at the door. The way those fellows will sneak away from a Division now will be awful!

T-by, M.P. Well, well, it's all very sad. You must have compensation for disturbance. Call on me in the morning. Shall leave orders with my man to give you each Three Acres and a Cow.

The deputation then withdrew.

FURY AND JURY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE *première* of the *Eumenides* (by Messrs VERRALL and ÆSCHYLUS), was one of the most curious spectacles ever placed before a nineteenth-century audience. The originality of the plot is unquestioned, except by the pedants who object that it is partially adapted from the Greek of LEMPRIERE. The First Act opens on the Terrace before the Temple (an unassuming edifice) of Apollo, at Delphi. The Prophetess comes on alone, and obliges us with a brief *précis* of local history. She then goes off to enter the Temple, but comes back in great dismay, remarking that she has "had such a turn." In the Temple she has discovered a number of women, sound asleep (though no Select Preacher is in the University pulpit), and, as she rather coarsely puts it, "their snoring nostrils blew fearsome rheum." She says she left the Temple on all fours, but she does not "come on" in that original fashion. She appeals to Apollo, who (like John Wellington Wells) is "master of spells" to "expel" them. Apparently a pun is intended.

Then the curtain rose on the interior of the Temple. *Orestes*, an interesting orphan, who has just killed his mother for killing his father (*Agamemnon*), is sitting at the base of the sacred stone, supposed by the authors "to represent the centre of the earth." *Orestes* is not, as one might have expected, in mourning. Behind him is *Apollo*, as handsome a god as you could wish to see, and *Hermes*, who having no words to speak, is naturally sulky. About a dozen elderly ladies in gauze veils appear to have escaped from some Continental pension, and are asleep in various odd attitudes all over the stage. These are *Furies*. They have come to catch *Orestes*. He has killed a relation (a mother, in fact), and it is the peculiar business of the *Furies* to punish people who kill their relations. There is no one else to do it, because what is everybody's business, in the family circle, is nobody's business. *Apollo* directs *Orestes* to run away to Delphi, and the hero jumps off with a lead, which he gradually increases, the *Furies* being left snoring at their post.

Then, in a mist of violet smoke arises the ghost of *Orestes*' mother, *Clytemnestra*. It is not "Mrs. Rawdon Crawley," (as in another version of the piece in *Vanity Fair*) but Mr. PLATTA, of Trinity. *Clytemnestra*, under the discomforts of a ghostly existence, has "gone off" dreadfully, in her looks, since her appearance in Balliol Hall, some four years ago, when Mr. FRANK BENSON took the part. She wakens the *Furies*, (who snore quite audibly) and they leap to their feet, a fearsome spectacle, gauze veils, snakes, and all complete. It is impossible to over-praise the *Furies*, who are the life and soul of the piece. As there is not much room for them on the stage, the less eminent *Furies* chiefly shake their fists from platforms which take the place of stage-boxes. Their singing is excellent, better than their argument, which is that murder "does not count," unless the slain person is, like *Clytemnestra*, a relation of the murderer's. Now a man's wife is not a relation (unless he marries his cousin) so when *Clytemnestra* killed her husband, it did not matter much.

"When I killed him, it was nothing," is the position of *Clytemnestra*, backed by the *Furies*; "but when you kill me, it's murder!"

We now had a wait of twenty-five minutes, and then the curtain rose on the Temple of Athene, in Athens. The statue of the goddess, with a broad grin on her good-humoured features, was reckoned very archaic. *Orestes* entered, and prayed, and then the *Furies* were at him. Here a passage was adapted from "Jack the Giant Killer"—"Fee fa, fo fum,—I smell the blood of an Englishman!" says the Giant in that old favourite. "Now somewhere hereabouts he is lurking, for a pleasant savour of human blood doth salute me," our Authors make the *Furies* cry aloud.

After "a long song and a strong" from the *Furies*, *Athene* comes in, a very tall and fair goddess, in a brass helmet. She hears the case, and goes off to summon a Special Jury. In the last Act the Jury, exceedingly old undergraduates, with a Roman soldier in a brass helmet, come on the scene. The *Furies*, as counsel for the prosecution, frequently deserve to be committed for contempt of Court. They open the case noisily, and cross-examine the prisoner at the Bar. He admits the murder, but calls *Apollo* as a witness to character, and to "the very best motives." *Apollo* not only speaks to character, but denies the jurisdiction of the *Furies*. They can only punish a man who has killed a relation. Now, *Apollo* argues, a man's mother is no relation to him at all. The *Furies* ridicule this plea, when *Apollo* brings off a great *coup de théâtre*—

"Here is a witness," he says, pointing to *Athene*, "who never had any mother at all, but was born out of the head of her father. Therefore a man's mother is a mere accident, and *Clytemnestra* was no relation of the accused!"

Athene then sums up, charging in favour of *Orestes*, and the Jury vote by ballot. She adds her white ball, and the lots being equal, *Orestes* leaves the Court without a stain on his character. The rest of the piece consists of a series of songs, in which the Jury persuade the *Furies* to stop, in a friendly way, at Athens, and they are conducted to their rooms by a torch-lit procession.

While the Authors can hardly be congratulated on their plot, or on the character of their law, and their ideas generally, the Actors, one and all, were warmly and deservedly applauded. They spoke Greek "with an English accent," (as Mr. HOWELLS complains that we all speak English) but they spoke it very distinctly. The comic aspect of the *Furies* was redeemed by their excellent singing, and Dr. STANFORD's music was rather more than worthy of the occasion. Perhaps, next time, a little more common sense and allowance for modern feeling in the play itself may be recommended to ÆSCHYLUS and his very clever collaborator, Mr. VERRALL.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

CHRISTMAS BOOKS. (IN OUR WHEEL OF FORTUNE.)

In our Special Wheel—to Dame Fortune, deep thanks!—They're all of 'em prizes, and none of 'em blanks! Let's pick then a few from the long catalogue, From LONGMAN, WARD-DOWNY, from FIELD and JOHN HOGG; From HODDER and STOUGHTON, likewise SAMPSON LOW, From REMINGTON, ROUTLEDGE, from CASSELL & Co. There's SKIFFINGTON, UNWIN, and CHAPMAN & HALL, HILDESHEIMER, and HATCHARD, and then KEGAN PAUL; With MARCUS WARD, MAXWELL, and MARION too, Send plenty of prizes to pass in review!

In *Friends or Foes from Fairyland*, Lord BRADBOURNE's charming tome—

LINLEY SAMBOURNE's cunning pencil is gracefully at home: What a quaint and fertile fancy throughout the pictures lurk, Sure brownies, too, and pixies must have helped him in his work! DAVENPORT ADAMS boys will like—true tales he has to tell, In *Perils Oft*, he tells them, and no doubt he tells them well. At HOPE's *Young Days of Authors*, they'll scarcely fail to look, 'Tis full of illustrations, and a most delightful book.

MISS COXON, Mrs. DOUGLAS, Madame COLOMBE, and Miss GREER, In pleasant *Proverb Stories* to all children will be dear; And the pictures by Miss CLAXTON, Miss BENNETT, and CHASEMORE, By CORBOULD and by COOPER, they will joyfully oon o'er! Should o'er you the intricacies of Commerce wish to learn, To *Blakley's Dictionary* I would counsel you to turn. But at the "festive season" I guess you'll most resort To *Toothsome Dishes*, well compiled, by CARRIE DAVENPORT!

In *Quest of Gold St.* JOHNSON writes, and little ones will read The *Little Silver Trumpet* tale, so deftly told by MADE. *Fables and Fancies*—book for babes—and one they'll love to view, Within its covers stories six, and pictures seventy-two! What *Girls can Do*, by PHILLIS BROWNE, is full of useful lore, And charming is Miss HUTTON's tale called *Dessie Fennimore*. Girls, When I was a Child, will love, so clearly does it show The quaint old-fashioned girlhood of some thirty years ago. Miss VILLARI the story tells—you'll much enjoy its fun, And *The Queen of the Arena*, told by STEWART HARRISON. Follow my Leader, boys will find, a tale that's good indeed—'Tis pictured well by STACEY, and 'tis smartly penned by REED.

You'll find *Three Fairy Princesses* as dainty as can be, The drawings by Miss PATERSON are very fair to see: For *Fortune and for Glory* rings with fighting fierce and tough, While WALTER PAGET illustrates the tale by LEWIS HUGH. In *Frits and Eric* HUTCHESON his facile pen employs, With Crusoe-like adventures of two plucky German boys: The *Lion Battalion*—Miss HULLAH here relates The tiny tales for little folk Miss CHAMBERS decorates. In *Major Monk* his Motto ne'er does FREDERICK LANGRIDGE fail To point a useful moral and adorn a pleasant tale!

The *White Swans*, by HANS ANDERSEN, we would commend to you, For the pictures by Miss HAYES are delicate and true: In *Through the Meadows* WEATHERLY most joyously doth sing, While Miss EDWARDS and JOHN STAPLES aid pictorially bring! The *Owl of Olwynn Belfry* is a book you'll quickly spot, 'Tis full of dainty drawings done by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT: Shooting *Niagara* you'll read, and you'll be sure to look Within Miss BILLINGTON's good work, *The Gordon Birthday Book*. Great *Battles of the Army*, and of the Navy, too, Both written by Lieutenant LOW—you're bound to read them through.

Of pleasant books for babyland you'll find there is no lack, There's *Freddie's Letter*, *Father's Boat*, and *Clever Master Jack*: A *Day's Pleasure* unto children will no doubt give joy enough, And so will Mrs. BARKER's tale of *Pomeranian Puff*:

The *Vee-Boers* in South Africa will no commending need,
For in the main 'tis readable—'tis written by MAYNE REID!

The *Squires* you, doubtless, will peruse in these Election times,
'Tis brimming with a humour quaint and sparkles with new rhymes!
Comedies from a Country Side, by TRISTAN, you'll admire
His sketches of the "Parvenu," the "Parson," and the "Squire."
Here's the weird *Outlaw of Iceland*, by VICTOR HUGO writ—
You will find Sir GILBERT CAMPBELL has well translated it;
And *Fables from the Sanskrit*, too—to read well worth your while—
'Tis Englished by CHARLES WILKINS in most admirable style!
In *Sunny Switzerland* you'll read, and possibly survey
The pleasant *Lindenblumen* too—they're both by ROWLAND GREY.
And *WEATHERLY'S Punch and Judy* it is plain enough to me,
With Miss TOWNSEND's merry pictures, by all will welcomed be.
You'll soon discover that Miss YONGE, to charm she will not fail,
With other clever pens that write, in *Please tell me a Tale*.
The *British Navy Album*, it is bound in crocodile—
And so no doubt it oft recalls the Battle of the Nile;
'Tis full of naval pictures, and appropriate is quite
For Admiral, or Bo'sun, or a merry Midshipmite!

"IMPROVEMENT" AT ETON.

DIARY OF A PRESENT ETONIAN.

Tuesday.—This has indeed been an eventful day. All sorts of things have happened, and one sort of thing that I particularly dislike, in fact I can hardly sit down, it hurts so. But before I write down how that happened, I must say how it was I came to keep a Diary—I don't always show my work up—in time, you know, and occasionally I am late for school: and so Tutor, who very often jumps to conclusions, I think, says that I'm irregular, and ought to do something to make myself punctual: so he suggested that I should keep a Diary—I said I would if he liked, but I wasn't going to do it for nothing. He took the hint, and promised that if I kept my Diary to the end of the half, he'd give me a prize, and as there's only about a month more I can do that, of course. I should rather like to have a prize, because I haven't had one since my first half, when I sapped. The governor cut up rather rough last holidays because I didn't get a good report: so if I bring him a prize and tell him it's for good conduct, he'll be awfully pleased. He need never know. And besides, I'm sure it's conduct to keep a Diary.

SCROGGLES is my best friend, but he doesn't board in this house, I am sorry to say—SCROGGLES's pater is an M.F.H., and I believe he's an M.P. also, but of course there aren't as many M.P.'s as Masters of Fox-Hounds. SCROGGLES is awfully fond of hunting and sport, and so am I: and when we get to talking horse, we generally go on for a long time. SCROGGLES is rather clever, too, and helps me with my work sometimes: but as he doesn't board here, I can't always get it from him, and then I go to SMIFF, who isn't a bad sort of a snipe.

As for my Fag Master MOTTLE, he's an awful rummy sort of fellow. He doesn't seem to care much for games, and doesn't even play for the house: but draws and reads poetry, and DICKENS, and all that sort of thing, when other fellows are watching a match, and altogether I can't make much of him. He hasn't got any colours yet, and I don't think he will, especially as he is leaving this half, so he'll probably go as colourless as he came. As everybody hasn't seen MOTTLE, I'd better explain that he's got a very pale complexion. He's got a friend called COWARD, who plays the piano very well, which isn't such a bad sort of thing to do, only he will play such rotten stuff—classical music: just as if we hadn't enough classics in school, without having Greek or Latin music out of school. And he plays an awful tune called "*Low and Green*." I believe it's a German comic song, though it's not very funny. However, when he begins it, the fellows generally bag his music, and make him play the "*Mikado*," which is miles better.

We had Geography at early school, and Xenophon at nine: I got through them all right. At 11:15 our awful two hours' school began, our division had drawing the first hour, and mathematics the second. I draw rather well, I think, and have some idea of illustrating my Diary, like DICK DOYLE. DICK DOYLE wasn't at Eton I should say, but don't know. I saw a copy of his Diary in my Tutor's study. He must have been an awful sap. It wasn't bad up to mathematics. We had a good lower-boy game after four: I was Captain of one side and got a goal.† But I can't give an account of the game, much as I should like to, for everything is "o'ershadowed" (as we say when we do verses) by the event from the effects of which I still smart.

SMIFF bought a couple of squirts to-day, and we agreed to have a fight after tea on the top-passage. So, soon after six we took off our coats, and swathed ourselves in towels, and it was agreed that I should hide and SMIFF come and look for me. Just as I was wonder-

ing where to go I noticed that the trap-door in the roof was open, and I got some fellows to help me up and give me a tumbler of water. Before long, SMIFF came up looking for me, and just as he got near I let drive: but he caught sight of me and ducked, so all the water went on the floor.

Well, all the fellows were laughing, and SMIFF and I were going to set to, when up comes the Captain of the house with his cane, and seeing SMIFF wrapped up in towels, with a squirt, and the water on the floor, guessed what was up. He must have caught sight of me, for he yelled out to "you fellow up there" to come down. I didn't intend to answer him, so I crept away, and I think I should have got off, only I tripped over some wires, and set every bell in the house ringing, and what was worse, I put my foot through the ceiling: and after that I didn't think it was much good trying to pretend I wasn't there, so I came down, and a jolly ass I looked all bandaged up with towels, and my face covered with dust.

The Captain told me to take that foolery off, and sent me to my room: and shortly afterwards he had an interview with me. He brought his cane with him.* It rather quieted me, and I began to prepare my French for to-morrow, and I daresay I should have finished it, only SMIFF, who had also seen the Captain and his cane, came in to talk. It is after prayers, and I am writing my Diary, and I hear the boy's-maid coming to take my candle. In she comes. Oh, I say, leave it a minute. No. Out goes the candle. Blow it! I must go to bed now and get up early to-morrow, I suppose.

* Is this among the Eton improvements? A Captain of a house chastising with a cane may, or may not, be an improvement. But it is certainly a novelty. *Cave canem!*—ED.

(To be continued.)

A PLEA FOR THE PILOTS.

It does not need any knowledge of a seafaring life to understand how arduous and important are the duties of the Pilots of the United Kingdom. And most people know also—and if they don't, Admiral *Punch* begs hereby to inform them—that those duties are performed cheerfully and courageously, in all weathers, for what is certainly not magnificent pay. It seems, then, that the Pilots have grievances of various kinds, and hence the United Kingdom Pilots' Association has issued a modest address, asking Electors to impress upon Candidates the need of an inquiry into Pilotage, and the laws affecting it, before a Royal Commission, with, it is to be hoped, remedial legislation afterwards. In the Merchant Shipping Act of last year a cruel attempt was made to abolish compulsory pilotage, without a penny of compensation to the Pilots, while the direct consequence would have been infinite danger to life and property at sea. It is feared that this clause, which is a favourite "fad" of the Board of Trade's, may appear again in some other Bill; and even now the Swansea Harbour Trustees are trying to obtain powers to do away with compulsory pilotage as regards that port. There are other grievances which need not be detailed; but Admiral *Punch* trusts he has said enough to back up the petition of his good friends the Pilots, and to commend their views to the best attention of a Parliamentary Committee.

How to Do It.

If you want to earn some siller,
Sit and write a Shilling Thriller!
Introduce a secret killer,
And a strange eccentric Will—er,
Pretty girl, a true heart-filler,
Brawny bean, a regular "miller."
Hunt the lot from post to pillar.

Paint things getting ill and iller,
Midnight black than Hades stiller!
Sea! A boat without a tiller!
Stab! Plunge! Rescue! Artful
"biller!"
Bookstalls! Bobs! And there's
your Thriller!

"NOT ON ALL FOURS."—Was it "Truthful JAMES" who suggested that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should be known as "*Bob Acres*?" But where does "the cow" come in, unless it is understood in the signification that *Bob Acres* was a cow-herd? This won't do: the Radical leader has the courage of his opinions; he isn't at all *Bob Acres*, and he won't be cowed.

ALMOST ALONE.—If the Grand Old Ex-Prime Minister should have to form an Administration, he will find himself almost in the position of the Last Rose of Summer, as, in consequence of their rejection by their Constituencies, so many of his "blooming companions are faded and gone." No matter! More where they came from.

WILL it still be "GOSSET'S Room, in the House of Commons? Long ago it might have been called "Gossips' Room," and over the portal should have been inscribed "All politics abandon, ye who enter here!"

* Our Etonian probably means "*Löshengrin*." If he doesn't, we don't see what he can mean. Evidently education at Eton is considerably improved.—ED. † Our Etonian is alluding to football.—ED.



THE CHILD OF THE PERIOD.

New Governess. "WHY ARE YOU TEARING THAT PLACARD, ELSIE? I THOUGHT YOUR PAPA WAS A LIBERAL!"
 Elsie. "SO HE IS—AND THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY!"

THE TURN OF THE TIDE;

OR, THE MAID OF MIDLOTHIAN AND THE PRIVILEGED PEASANT.

Some from the enormously successful Great Sensational Drama, recently produced in the Provinces.

Jamima (the Maid of Midlothian) W. E. GL-DST-NE.
 Giles (the Privileged Peasant,—“with a Vote”) HODGE.

SCENE—Sands on the Sea Shore near Point Premier. Enter JAMIMA, walking slowly towards it.

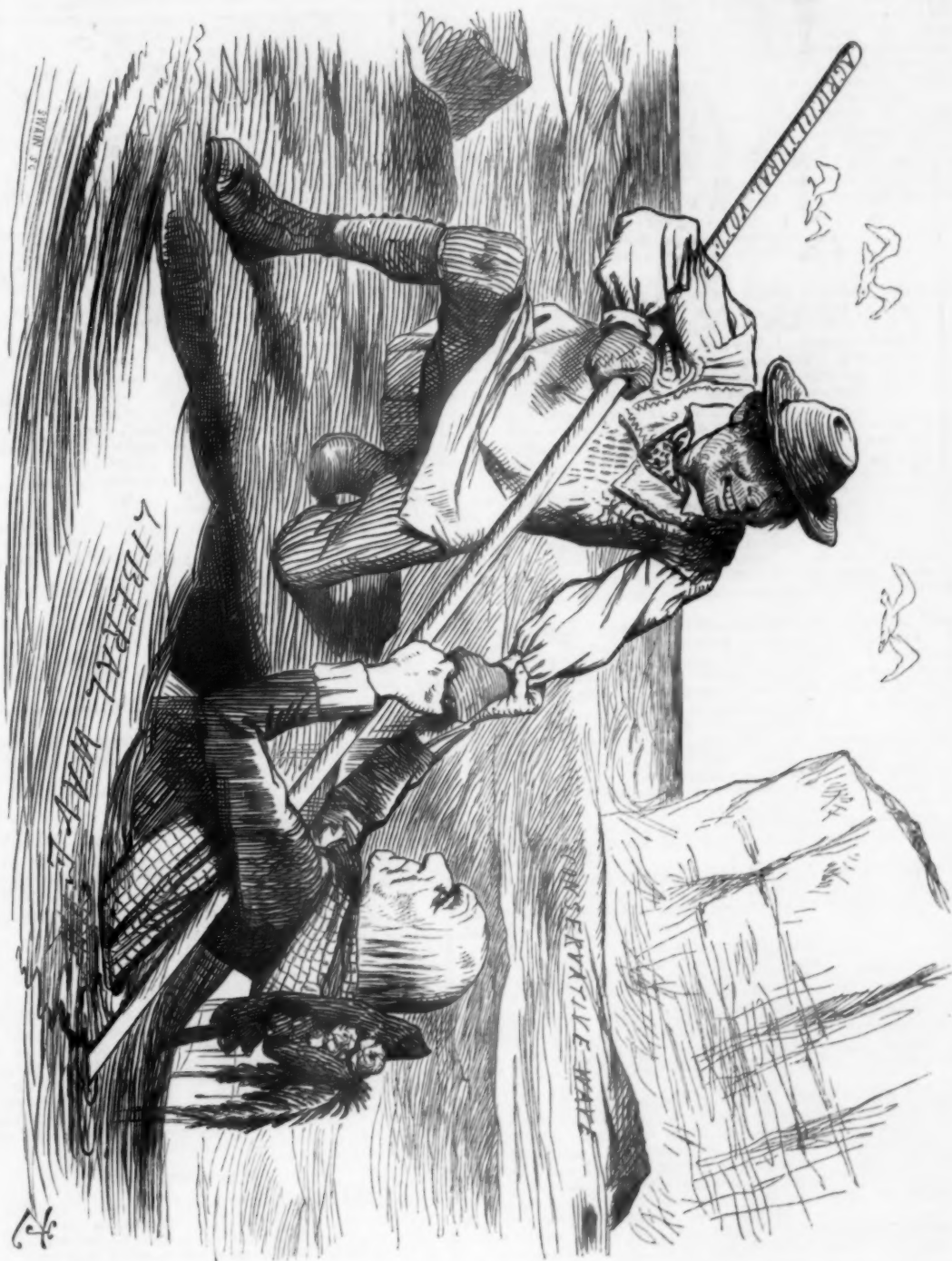
Jamima. Who-o-o-! (fans herself). I feel tired, and beaten—no, not beaten, perish the thought!—but tired—yes, and sleepy. Upon these yellow sands—I would they were not yellow, for 'tis not a colour I admire—I walk securely. But where is GILES? I do not see him. Perchance he is still in the fields. He cannot surely have forgotten that he has to meet me on the shore, and show me the nearest way to Premier Point. (Looks round.) No sign of him as yet. How the waves roar! I wish he would come! The gulls, too, are screeching so, one can hardly hear oneself speak. Fancy! What is life if you can't hear yourself speak, or make others hear you? How thankful I am that I carry this seat (showing camp-stool marked Midlothian). Here will I sit. (Sits.) What a comfort to have so strong a support as this seat affords. Here can I sit and watch the waters, till he comes. How far is it to Point Premier? I must reach it ere dark. It seems quite close, and I have yet a good hour or two before me. The waves are getting rougher, and I do love a good North Wind. I trust it will not veer to the East just as I round Point Premier. Ah, me! (Sighs. The gulls circle above her. She looks up at them. Then shudders.) What strange cries these weird birds utter! Methinks I hear them screeching out “Disestablishment!” And hark again. “Fair Trade!” “Depression!” “Egypt!” What do I hear? They shriek together, and what is their cry? (Listens.) Yes, I make it out now—“JOE! JOE! JOE!” Ah! the mention of that name saddens and affrights me. (Meditates.) JOE! It is not half so sweet and soothing a name as GILES. If they are friends now, for my sake, will they not be bitter enemies hereafter? Poor JOE! So impulsive!

So headstrong. Ah! he would have run away with me, but I dared not consent. Run away? To where? He would have gone too far, and I should never have been able to return. Ah, me! (sadly) it is better as it is. At our last interview he quitted me in an angry mood, because he thought I spoke unkindly to him. Yet what was I to do? For the sake of those I love, for my own good name, I was bound to speak out plainly, and tell him he was too bold, too daring, too venturesome. Had I yielded to him, could we have ever got on well together? Impossible! When I look back to the time I had with him in Egypt, how headstrong he was, how obstinate! (During the above soliloquy while she has been lost in meditation the stage darkens, ominous gusts of wind are heard, the waves gradually increase.) What do I see! The sea is rising fast! Heavens! It is a Conservative tidal wave . . . I had heard it predicted . . . But I didn't believe it . . . (Starts up, and looks about wildly.) . . . The Waves! More awful than those I remember in '74 . . . (The sea rises quickly.) Ha! I am being lifted off my feet—I can use the camp-stool as a life-buoy . . . It will still support me. If I can but gain the point . . . No! It has disappeared! (Despairingly.) I am lost! lost! (Waves her hand-kerchief frantically above her head. The water has now risen nearly to her shoulders.) Help! Help! If only GILES could see me. . . . Ah! . . . (Sinks, battling with the waves. At the same instant GILES appears on the County shore. He carries a leaping-pole.)

Giles. Oi heerd a cry for help! Can it be JAMIMA?—(He catches sight of her as she rises a second time, clinging to the camp-stool.) 'Tis she! How to reach her! Ha! this leaping-pole which she herself gave me—JAMIMA! JAMIMA! Oi coome! Oi'll save thee, lass, or perish in the attempt! (Springs across from Conservative County Shore, and alights on Liberal Rock, as JAMIMA rises struggling for the third time. Calling to her.) Howd on to this! Quick! (Extends leaping-pole. She clutches it eagerly. Howd on! Oi were just in the nick o' time. Jamima (gasping). Ha! At last! GILES, my own! my loved one! I knew—I could—trust—you! Saved! Saved! Saved!!

[GILES drags JAMIMA on to the rock, and out of danger. She faints in his arms. Curtain.]

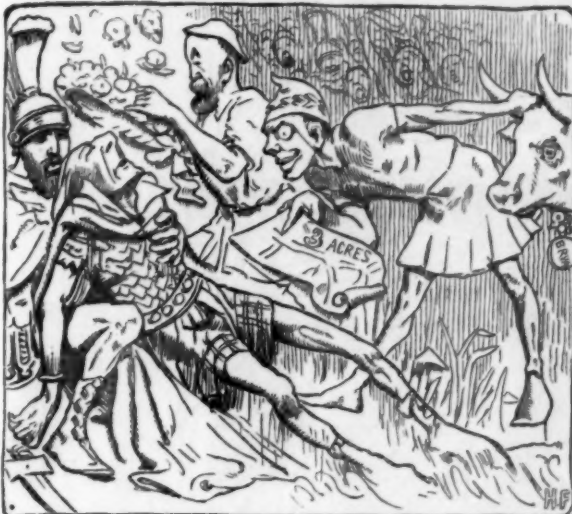
CRY FOR THE ADVOCATES OF ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS.—Short Commons.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

GLADSTONIUS.

(Extract from a Classic Poem.)



But with a crash like thunder,
Fell many a loosened "plank,"
And, with a dam,* the Grand Old
Man
Made for the County Bank.

"O Voter, Rural Voter,
To whom we Liberals pray,
A Liberal's life and policy
Take thou in charge this
day!"
So he spake, and speaking, fas-
tened
The well-worn mackintosh,
And, with Welsh flannel on his
back,
Plunged Hodgwards in the
slosh.

And when above the turmuts
They see his drooping gills;
From the Reform came loud
applause,

* There is something like this in MACAULAY's Lays:—
"And, like a dam, the mighty wreck," &c.

And the Times' Leader-writers
pause
To trim their well worn quills.

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And the Good Rural Voter
Bore bravely up his chin.

And now he feels the bottom,
Now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the
Lib'rals,
To press his muddy hands.

They gave him an umbrella-stand
In record of the fight,
And twelve stout stand-up collars
To wear from morn till night.
They gave him gay gardenias
For buttonholes, I vow,
And CHAMBERLAINUS promised
him
"Three Acres and a Cow!"

The Two Obadias.

MR. ISAAC HOLDEN, in his seventy-eighth year, has won a splendid victory for the Liberals in Yorkshire. His son, Mr. A. HOLDEN, has won a seat in Bradford. It is pleasant to think that, in this particular case, the difficulty anticipated in distinguishing Members by the nomenclature of their Constituencies will not exist. The Members for the Keighley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire and for the Eastern Division of Bradford will, of course, be known respectively as the 'Olden and the Young 'un.

That Cow Again!

OUR JOE thinks that Wealth is too Tory by half.
How can one account for it, how,
That the hot devotees of the Golden Calf
Turn their backs on the Brummagem "Cow"?

A HAPPY RETURN OF THE DAY.—When the excellent Justice of that name recovered from his indisposition.

OUT OF PLACE.—CHILDERS, ex-M.P. for Pontefract.

THE GRAND OLD MINSTREL.

Morning.—News of my singing "*Home Sweet Home*," at the Orphanage, seems to have caused intense interest in the country. Fifty-six letters on subject to-day. Perhaps, after all, it was a mistake speechifying to hardy Scots—should have sung 'em national ditties instead. HERBERT suggests, "with bagpipes accompaniment." Yes, certainly, bagpipes! Capital idea. Half a mind to write to Edinburgh Committee, and offer to give 'em a new (Musical) Midlothian Campaign—shall practise "*Scots Wha Hae*" to-night.

Enterprising American Theatre Manager writes to ask if I'm open to an engagement to sing "*The Last Rose of Summer*," at ten guineas a night, between first and second Acts of *Othello*. Says it would be sure to bring down house. He could, if I preferred it, introduce "*Hush-a-Bye, Baby*" into *Il Trovatore*, only it would be best with a few alterations, topical allusions, &c.; he sends two lines for a specimen:—

"Hush-a-bye, CHAMBERLAIN, just for a bit!
When the Bads rant, the Party will split," &c.

Don't see my way to this, somehow.

Flattering note from organiser of Ballad Concerts. Says he's going to have an "Irish Night" soon, and recommends me to practise Moore's Melodies, and the "*Exile of Erin*," with what he calls its "beautiful refrain of *Erin-go-Bragh*." Erin go hang! I say. And this after PARNELL's atrocious ingratitude! Shall write to say I've had enough Irish Melodies for some time—my next "Irish Night" will probably be in the House, and then won't the "Exiles from Erin" repent that Circular!

Mid-Day.—Found my voice a trifle husky, so went to Village School to practise it. Schoolmaster seemed surprised to see me. Had to interrupt his lesson in Animal Biology, but said it "didn't matter at all." Got his class to take up chorus while I sang Dr. WATTS's charming Ballad of the "*Busy Bee*," which STEPHEN'S Organist has just set to music for me. Noticed some of the children a little inattentive—others put their fingers in their ears and made faces—afraid my voice must have been very husky. However, after singing "*Busy Bee*" for a couple of hours, I left amid enthusiastic cheers from little girls and boys. Curious they should cheer more when I go than when I arrive. Shows magic of personal influence, I suppose.

After Lunch.—Deputation of Cheshire Liberals just called. Seemed despondent. Wanted to know what I thought of Elections. Also wanted some "cheerful message from Hawarden" to carry back with them. Reminds me of a "Pretty Present from Scarborough." To-morrow's polling-day, it seems, in Western Division of county. Told Cheshire Liberals I had exhausted politics up in Midlothian, but if they liked I'd sing them "*Pop go the Counties!*" to the tune of "*Pop goes the Weasel!*" as a duet with Mrs. GLADSTONE. Cheshire Liberals didn't seem to take to idea. Asked, doubtfully, if my song had any reference to Disestablishment, or Three Acres and a Cow? None whatever, I told them, but there's a nice little song I was practising, about how a Cow jumped, or tried to jump, over the Moon, which I should be happy to sing to them on the spot. Cheshire Liberals suddenly found they had to catch a train, and went off hurriedly.

Later.—Must really interrupt little boys and girls at village school again. Can't practise songs with choruses anywhere else, and HERBERT's done such a screaming parody of "*Mary had a little Lamb*." The first verse goes like this—

LOWTHER told a little cram,
How Trade was sure to go;
But everywhere where LOWTHER went
The Voters all said "No." &c.

ROSEBERRY (who's staying here) says he thinks a breakdown dance introduced into song would improve it. Really surprised at ROSEBERRY. Ask him to accompany me to village school. Says he's got such a bad toothache he doesn't like to. Query.—Is this a mere excuse?

Evening.—Enjoyed myself at school tremendously just now. Don't know if children did, however. Message brought from Village Schoolmaster. Says there's a mutiny in school. It seems his pupils have locked him into a coal-cellar, and won't let him out, unless he promises "not to have any more choruses." Says "he himself admires my voice immensely, and thinks it beats SIMS REEVES hollow, but his scholars don't." Then why doesn't he whip his scholars, I want to know? Orphans the best, after all.

End up day with practising Lady GIFFARD's charming song of "*I'm sitting on a Stile, Mary*," and go to bed hoarser than ever.

NEW SPELLING.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Radical Programme is not to the taste of the Moderate Liberals, who, with a view to a coalition and his utter discomfiture, proclaim their hope of being "Whig-Tory-ous in the future!"



"HARD HIT."

(Adapted from the well-known Picture by W. Q. Cregladson, R.A.)



"DIRECTIONS."

Scotch Village Practitioner (to Northern Farmer). "EFF THE LUNNON DOACTER"—(His Patient had been South to consult a great Specialist)—"‘LL NO ALLOW YE WHUSKEY, AN’ YE CAN TAK’ NOWT BUT REED WINE, THREE JUST TWA ‘LL DAN YE ONY GUID—AN’ YE ‘LL MIND O’ THEM, FOR THEY ‘RE BAITH MONOSKEWLAWBIO!—POOR-E-T AN’ CLAIR-E-T!!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Glamour (published by SWANN, SONNENSCHN & Co.), a Novel, by WANDERER.—As this is a fairly interesting plot, but too much spun out, the Author may be congratulated on the *non de plume* of "WANDERER" which he has selected. To those who remember the old-fashioned saying, "Well, wanders will never cease," the fact that in this instance they are limited to three volumes, is as great a consolation as was given by one of FRANK TALFOURD's characters in some burlesque, who, on being informed that

"The King, alas! is wandering in his mind," replies—
"He can't go far, the space is too confined."

Eminent Doctors, 2 Vols. (JOHN HOGG, Publisher), by G. T. BETTANY, and we may bet any money that a more interesting book on the subject will not easily be found. It is to be specially recommended to obstinate and unreasonable Anti-vivisectionists. The whole book is generally instructive, and that about JENNER specially so. What a Chamberlainite JENNER would have been if JOSEPHUS the Radical had been his contemporary, and in JENNER's struggling days, during his first enthusiasm for vaccination, had offered him "the Three Acres and a Cow." How delighted JENNER would have been, and how celebrated the cow would have become in history!

A *CHRISTMAS CAROL* by CHARLES DICKENS has been published by ROUTLEDGE'S in the very convenient, well got up, and most readable form which we praised in mentioning the volume of HOOD'S *Comic Poems* of this same series. The only fault is that the pages not only require cutting, a sufficient nuisance at any time—but most careful cutting too, as the pages seem folded sometimes one way, sometimes another, so that unless the reader has plenty of leisure and a good stock of patience, he will make a nice mess of a very pretty book.

"*Cassell's Red Library*," containing, up to now, works of LEVER, LYTON, DICKENS, IRVING, SCOTT, and selections from American Humorists, is another promising series. Excellent type, handy size, but not intended to be pocketable, unless for a large pocket. Good name "*The Red Library*," each book being bound in red, and, what is more, bound to be read.

THE PHILOSOPHER OUT.

Reflections of a Defeated Candidate.

Of course I shall look small for a time at the Club, and shan't be able to swagger quite so much before acquaintances and relatives. But shall I really care?

Shan't I be precious glad to escape that penal servitude down at the House every night?—and rejoice to know that I haven't got to pass hours on hours in those confounded Committee Rooms?

After all, was I ever likely to make a figure in the House? Had I, in fact, ever opened my mouth in it? And do I think I ever should have opened my mouth in it?

Do I really then envy my political opponent his seat?

Won't he have to be slaving about the constituency when I'm a free man?

Won't he have to be sitting up to the small hours in the morning, when I'm in bed and fast asleep?

Won't he be tied officially by the leg when I'm off for the Moors?

Shall I then be down in the mouth because I have come in at the bottom of the Poll?

No, certainly not. But still, while I philosophise, shan't I look forward to getting in next time?

Rhyme by a Newcastle Radical.

OUR COWEN rebels at the Caucus's yoke,
And declares his resolve to weigh anchor;
Well, JOE's a good sort, but it's rather a joke
To hear him complaining of rancour!

WHEN Mr. GLADSTONE next officiates as Reader in Hawarden Established Church, he will probably give a sigh of relief when he says, "Here endeth the first Lesson." It has been a pretty severe one.

SORROWS OF A METROPOLITAN CANDIDATE.

THE FINALE.

THE agonies of the awful night that followed my friend's fearful revelation I shall never forget. I dreamt that I was imprisoned in Her Majesty's gaol of Newgate as, I was informed, a first-class Microant, which necessitated my wearing the prison uniform, and submitting to the most unnecessary degradation of having my hair cut. My looks being rather sparse, than superabundant, I naturally resisted, when the clock from the neighbouring Church of St. Sepulchre announced the arrival of the two Sheriffs, in full state-dress, to witness the execution of the solemn ceremony, and I made such a final desperate effort to save my favourite front curl—which I cultivate in memory of a celebrated deceased Earl—that I awoke in a profuse perspiration, to find my alarmed attendant rooking me violently, under the impression that I was in a fit!

I dressed myself hurriedly, told my man to pack my trunk for a somewhat lengthy run abroad, and then sent off a note to my Agent informing him of my awful discovery, and of my determination to at once go away, on the ground of my health having suddenly broken down under the unwonted excitement of the last three months. Having made certain necessary arrangements, of a pecuniary character, I was busily engaged in consulting a Continental *Bradshaw* when my Agent hurried breathlessly in. He brought with him a copy of the awful Act that is such a terror to all Candidates and Agents alike, and proved conclusively, to my supreme satisfaction, that the clause that had caused me such a night of agony did not apply to me, but merely to any of my friends who might, out of respect to me, have acted as I had done!

He also brought me the somewhat startling intelligence that our political opponents, trusting to the division in our ranks, had determined to start a Candidate of their own wrong way of thinking. Seeing that I had looked rather downcast at this serious intimation, he hastened to demonstrate to me that this greatly improved my chance of success, somewhat in this fashion. There were some 6000 Electors duly enrolled on the Parliamentary Register of my District, as qualified to vote at the ensuing Election. Deducting from that number the customary ten per cent. for Prisoners, Invalids, Lunatics, Absconding Debtors, and the like, there remained 5400 free and independent Electors, whose sweet voices I had been soliciting for the last three months. While there were but two Candidates it would necessarily require 2701 votes to ensure a majority, while with three Candidates, of course 1801 would suffice for the obtaining of that end and object of my laudable ambition, constituting a saving of no less than 900 in the number of votes necessary to obtain the same result.

With this cheering news ringing in my ears I at once countermanded all my instructions necessary to a contemplated prolonged absence, and once again busied myself in that mass of correspondence, connected with inquiries concerning my political opinions, which I had spent weeks in a vain endeavour to overtake, and retired early to rest fatigued, but radiant with hope. Nothing particular occurred during the next week. We were making, I was assured, slow but steady progress, and in about another fortnight I should, in all human probability, be entitled to be addressed with the magic letters M.P. after my humble name. But on the following Monday I received a very formidable-looking epistle addressed from the — Club, which I perused with the profoundest astonishment. It informed me that the Political Committee of the Club were taking quite an absorbing interest in my Election, and that one of the Whips of the party would give me a call on the following day just to talk matters over. It was marked—see no one in the meantime. I read the letter over and over again with mingled feelings of gratification and doubt, great gratification at the honour conferred upon me, slight doubt as to the result.

The next day I was visited by, I think, without any exception, the pleasantest, the jolliest, in every respect the most agreeable and gentlemanly man I ever saw. He began by apologising for his apparent intrusion, for which, orders from head-quarters must be his excuse, then rattled on about what a jolly thing it was to be an M.P. provided you get into the right set. How pleasures and palaces tempted one to roam, what jolly parties the Prince gave, asked what I thought of the *Mikado*, had I seen graceful KATE in *Excelsior*, the grandest Ballet of modern times, and finally, was he in time for Lunch? He rattled on all lunch-time, and then rose to leave, and actually took up his hat with a joke about our meeting again in another place, so I ventured to remind him that he had not mentioned the object of his visit, when he laughed and said that was just like him, though after all it was a mere matter of form, but the fact was that as it was most desirable to make my seat safe, and as there were three Candidates for it, it was, of course, necessary that one should retire, and he had therefore come to propose that I and my first opponent, who were both on the right side, should agree to arbitration. Of course there was no doubt, from what he had heard, that the other fellow would have to go, but as it was necessary to go through the form, if I would just sign the agreement, which he had brought with him to save trouble, it would doubtless be all right. I naturally

expressed my surprise at this sudden suggestion and the absolute necessity of consulting my Agent, when he laughed again, and said, "I suppose he's a Lawyer, and presume you know the name of the god of a Lawyer's idolatry—COSTA, so that would be a mere waste of time and a large addition to his little Bill."

Seeing that I still hesitated, he said that there could not possibly be a better introduction to public life than to oblige your Party, nor a worse one than to refuse them a favour, and that if I were the stronger Candidate, I should win in any case, and if the weaker, lose. I need only add that I at length signed the agreement, and we parted with mutual professions of good-will, and gratifying anticipations of many a pleasant meeting in store.

I draw a veil over my interview with my astounded Agent, who used language that both surprised and pained me. Suffice it to say, that I named my referees, and so did my opponent, and after four days of mental anxiety, and four nights of almost sleepless misery, I received the decision which, to my unspeakable astonishment, was against me!

I sought the sunny shores of the Mediterranean a wiser, a sadder, and a poorer man, but I have this consolation, here at any rate I am at peace, there is no Postman's knock to send a shudder through every nerve, and the Sorrows of the Ex-Metropolitan Candidate are at an end!

A STEEL PEGASUS.

["Poets take to tricycling in the intervals of inspiration."—*Daily Telegraph*, December 3rd.]

STRANGE things I've witnessed in my time, In all kinds of society— 'Twould puzzle me to put in rhyme, Their infinite variety! I've seen a Beadle, underfed, Devoid of all pomposity; A Magistrate quite off his head, By reason of jocosity; A gentleman—delightful, bland, An Income-tax Commissioner,	And one who's a churchwarden, and A popular parishioner! Philanthropists regarding folks With just a grain of charity; A wit who laughed at others' jokes, With some sign of hilarity! And once I saw a clever old Good Bishop on a bicycle— But never yet did I behold, A Poet on a Tricycle!
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ABBEY THOUGHT—AT ST. ALBAN'S.

SIR E. BECKETT has been pulling down a Norman turret at St. Alban's, and apparently alarming Mr. JAMES NEALE, F.S.A. That gentleman, writing to the *Times*, referring to the conduct of the worthy Baronet in question, observes, "that as he is the only person who has any authority at St. Alban's, there being no Committee, and the Bishop and Clergy having no power, where will the destruction end if he does not interfere?" It is impossible, of course, to answer this question. It appears, from Mr. NEALE's report, that "the springer beneath" the turret shows the original Norman design at the end of the transept, and that as they had stood for eight hundred years, there is no reason why they should not have stood eight hundred years more. The "springer" beneath the turret being in such good, and evidently active condition, certainly suggests "life in the old stone yet," and does not seem to warrant demolition. Still, there are springers and springers, and in this case Sir E. BECKETT appears to have sprung a mine on the defenceless Bishop and Clergy; and Mr. NEALE concludes his communication by stating, appealingly, "Other portions of the building are being pulled down as I write this." This is quite pathetic, but it is difficult to see who is to help him; and it is only to be hoped that Sir E. BECKETT's restoring zeal will be satisfied when the offending springer is secured and removed.

LORD RANDOLPH the other day quoted *Bos locutus est*, and added that he meant *Bos* spelt with double s, to be taken as an Americanism for Chief or Master, in allusion to Mr. GLADSTONE. *Bos locutus est* recently, and that *Bos* is the Rural Voter.

TRUTH is disposed to think that the rejection of Earl PERCY for the Berwick Division of Northumberland, was due to the personal unpopularity of the Duke and of "his Agent, Mr. SNOWBALL." The case is clear; black ball against Snowball.

SUMMARY OF WHAT THE NEW AGRICULTURAL VOTER DID FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY.—"HODGE'S BEST."

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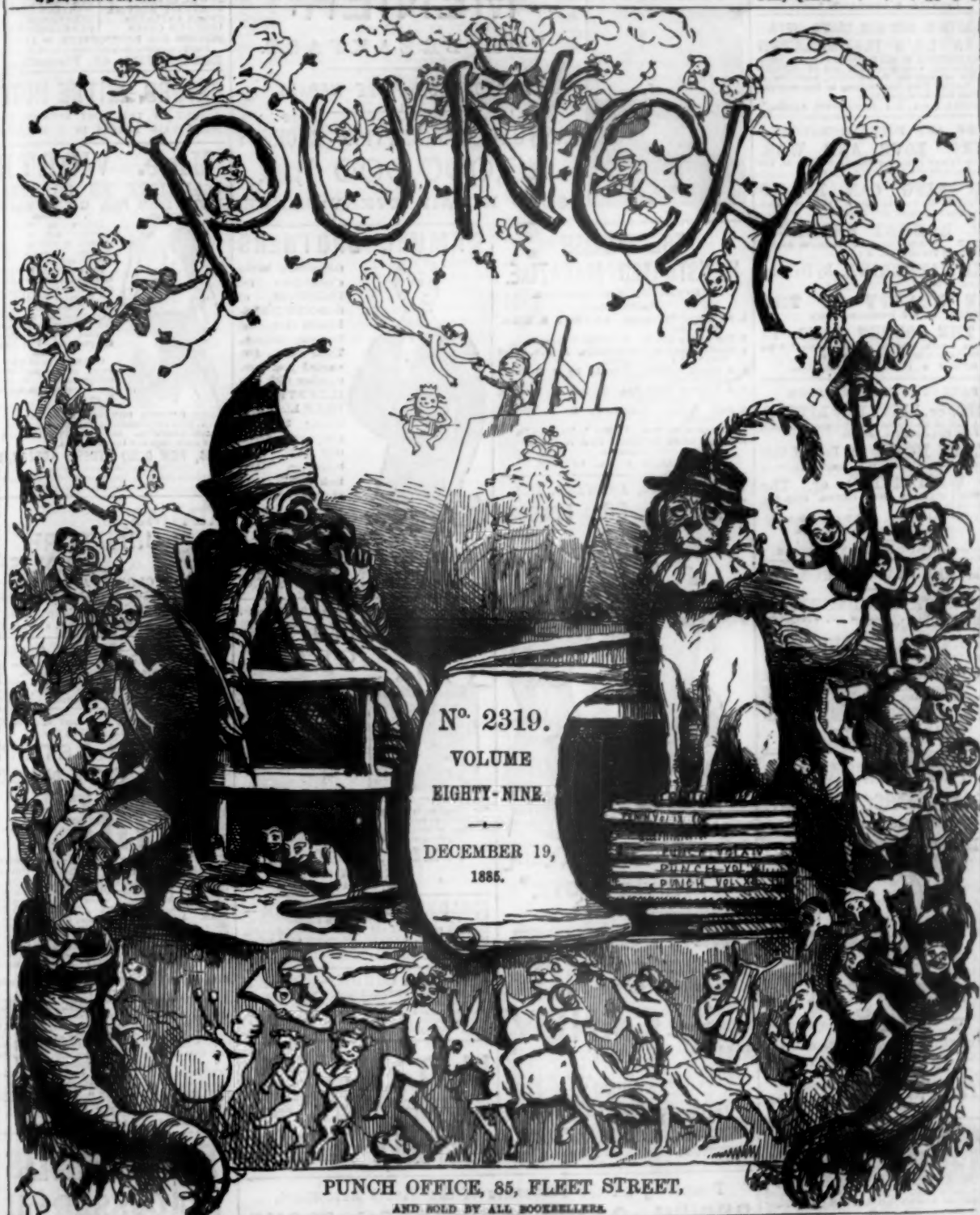


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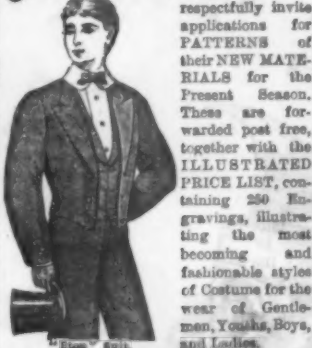
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OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is an interesting article, in *The Fortnightly Magazine* of this month, by Lady DILKE, entitled "France under Richelieu." It is amusing to be reminded how the Great Cardinal dealt with the Academicians, and made them vote exactly as he wished, just at this moment when Baron ALPHONSE DE ROTHSCHILD has been elected a member of the French Academy, on account of the use he has made of his vast wealth for encouragement of Art. What view would RICHELIEU have taken of the candidature of the Semitic Millionaire? Perhaps the Cardinal would have recommended the Olympians to provide a seat among the Wits and *Literati* for the Plutocrat as a *Jew d'esprit*. This would at once have given him the necessary qualification. *A propos* of the *Fortnightly*, we are very glad to know that its able Editor, Mr. ESCOTT, has recovered from his recent severe illness, and is now only in need of some few weeks' rest and change, in order to complete his cure.

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Professor HUXLEY deals with Mr. GLADSTONE's *Dawn of Creation*, and bowls over its eminent author as easily as if he were a rickety nine-pin. The Professor does it so pleasantly, too, and yet most effectually, genially lecturing the Ex-Premier on the absurdity of dealing with subjects on which other people are as well, and indeed better, informed than himself. It is a warning to the Versatile Woodman not to trespass on the ground at present held by the Professor and his scientific allies, where they are quite at home, but where even such a universal genius as the Versatile Woodman of Hawarden is only a rash intruder. Professor HUXLEY's rebuke of such temerity is the more valuable, as it comes with all the special authority which personal experience of having done exactly the same thing himself, and having been floored by Mr. St. GEORGE MIVART—Bravo St. GEORGE e. Dragon!—can give. Of course, Mr. GLADSTONE's article in the *Nineteenth*, was on a matter as entirely out of his line as Theology and Patristic learning are out of Professor HUXLEY's; and while not claiming to speak with the authority of "one who knows," Mr. GLADSTONE inconsistently assumed the tone of a writer whose opinions on any subject must be worthy of all attention. Mr. HUXLEY comes in between Mr. GLADSTONE and M. RÉVILLE, not as an impartial referee, but as a *Mephistopheles* running in under RÉVILLE-Faust's arm, and piercing the very weak case of GLADSTONE-Valentine. The Versatile Woodman had better leave *Genesis* alone, and confine himself to an exegesis on the authenticity and genuineness of the story of JOSEPH with his "Three Acres and Cow"; or, if he will drop into poetry, let him sing "*Homer, Homer, Sweet, Sweet Homer*," and stick to the works of that distinguished Greek Poet,—who has always been the Early Bard that catches the Versatile Woodman.

There is an amusing article in *The Cornhill*, on "Superfine English," in which the Editor—evidently the Editor, Author of *Payn's Literary Reminiscences*, *Low Spirits*, *Buy a Proxy* and a few other novels, to the extent of twenty dozen or so,—gives it warm to modern pedants who say and write "*Camella*" instead of *Camelia*, and with "in the circumstances" for "under the circumstances," and so forth. Then he instances the old difficulty about "The two first Chapters," which is very common, and "the two first Norman Kings," which is very uncommon, as who ordinarily talks about Norman Kings at all? The pedant objects, says Mr. PAYN, that "there cannot conceivably be two firsts," and then he retorts "Nonsense! we can have fifty firsts, if the sovereign people so wills it."

We don't quite go with Mr. PAYN here. There can be "fifty first persons," all equal, in the first line of battle, or in the first row of the stalls. But how can the sovereign will of the people make fifty first Kings? The sovereign will of the people can do a great many idiotic things, and this may be one of them. Mr. PAYN does not confute his pedant with an Academic example, which ought to have come to his hand at once; for, he could have asked, if there can't be "two firsts," how is it that a University man can take "a double-first"?

In a race there can be a dead heat of two first horses, and so, if there are three volumes, cannot the pedant have the lot thrown at his head, and the couple that hit the mark together will be the two first volumes? Then, as to the "Infant Phenomenon," which, Mr. PAYN considers, has made its mark on the literature of the country, clearly because CHARLES DICKENS created her in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. PAYN says that the pedants object to the "Infant Phenomenon." But it is not the pedant alone who will question the propriety of applying the "Infant Phenomenon" to a girl, for didn't Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM JUNR., observe, when she heard her niece use the term, "My dear, you must remember that a girl is the feminine gender, therefore, what you ought to have said is, that she is an 'Infant Phenomena.'" Superfine English as she is "spoke" and written would bear further illustration at the hands of the *Cornhill* Magaziniest.

HOW TO DISCOVER THE REAL MAJORITY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—(By a Rejected Cynic).—Count the Duffers!

A BALLAD OF THE GREAT ELECTION BATTLE.

DECEMBER, 1885.

(Some way after Drayton's Ballad of Agincourt.)

FAIR stood the wind (we thought),
Ere the great fight was fought,
Much hoping, fearing nought,
On marched our heroes.
But when, whilst banners flew,
First Orange closed with Blue,
Our hopes soon tumbled to
Chillest of zeros!

When in his height of pride,
Jox did the foe deride,
And "Ransom" loudly cried,
Many offending;
When he forgot the while
Rob Roy's not English style,
Cecel did darkly smile,
Mischiefs portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our sage WILLIAM then,
"Bearded in our own den?
I am amazed!
But battles ill begun
By pluck are often won.
Close ranks, and fight like fun!
Jox has gone crazed.

"But for myself," quoth he,
This my last fight may be,
England will mock at me,
No more esteem me,
If vanquished I remain,
In this great fray fall slain;
Close up, and charge again
Loss to redeem me!

"'Eighty' our foes may tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell,
Not less our skill is
Than when great BEN we beat;
That conquest we'll repeat
If you but follow fleet
One standard—WILLIE'S!"

JOE, sulking, hung his head,
WILLIAM to vanward sped,
And the whole phalanx led,
Flushed with past glories.
HARTINGTON had the rear
No braver man was there,
Oh, Lord! how hot they were
On the proud Tories!

Well it thine age became,
WILLIE, of warlike fame,
Who did the signal aim
To our thinned forces;
Whilst, from a meadow by,
With a low bovine cry,
County Democracy
Swelled our resources.

Down hurled the rustic crew.
Then soon the foeman knew,
These new recruits were true,
If they were tardy.
Upwards the Blue polls went,
Down were the Orange sent,
And the foe's host was rent,
Though late so hardy.

This while the Uncrown'd King,
His Erse axe brandishing,
Down on our rear did ding
As to o'erwhelm it.
Forward still WILLIE went,
Though with much blood besprent,
Whilst many a cruel dent
Bruised his old helmet.

JOE to his standard stood
Cow or, field vert. "No good?"
Cried he, in swelling mood,
"Where's such another?"
He in brave steel, and bright,
Though but a youngish Knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Raised a rare pother.

DILKE held a stubborn pike,
HARCOURT as Thor did strike,
Smiting down smashers like
Hammer on anvil;
MORLEY his axe did ply,
BRIGHT and young ROSEBURY
Bore them right doughtily,
DERBY and GRANVILLE!

All in December grey
Fought was this wondrous fray.
Bravo Britons, as when they
Lopped the French lilies!
Acts these to fill a pen!
Must not all Englishmen
Hope we may breed again
Hearts like Auld WILLIE'S?

WRITE AND WRONG.

THE onslaught of the Advanced Economists on the School Board expenditure has not been long in making itself felt. At the General Meeting, on Wednesday last, Mr. BARNES proposed, and the Reverend CHARLES LAWRENCE seconded, a motion to cut off at one fell swoop the salary of £300 paid to the Secretary of the Chairman, coupling the proposition with the suggestion that that official could very well manage all his correspondence himself. To this the Reverend JOSEPH DIGGLE, the Chairman in question, demurred, and was supported in his objection by Mr. BUXTON, who said he considered the whole business, to call a spade a spade, a regular dig at the authority of the Chair, and that it was an attempt to subject Mr. DIGGLE to *infra dig* conditions. The motion was therefore eventually lost, there being a majority of thirty against it; it being no doubt the opinion of the Board that £300 a-year for Mr. DIGGLE's Secretary could not be regarded in the light of *prodigal* expenditure.

Too Bad!

THE Election, itself, was a hideous bore.
Which moved us to wrath, yet we strove to restrain it.
But what makes a fellow with anger boil o'er,
Are the fellows, with figures, who want to explain it!

"THE NEWDEGATE PRIZE."—A Peerage.

OUR WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

(By our Special Book-marker.)



DAME Fortune, exhausted, has gone off to lunch,
In charge of her Wheel she has left Mr. Punch.
So all you good children in want of a Prize,
To apply to that worthy, I'd strongly advise;
And if you want Bonbons, or Crackers, or Cards,
The pictures of painters, the ballads of bards,
To merry old Punch you must make an appeal,—
In short, you must speak to the Man at the Wheel!

I.

To KINGLEY's *Water Babies* must we give a foremost place,
Where SAMBOURNE plies the pencil with indisputable grace!

A hundred illustrations, all most admirably done,
So wondrous in variety, so brimming o'er with fun:
The artist loved his author well—I'm willing to engage—
So exuberant the fancy is that frolics o'er the page!

A rare sea-story STABLES tells, 'tis called from *Pole to Pole*:
Still *Peter Parley's Annual*—at Forty-six—is droll!
Stirring Stories, by MACAULAY, are admirably told,
Thrown on the World, by HODDER, does a touching tale unfold.
From Tanyard to the White House is a book you ought to
read;
THAYER's story of the life of GRANT is excellent indeed.

The *New River*, by FITZGIBBON, no doubt is bound to please,
And CONN'S *Life, Love, and Legend*, too, amid the Japanese.
For James and George, by ADAMS writ, a tale of 'Forty-five—
The interest of the reader to the end is kept alive:
And pleasant *Folk and Fairy Tales*—you're sorry when it's done,
So quaintly are the stories told by Mrs. HARRISON.

PYM'S *A B C*'s delightful, and therein will children see
The bitter pill of Knowledge gilt as thickly as can be!
And in *Listen*, how they'll listen to the easy-flowing song
Mrs. PANTON sweetly sings to cheer the children's hour along!
They will dearly love *Dame Marjorie*—with Mesdames BURNES and MILES,
They will haunt her chimney-corner, and gaze upon its tiles.
Miss PLUNKET will be welcomed, and her book be voted prime—
There's a fund of rare amusement in her *Merry Games in Rhyme*.
DEAN'S picture-books for tiny mites will ever welcome be—
There's a *Country Life, Domestic Life, The Soldier's A B C*.

II.

Can the blithest of Bards tell us what's "on the Cards"?—

'Twould puzzle the craftiest rhymer
To e'en tell you a part of the rare works of Art
That come from the famed HILDESHEIMER!
EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE send good designs without end,

With calendars, mottoes, and others;
'Twill delight you, I know, to see the rare show
That's brought out by DAVIDSON BROTHERS!
You will high praise accord to the great MARCUS WARD,
To his "greetings" you'll give an ovation!
And you'll think you're in luck, when receiving from TUCK

His choice mirrors and plush decoration!

BERNHARD OLLENDORFF, too, you must pass in review,
With his mistletoe, Christmas, and holly:
Those from SOCKL, you know, and WIRTH BROTHERS & Co.,
You will find are uncommonly jolly!

I fain would harangue of the wonders from PRANG,
And ACKERMANN'S dainty devices;
And BENNET'S "*Visette*," which you'll never forget,
Or NATHAN, who always so nice is!

At MISCH marvels you'll look, and the beauties from COOKE,
PHILLIPS, BAIRD, and the rest of the legion;
Who, with picture and rhyme, at this bright Christmas-time,

Help to cheer up our Card-iac Region!

III.

Oh, how gladly you will prize
Diaries from DE LA RUE!
Ev'ry sort and ev'ry size,
Oh, how gladly you will prize!
All the lore that in them lies—
Mighty useful 'tis to you!
Oh, how gladly you will prize
Diaries from DE LA RUE!

IV.

But Christmas is coming, and with it again
Come marvellous Cossques from SPARAGNAPANE!
Tom SMITH he comes also, and brings, I opine,
The quaintest of Crackers of varied design;
And CREMER, so charming to all girls and boys,
With smart shilling boxes of wonderful Toys.—
My Banjo is broken—'tis rather a bore—
Imagine the rest,—I can't sing any more!

"SIR JOHN MILLAIS," said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its Literary and Art Notes, "has five pictures on his easel at the present moment." If big pictures, what a large easel! Yes, but then, what a great Artist!



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

Dick. "I'VE CHOSE MY THREE ACRES—NEXT TO THE PARSON'S. I MEAN TO DIG AND GROW 'TATERS. WHERE 'AVE YOU CHOSE YOURS?"

Harry. "I AIN'T CHOSE NO LAND. I SHAN'T GROW NO 'TATERS. I SHALL TAKE FOUR 'TATERS!"

NEVER!

"ONE thing, at least, this election has proved—that the Tory Party can never, under any conceivable circumstances, have a majority in the House of Commons."—Sir W. HARCOURT, in the "*Times*" of December 11.

O Sir WILLIAM, you are cocksure, and so very, very clever
That one hardly likes to doubt you, but a long, long day is "Never!"
How the Tory host must tremble, when they hear, on your authority,
Henceforth they may abandon every hope of a majority!
What a gimlet-eye is yours, Sir—what a grindstone-piercing goggle!
Won't you tell us, while you're at it, some few things at which we boggle?
Cast your eye into the future, and inform us, if you please, Sir,
Whether HODGE, three centuries hence, will choose to worship JOE—OR CESAR?
Whether after—say a thousand—years of Radical Autocracy
That long-lived ghoul, Reaction, may not visit the Democracy:
If when—after Armageddon—in Millennial bliss we walk us,
The Primrose League will be entirely banished by the Caucus.
Tell us this, my dear Sir WILLIAM, and a few more little matters,
Such as what will be Rad action when our earth some comet batters?
When the Glacial Epoch comes back, and the Nile to ice is frozen,
Will the Liberal Foreign Policy be one—or half-a-dozen?
And when this Earth, a cinder or an icicle, goes spinning,
Will the Liberals or the Tories have the fairer chance of winning?
Tell us this—of course you can, Sir, for you are so doosed clever!
And we'll trust our great Sir Oracle and his pragmatic "Never!"

IN QUESTIONABLE SHAPE.—From the Court Circular, *Times*, Dec. 11th:—

"The Hon. Lady BIDDULPH and Colonel the Hon. W. S. HOME, Commanding 1st. Battalion Grenadier Guards, had the honour of being invited, &c., &c."

What military rank then, has the Hon. Lady who shares the command of the Granny-dear Guards with Colonel HOME Sweet Home? We don't stand upon punctiliousness, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, and we may be wrong in thinking that the information would have been more intelligible had there been a stop put to this sort of thing,—say a comma at BIDDULPH, and, when the reader gets to HOME, he ought not to find one at Home.

"GOING IT"—RATHER!

(From Toole's Theatre to the Pavilion.)

"JOHNIE comes marching home again, hoorar!" which means that Mr. JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE has marched and arrived at his little Theatre in King William Street, whither he has brought a new



Mr. Toole introduces a promising Young Dramatist.

Farceical Play in Three Acts, by one JOHN MADDISON MORTON, author of *Box and Cox*, two characters who have superseded *Balbus* and *Caius* in classical education, and whose duologue is now taught in our schools, as used to be the scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius*. The Farce which is founded on the Greek of DEMOCRITUS, *Befos* and *Kofos*, a fragment of which may be seen still preserved in the Bounceian Museum, has been translated into all known and unknown languages, and has enjoyed a popularity rarely accorded to the work of any author during his lifetime. Whether the new Place in Piccadilly, between the Criterion and the Pavilion, will be decorated with two statues of the Great Twin Brethren, *Cox* and *Box*, embracing after the discovery of the non-existence of the strawberry mark on the left arm, has not yet been decided by competent authority, but it is no breach of confidence to hint that the notion would not be received with disfavour in the very highest quarters. Maddison Place would be a good name, and our Sculptors could go to work with designs for statues at once.

But when will the day of farces, good roaring, screaming, laughable farces, return? Something that you could drop into,—and that critics would drop into nowadays probably,—about nine, and enjoy, without troubling oneself beforehand to know any more than that certain actors were safe to be seen at certain theatres, and that a hearty laugh could be insured. CHARLES MATHEWS used, at one time, to play in two or three farces a night, WRIGHT and BEDFORD always in one, if not two, and so did BUCKSTONE, at the Haymarket, and the KEELYS, wherever they happened to be. A good farce is the essence of what it is a modern fashion to term a farceical play, and had it pleased Mr. MADDISON MORTON to do *Going It* in one Act and one scene, he could have got as much fun into it, and Mr. TOOLE would have got as much fun out of it, as they both do now in double the time and treble the Acts.

However, it is better to leave well alone, so *Going It* will go it in three Acts—and a lot of the dialogue does really "go" with roars; only if Mr. JOHN L. TOOLE will take a humble friend's advice, it is,—cut out the burlesque *The O'Dora*,—for who in December recollects anything about the week of *Théodora* with the French Company this summer?—play *Going It* at 8:30, and wind up the evening with the shortest and funniest farce in the repertoire of the only actor to whom the interpretation of good broad farce legitimately belongs. If that last farce were like *The Wandering Minstrel*, "with a song," it would give additional zest to the finish. What has become of *The Blighted Being*? Why shouldn't Mr. TOOLE revive that?—or *Jacob Earwig in Boots at the Sicca*? Mr. TOOLE could go in for a run of the old farces, and then have some new ones ready, and these, with a short domestic drama on the model of *The Postboy*, and a little brushing up of everything and everybody generally, would give this little theatre a speciality, which would mean constant change and continual success.

Mr. VILLIERS of the New Pavilion, Piccadilly, or, to put it in sixpenny telegram style, Mr. PAVILLIERS, ought to do a rare good business in this richly decorated and commodious hall. The old seating arrangements are here retained for audiences and Chairman. As to the latter, would not his proper place be in the centre of the hall facing the stage, so that he may catch the singer's eye, rule the waiters, welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest—all the guests have to "part," and the quicker they do it the better,—keep the game alive, and preserve order with his hammer and stentorian

voice? Certainly these are among the principal duties of a good Chairman. But then how could he keep an eye on the gallery if it were behind him? In case of any disturbance there, he could not quell it with a look, nor diminish the storm with his hammer, nor single out the offender for instant removal, with an "Off-with-his-head,—and-so-much-for-chucking-'em" kind of air. No, we admit that the Chairman of a Music Hall must be so placed as to have his eyes everywhere. "We met, 'twas in a crowd, and his eye was upon

me," ought to be the feeling of every individual in that assemblage. But it seems to me a mistake to have the seats and tables at right angles to the stage, so that everyone wishing to see the performers must sit with a twisted neck all the evening, except in those few intervals when there is nothing going on, and when the muscles can be relaxed, and refreshment taken gratefully. Such a position in a Music Hall for three hours is enough to turn anyone's head.

As for the entertainment, Mr. ARTHUR LLOYD'S "Encore" polka song is nearly as fresh as when it first came out. Mr. JAMES FAWN is one of the funniest men on the Music Hall stage; and Mr. HUNTER, hunting for a partner for his dance, exhibits a good bit of genuine pantomime.



Mr. Pavilliers, who has got the place "For a Mere Song."

To me a source of peculiar enjoyment at a Music Hall is the scenery, which is usually so singularly appropriate to the character of the singer and the song. At the Oxford there was—and perhaps it still exists—an interior, representing some portion, apparently, of the Library at Lincoln's Inn or the Inner Temple; and here, invariably, the comic singer, arrayed in that quiet kind of costume which, being of the essence of good taste, is never calculated to attract any special attention, used to come in, and, taking advantage of the unusual circumstance of there being no one in the reading-room, at once commenced a series of highly amusing songs, which, though demanding considerable vocal and physical exertion, failed to arouse even an under-librarian. Then there was a Baronial Hall, where a dashing young lady appeared, and walked about the stage in a white hat and light dust-coat, singing something about "Dear boy, don't jer know," and "doing the la-di-da,"—and all this, of course, by the kind permission of the feudal proprietor, who might be supposed, like *Christopher Sly* in the *Taming of the Shrew*, to be witnessing the performance from a tribune, or private box. Most of the songs at the Pavilion are given in what is apparently one of the Gardens of the Vatican, in front of an archway ornamented with classic statues. Here the PINAUDS, probably favourites with His Holiness LEO THE THIRTEENTH, perform.

The PINAUDS are a remarkable trio. I beg the spectators to follow their plot closely; it may appear at first sight a little intricate, but further acquaintance with it will prove that, for neatness of construction, dramatic effect, and sustained perspicuity—especially where the third PINAUD enters disguised with a tremendous false nose and movable moustachios—it may be pronounced as absolutely unrivalled.

That the Cytherean Venus with her doves—which is a very poetical way of expressing Madame GARETTA with her playful pigeons—should give her performance in the vicinity of an edifice whose architectural characteristics are suggestive of some confusion in the painter's mind between the Alhambra in Leicester Square and the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Venice, is exactly what one would have expected from the mixed nature of the associations. But, to be quite up to date, the scene should represent the exterior of the British Museum, where a sort of Dovecot Drama might be enacted, called, *The Mystery of the Museum, or the Pitiless Pigeon Poisoner*. Of course, the birds should appeal to their Queen, and Madame GARETTA—by the way, for the sake of antithesis, the villain should be represented by Signor BASEMENTO—should then appear, and rescue her birds; BASEMENTO sinks to the coal-hole, and after the Queen and her pigeons have enjoyed themselves, up should ascend Madame GARETTA.

The temperature having been down to about freezing-point last week, Mr. PAVILLIERS' Patent Sliding Roof must have had a capital time of it. A sliding roof, I fancy, came in about the time that skating-rinks went out. The Pavilion is well worth a visit, and,

after Christmas, when there are new songs and plenty of novelties, there will be a difficulty to find seats; and, as to the re-seats, well, pockets sufficiently big will have to be made to hold them.

Coming out, I heard a muddled young man asking his friend "If the Pavilion wasn't once at Brighton?" Then immediately he corrected himself, and said, "Oh, no, I remember, that was the Hall by the Sea at Margate. Come and have supper." So they disappeared towards the land of Scott—and Shelley. **SOFT NIBBS.**

LOOKING AHEAD.

(A Dream of the Dim Future.)

February 9.—Queen's Speech. Mr. BRADLAUGH tries to take the oath, and fails.

Feb. 11.—Amendment to Speech moved by Mr. ARCH, expressing "the regret of the House that no mention is to be found in it of the Three Acres and Cow, and the hope that Her Majesty's Government will at least see its way to giving Half an Acre and a Calf."

Feb. 12.—Amendment carried by majority of two, in consequence of three Parnellite Members being detained in Ireland, owing to want of remittances from New York branch of "Patriotic Dynamite League" to pay travelling expenses to London.

Feb. 20.—Mr. GLADSTONE Prime Minister. Mr. BRADLAUGH succeeds in taking oath, and is at once ejected.

Feb. 26.—Mr. GLADSTONE sends out list of his new Cabinet. Motion of Want of Confidence, proposed by Lord R. CHURCHILL, "in consequence of appointment of Mr. ARCH as Lord Privy Seal, and Mr. CREMER as President of Board of Trade."

Feb. 28.—Motion carried by six votes, owing to defection of three "Independents," and arrival of the missing Parnellites from Ireland.

March 1.—Lord SALISBURY, Prime Minister. Mr. BRADLAUGH, after terrific combat with Sergeant-at-Arms, on floor of House, takes latter's wind and his own seat.

March 2.—Lord SALISBURY explains in House of Lords that his policy will be one of "unswerving firmness abroad, and unparalleled fairness at home." Asked to explain still further, and refuses.

March 3.—Motion, in Commons, of Want of Confidence postponed, owing to serious Bradlaugh riot.

March 4.—Lord SALISBURY still Prime Minister. Says that if he had not had attack of neuralgic gumboli, would at once explain Government's policy with regard to Ireland.

March 8.—Lord R. CHURCHILL introduces Government Bill for Local Parliaments. Says that "he is unable to express his profound veneration for genius of Irish people, and its patriotic leader, but at the same time the Government does not propose to give them control over the Police, or leave to form Volunteer Regiments."

Vote of Want of Confidence moved at once by Mr. PARNELL. Carried by majority of 160.

March 10.—Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister.

March 11.—Sergeant-at-Arms resigns, owing to concussion of spinal column in personal encounter with Mr. BRADLAUGH, supported by nine "Representatives of Labour" in House.

March 12.—Mr. PARNELL wants to learn what policy of new Government with regard to Ireland will be.

Mr. GLADSTONE replies—"One of unbounded conciliation and portentous generosity to every class."

Fifteen Irish Members at once suspended for remarking "Humbug!" and "Walker!" in loud tones, after this statement. House adjourned in confusion.

March 13-16.—Irish nights. Mr. GLADSTONE still Prime Minister. Spends a few happy days at Hawarden.

March 17.—Mr. GLADSTONE brings in Bill for "Imperial Local Boards" in Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

March 18.—Mr. PARNELL's motion of Want of Confidence carried by majority of one.

March 22.—Lord SALISBURY, Prime Minister.

March 24.—Mr. BIGGAR proposes that "fittest and properest person for Chief Secretary for Ireland is Mr. PARNELL." Supported by whole Liberal Party, and carried by majority of 150. Lord SALISBURY resigns.

March 27.—Mr. GLADSTONE, Prime Minister.

March 28.—Mr. GLADSTONE is asked if he intends to "carry out the recorded wish of the House of Commons with regard to appointment of Mr. PARNELL as Chief Secretary for Ireland." Replies "No." Motion of Want of Confidence carried without a division. Mr. GLADSTONE resigns.

End of Month.—Mr. Punch proposes that "to end this disgraceful Parliamentary anarchy, a new Government should be formed on the principle of putting the best men into places regardless of Party." Suggests that, in deference to Agricultural Voter, new Ministry shall be called the "Hodge-podge Cabinet."

April 1.—Crowd of a million people outside St. Stephen's shouting "Mr. Punch for Ever! Hurroo for Mr. Punch!" A National Non-Partisan Government at once formed. Here it is:—

Prime Minister.—Mr. GLADSTONE.

Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—Lord SALISBURY.

President of Local Government Board (charged with introduction of a Bill for Local Councils).—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

President of Board of Trade (with powers to introduce a system of Reciprocal Duties, which shall not conflict with principles of Free Trade, if he can).—Mr. STANHOPE.

Minister for Agriculture.—Mr. ARCH.

General Moderator (a hint, supplied by Member for Midlothian, from Scotch Churches) and Go-Between.—Lord HARTINGTON.

Lord High Umpires (with seats in Cabinet).—Mr. FORSTER, Mr. GOSCHEN, &c.

April 3.—General approval of new Cabinet. The Right Hon. JOSEPH ARCH proposes "that a Perpetual Pension of £5,000 a-year be given to Mr. BRADLAUGH, on condition that he never stands for Parliament again." Carried unanimously.

April 4.—Mr. BRADLAUGH accepts offer with gratitude, purchases a villa at Cowes, and joins the Church Defence Society. Burnt in effigy at Northampton.

April to July.—Parliament peaceable. England prosperous. Moderate Reforms carried. Parnellites sulky. People contented.

LETTER TO THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Care of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Punch.)

MY dear JOSEPH (the Lesser I fear I must call you, remembering JOSEPH the BIGGAR), I sincerely regret to observe, from your recent remarks, that you do not appear, since the late elections, to have abated in the slightest degree the bump of self-esteem which is so remarkable a feature of your conformation. I really think that you, and my excellent friend JOHN TYNDALL, who always writes to the *Times* to tell us what he thinks, when anybody is in doubt about anything, run a bump-race in that respect. Whatever the merits of your famous difference about Lights, neither of you has any misgivings about his own.

But you see, my dear, clever JOSEPH, now that all the shillaloo has subsided,—that nothing particular has happened to anybody,—and that everything is very much as it was before,—the world has the time to take, so to speak, stock of you; and it is proceeding to do it. You have introduced into English public life certain methods of your own, which are new to it.

First, you have trumpeted your own differences of opinion from your colleagues all about the place. I don't think free discussion does any harm, so I won't grudge you that. But, secondly, you have amused yourself by calling them all the bad names you can think of, because they don't agree with you about everything. As far as I can see, only DILKE and MORLEY do. You don't make friends by that, my dear JOSEPH, for, in this imperfect world, manners go for as much as measures.

Thirdly, you have taken upon yourself to star yourself everywhere as a kind of extra Prime Minister, with a mandate from the Queen or from the Party, or from the Public, none of whom appears to have had the slightest desire to give it you. The mandate, my excellent JOSEPH, was entirely your own. And lastly, you have made the name of Radical objectionable, even, and most of all, to those who used to be most proud of it, by dinning away about "We Radicals," and "We Radical Chiefs"—wherein DILKE and MORLEY have too much helped you. The name of Liberal should be good enough for anybody, nor need it shame the English Radical to have been of company of the lost FAWCETT, or to take part with MUNDELLA, BRYCE, or DILLWYN. But your tenets do not seem, my dear JOSEPH, the least like theirs: and if the electors once take it into their heads that these same tenets of yours are simply what they have been said to be, Jacobin—that they are the reversal of sound English Radical ideas—and that not only the State, but a series of little States within a State, are, according to you, to do everything for everybody, whether he likes it or not, till an Englishman's whole life becomes a kind of compulsory vaccination—then, my dear JOSEPH, they will have very little to say to you. You and DILKE and MORLEY will form a nice little Fifth Party, all to yourselves, unless, which is not wholly improbable, you can get RANDOLPH to join you.

Whilst the election was pending, sober men thought it best to let you have your fling. But they will be bound to give you their minds now you have had it, and assure you that it is not the weak-knee'd, but the strong-backed, who object to you most—that is, supposing always you mean what I am bound to say it seems to me you do mean. Mr. Punch, the unprejudiced and ever-fair, will allow me to express my opinion, in which I am not alone, that you have done the Liberal cause as much harm as the most self-seeking could desire. You are not a Radical in the English sense at all, however fond you may be of parading the name; and if BENJAMIN's mess, in 1890, seemed to some big, it is an unscriptural fact that, in 1885, JOSEPH's mess is—looking at those into whose hands you have worked so hard to throw the balance of power—well, BIGGAR.

Confidentially Yours, STRATTON STRAWLESS.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Professor Proseworthy (to Lucy, who wants to finish her letters for the Indian Mail). "I CAN FORGIVE A—A MAN WHO DROPS HIS MITCHES! I—I CAN FORGIVE A MAN WHO BEARS FALSE WITNESS AGAINST HIS NEIGHBOUR! I—I CAN FORGIVE A—A—" (and so on for about twenty minutes)—"BUT—I CAN'T FORGIVE A BORE!"

ALL OVER!

ALL over! The songs and the shoutings,
Fair hopes and lugubrious fears,
Fierce angers and furious floutings,
Hot jibes and elaborate jeers:
The Winners sit snugly in clover,
The Losers are pointing their quills;
The wild tohu-bohu is over,
So pull down the Bills!

Huge posters and polychromatic,
How weary is *Punch* of your sight!
Which makes Party zealots ecstatic,
And Bill-stickers fill with delight.
His tastes have a leaden and low range,
His zeal, geyser-like, must boil o'er,
To whom your pale blue and deep orange
Become not a bore.

The plaintive appeal, "Vote for BUGGINS!"
Has stared us six months in the face.
"The Working-Man's Candidate, MUGGINS,"
Is sprawling all over the place.
Down, down with them! MUGGINS polled
thirty,
And BUGGINS was ten score behind.
Their Bills, mud-bespattered, torn, dirty,
Still wave in the wind.

In charity rend them instant: r
From window, and wainscot, and wall!
For JUGGINS has won in a canter;
Vae victis! So down with them all!
Let us hope he's a capital fellow;
But posters no more need be used.
We turn bilious at bills that are Yellow;
The Blue gives us blues!

A truce to Unlimited Shindy!—

Alas! it is *only* a truce!—
To orators washy and windy,
Mud-flinging, and mutual abuse!
You've said all the rude things you're able,
Your slang-whanging shockingly palls;
So shut up the Billingsgate Babel,
And wash down your walls!

Party bets now no longer find takers,
The battle is won and is lost.
He who prates of that Cow and Three Acres
Upon the Cow's horns should be toast.
The Voters, or cockney or rustic,
Have spoken. If, in their despite,
The future still seem nubibustic,
Why—wait for more light!

Hooray! The last heckler has heckled.
Bravo! The last voter has polled.
Each Candidate, blue, buff, or speckled,
Is seated, or out in the cold.
No more trumpet-blowing or drumming,
Dear Primrose Dames, smooth down your
frills.
And, Gentlemen, Christmas is coming!
So down with the Bills!

APPROPRIATE FOR THE RECENT FROSTY
WEATHER.—At the Ballad Concert, Battersea
Park, last Saturday, among the artists ap-
peared Mr. CHARLES CHILLEY. He sang
"*Shiver my Timbers*," and obtained a warm
reception. Poor CHILLEY! He wanted it.
Unless, by the way, like some of his un-
commonly hot relations, he is a regular
pickle.

"FINAL, CONCLUSIVE, AND BINDING."

SAYS the *St. James's Gazette*:—"The
Radical majorities in many of the English
Counties are composed of new voters; and
these men simply gave their votes in return
for a promise that they should be put in pos-
session of something belonging to somebody
else." There is a sweet simplicity about this
way of settling matters which inspires emu-
lation. For example, suppose we say that
the Tory majorities—and minorities—in the
Counties gave their votes as they did in order
to retain possession of something belonging to
somebody else. It is equally true—or false—
and at least as much might be reasonably
said in defence of it by any one who knows
anything of the way in which possession of
"something belonging to somebody else"—
in the shape of land—has often and for long
been obtained in this country. And then it
is so simple, so unqualified, and saves such a
lot of that trouble which a respect for facts
and fairness necessarily involves.

Potting Prizes.

G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
Is a lucky man, they say;
Of earthenware he buys cheap lots—
They turn out rare old china pots.
He goes a picture shop to view,
And there he finds a REMBRANDT true.
By this great prize that he has got
He'll make—"he'll make another pot."

THE BALANCE OF PARTIES.—(By the Greedy
Gentleman who doesn't Dance).—Supper!



“HOORAY! ALL OVER!!”

NON TAILI AUXILIO.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE MUZZLE-MEN.



"The little Dog laughed to see such fun!"

with their liberty just recently carried out, apparently at the sole fiat of the Chief Commissioner of Police. (*Howls.*) He was glad to see that the mention of that official elicited that expression of their opinion. A more vexatious and troublesome measure it was impossible to conceive, and he was determined, for one, to protest to his utmost against it. (*Marked and prolonged wagging of tails.*) But he would leave other speakers to have their say on the subject, and suggest what remedy they could. (*Loud barking.*)

A Scotch Collie said that he considered the treatment he had been personally subjected to, quite disgraceful. He had had his licence properly paid for, and wore a collar bearing his owner's name and address, and yet he could not leave the house, for a run with one of the family, without having his head thrust into a horrid wire muzzle, which bothered him to that extent, that it took all the pleasure out of his bouting. (*Yelps.*) In fact, he so disliked it, that he would sooner not go out at all, and what, he should like to know, would become of a dog of his size pegged up in the house all day? Why, it was enough to give him rabies, if he hadn't got it. (*Loud barking, and wagging of tails.*)

A Bull Terrier said he thoroughly concurred with the last speaker. For his part, he could only say, that muzzled or unmuzzled, he would like to see the Policeman who would lasso him. (*Prolonged wagging of tails.*)

A Carriage Pug, who appeared to be in a very plethoric condition, and addressed the meeting with some difficulty, rose to protest. He did not see what grievance his canine brethren had. If they disliked being muzzled, they should go in for drawing-room life, as he did. He got his exercise in the Park, in an open barouche. (*Howls.*) They might howl, but he did, and a precious good time he had of it. (*Snarling.*)

A French Poodle replied to the last speaker with much warmth. He said that it was all very well for carriage pets to ignore the nuisance, but it was a most real and tangible one. Look at his own case. Here was he, highly educated and trimmed, and frequently taken on the back seat himself, yet he felt obliged, for the sake of his health, to maintain his running exercise. Yet how did he get it? Only by thrusting his head into Colonel HENDERSON's metal cage (*howls*), and spoiling his moustache, and making himself look generally miserable and ridiculous. It was a great hardship to thus afflict respectably supported dogs, because a lot of ownerless curs and mongrels were roving about loose, and bringing discredit on the canine species generally. He hoped the peremptory order would soon be rescinded. (*Loud barking.*)

A Thorough-bred Mastiff said, all he could say was, that if it wasn't, the first time he could get a chance he should go out without a muzzle. (*Wagging of tails.*) The Policeman who tried to collar

him with a three-foot iron rod had better look out for himself. (*Renewed wagging of tails.*) That was all he had to say about it.

A Toy Terrier said that he got on very well with a bit of string, and didn't mind being led. If dogs didn't wish to be kept muzzled, they shouldn't be so big. (*Prolonged howling.*)

A large Newfoundland said, he treated that remark with the contempt it deserved; and though he did not wish to introduce any personality into the discussion, he could not forbear saying that it was greatly owing to the snapping propensities indulged in by that class of abnormally undersized dogs to which the last speaker belonged that all this vexatious agitation had arisen. (*Great wagging of tails.*) He should conclude by moving the following Resolution:—"That this meeting regards the recent order enforcing the indiscriminate application of the muzzle to all dogs, of whatever kind or degree, at large, as a useless, meddlesome, and vexatious exercise of authority, and is of opinion that steps should be taken to get it modified or repealed at the very earliest opportunity possible."

Upon this Motion, which was seconded by a White Pomeranian, being put by the Chairman, and carried unanimously, amid great wagging of tails, accompanied by vociferous barking, the meeting was about to be adjourned, when considerable commotion was caused by a report that a Dachs-hund had suddenly gone off its head and bitten several dogs in its immediate vicinity on the back benches.

The Police interfering in the matter, a general stampede followed, and the assembly broke up hurriedly in much confusion.

TOTAL OF THE ELECTION.

GAIN.	Liberal.	Loss.
A Majority in Great Britain.		The help of the Boycotters.
HARTINGTON's support.		CHAMBERLAIN's moderation.
The Grand Old Man.		The Grand Old Umbrella.
	Conservative.	
SALISBURY's Foreign Luck.		CHURCHILL's Tory Democracy.
Music-hall Advocacy.		Theatrical "Reaction."
	Parnellite.	
The assistance of "Captain Moon-		The respect of JOHN BULL.
light."		

"THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN."

(Old Proverb Improved.)

THE *Times* Correspondent having been ordered to Rangoon by the General Commanding the Burmese Expeditionary Force (it is to be hoped because he would make jokes about the Capital turning upon "Man-delay," as no other excuse for the conduct of General PRENDERGAST, K.C.B., can be accepted as entirely satisfactory), we have immediately supplied his place with a "special" of our own. We submit his first despatch:—

(By Private and Confidential Wire.)

The bravery of the troops, in storming the ancient stronghold of THEEBAW was admirable. Every soldier proved himself a hero, but the greatest of them all, the most heroic of the heroes, was unquestionably PRENDERGAST, who is known as "Bull-e-e," which, being translated from the native *patois* into English, means, "The Wild Lion of the Fierce Battle Wagers." Never shall I forget the courage displayed by this grand young soldier as he fought single-handed no less than twelve dozen Burmans. The admiration and enthusiasm caused by his gallantry was simply indescribable. Even the wives of his fallen enemies cried with joy. His administration of the country, after the sanguinary combat which delivered the place into his hands, equalled his martial prowess. In twenty minutes he had introduced into the "Land of the Shining Moon" Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act, the sixpenny loaf at twopence-halfpenny, the cheap parcels' post and the self-acting sewing machine. With all this he is as merciful as he is clever, good-natured as he is clear-headed, beautiful as he is well-read. Never has the world seen so magnificent a celebrity, and the sight of such an Admirable Crichton can not be repeated. Major-General PRENDERGAST is a mixture of all that was and is best in NAPOLEON, SHAKESPEARE, BOLTON, M.P., SIR ROBERT WALTER CARDEN, and the cleverest performers (inclusive of the damsel who plays with equal facility the big drum and the German flute), of the Ladies' Viennese Orchestra. The conduct of PRENDERGAST is magnificent, and yet may be called, with perfect truth, "the war."

P.S.—Please, Sir, I hope you will like the above. If not adequately complimentary, kindly supply the required epithets, &c.

[Editor's Note.—From internal evidence, it would seem that our Correspondent's postscript was addressed to the General Commanding, rather than the General Public. It is more likely to be appreciated by the former than the latter. But we wait with calm indifference (following the lead of the *Times*) for further and better particulars.]



IS IT POSSIBLE!?

First City Man. "BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE THE SECRETARY OF ALL THESE COMPANIES?"

Second Ditto. "INDEED I DO, MY DEAR FELLOW, AND THEY ARE GENUINE COMPANIES, TOO! WHY, BLESS YOUR SOUL, SIR! SOME OF 'EM PAY DIVIDENDS!!"

"IMPROVEMENT" AT ETON.

DIARY OF A PRESENT ETONIAN.

Wednesday.—To-day is a whole holiday. I began sadly, and didn't end well. I managed to get up early to prepare my French lesson,* but I had not quite finished it when the clock struck, and so I went on a little longer, because my Beak is generally late, but when I got into school I found he had been up nearly ten minutes; so I got a punishment, and, what's more, he put me on just the very place where I had left off learning. Now, I've often noticed, that if you don't learn the last few lines of a lesson, the Beak is sure to put you on just where you left off, and it seems such a remarkable coincidence that he won't believe you; but still, that's generally the case, I assure you. I had a try to go through, and got on pretty well till we came to the word "*bras-cassé*," and that stumped me completely; so I just took a shot and said "*brass-case*," and everyone burst out laughing. Fellows do laugh when you make a blunder like that, though they don't properly know what it is themselves. The Beak gave me a yellow ticket after school. I give it as a specimen of what a master can do. "Late always; most irregular: doesn't know his lesson; translates '*bras-cassé*,' '*brass-case*;' write out notes of lesson twice by look-up." The penna was bad enough; but, to put down the mistake for my Tutor to see, was adding insult to injury.

Well, when I went to fagging, that brute MOTTLE sent me down town for an omelette (I suppose he thinks an omelette is more artistic than sausages), and I didn't get back till nearly nine; and then, just as I sat down to breakfast, in comes one of my Tutor's pupils to say that Tutor was going to have construing directly after chapel: and so, instead of getting my breakfast, I had to learn my lesson: because I was afraid that if I got muffed at construing, and gave Tutor the ticket to sign as well, he would give me penal servitude. So I went without breakfast.† Construing and all that went on till nearly half-past eleven: and after absence I went in search of breakfast with SCROGGY. I had something at LATTON's: it wasn't much like breakfast, but helped to fill the corners up. It consisted of a glass of cider, a sausage-roll, a chicken and ham *pâté*, three buns, and a cup of chocolate. I hadn't any money, so I borrowed

* An early French lesson sounds like an improvement, but the manner of getting it up, will probably occur to some old boys, is not entirely new and original, and has been found to answer, more than once, with OVID, VIRGIL, HOMER, and *Scriptores Græci*.—ED. † This seems an improvement.—ED.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

(By a Rejected Candidate.)

I'm weary of all the Election,
The bother, the noise, and the din,
And though I have suffered rejection,
I'm glad that I didn't get in.
If Parliament's half as unpleasant
As all the wild shindies I see,
I'm really quite pleased that at present
I'm not to become an M.P.

The Whigs they fall foul of the Tories;
The latter serenely avow
The former tell terrible stories
About the Three Acres and Cow.
Both sides were of course on their mettle,
And Candidates all on the rack;
It's just both the pot and the kettle
Declaring the other is black.

I've shouted of course till my pharynx
Has grown most consumedly red,
And doctors declare that my larynx
And I would be better in bed.
But, bless you, I made no impression
On ignorant voters arrayed;
They've left me one single possession,
And that is—a bill to be paid.

No matter, the conflict is over,
And I shall be off in a trice,
A free indeterminate rover—
I think Monte Carlo sounds nice.
Let Parliament meet, and be jigger'd!
I'm off to a sunnier clime,
Quite glad, on the whole, that I figured
Among the rejected this time.

THE MIXTURE NOT AS BEFORE.—The next Parliament will be—HODGE-podge.

some from SCROGGY.* After that I did the penna, and took it to the Master just before two: much to his disgust. He was expecting—hoping, I should say—that I should be late once more.

After four we had a pretty decent game, and after tea I meant to have done my extra work, only somehow I put it off. I always had a special objection to composing on a whole holiday—I didn't stay to supper, but came up and began my Diary—I have now a clear 20 minutes before I need have my bath, it's bath night, and so I think I shall be able to patch up an extra work.

Thursday.—A rather unfortunate event occurred last night. I found my extra work pretty easy, so I did it all: but it took me some time, so the maid took away my candle, just as I was beginning to undress. I hadn't another to light, but I was determined not to go without my bath, so I undressed in the dark, and stepped in. I think my dame must have heard me splashing about, and wondered what I was doing, for he came in to see what was the matter. He saw, and retired promptly. In consideration of the unfortunate occurrence, he let me off my punishment: at least, he only gave me a jaw about sitting up late, both in my bath and in general: and that doesn't count. I now had a fair field, and determined to take a fresh start. I was going to have learnt my saying lesson for 11'15, after 9'45, but I remembered I hadn't copied over my verses, and had to do that instead. So, when I got into school, I had to go back to the old dodge. The Beak I'm up to, sets us about 20 lines of *Virgil*, has four fellows to say at a time, and divides the lesson into four bits of about five lines each, more or less, as the stops go. Not so many Beaks do that now as used to: I think the new Head Master has shaken them up. But mine does. Well, as I hadn't time to learn the whole, I only learnt the bit that would come to me, but he reversed the order of saying, as he occasionally does, and there was I, dumb as a fish, while all the other fellows knew theirs. So I was kept in till last. To-day was a half-holiday once more, so that we've only had one whole school-day this week, as yet, which isn't bad.† Nothing much else happened to-day.

* More improvements.—ED.

† It may be necessary to explain that the "Dame" at Eton, is not necessarily a "She." The Drawing Master, if he has a house for boys, is a Dame.

‡ Only by reckoning a whole holiday on Wednesday, preceded by a half on Tuesday, followed by a half on Thursday, a whole on Friday, and a half on Saturday, can we make out that the Present Etonian had but one whole school-day in the seven days. If this is not an exceptional week, certainly there is a great "improvement" at Eton, as to holidays, and so, as we've got through the greater part of a specimen week, the Diary can end here, though, perhaps, the Present Etonian might enlighten us as to how the "*Dies non*" is spent.—ED.

OUR OWN COURT CIRCULAR.



The Hon. Sumbody arrived at the Castle yesterday.

The Rev. Dean of Old Brown Windsor had the honour of dining with Her Majesty.

The Hon. Sumbody left the Castle this morning.



Mr. Punch had the honour of submitting his celebrated Almanack Cartoon for 1886, for Her Majesty's inspection.

NEW WORDS AND OLD SONGS.

THREE Acres seemed pleasant to Countryman HODGE;
With Countryman HODGE, too, the Cow went down;
The Acres and Cow were a capital dodge
For those who could never get in for the town.
The men may vote—the women may not—
But the Primrose League is the comfort they've got;
So the Knights and Dames go cadging!

Three Rads came out in the country to speak—
By the village-pumps where the Cow went down;
And they all kept talking on end for a week,
Till the rustics came polling up, horny and brown.
The men did vote—the women did not—
But though they didn't, they canvassed a lot;
And the Knights and Dames went cadging!

Three Tories retired to their Primrose Lodge—
Left out in the cold when the Cow went down;
And the women sat cussing at Countryman HODGE,
For going and spoiling the votes of the town.
That men should vote—and women should not!
But if ever they do, 'twill for Members be hot,
So, good-bye to the Dames, and their cadging!

It appears that Mr. ROBERT MAIN has been appointed one of the Assistant-Accountants-General of the Navy, in connection with the re-arrangement of the Admiralty, in the direction of improving the financial control of that Department. This is as it should be; for, whatever may be the shortcomings of the Authorities at Whitehall, this selection at least shows a laudable determination on their part to be right in the Main.

A Blessed Boon.

To lay out our shillings and pennies on,
Tiresias comes from Lord TENNYSON.
Dear bard, for your song,
Which is sweet as 'tis strong,
Falling soft 'midst the shine of the mad Party throng,
Punch gives you his heartiest benison!

AFTER THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

Paterfamilias (who has sent his youngster, aged sixteen, to see the *Andria* of Terence). Well, my boy, so you went to the Westminster Play the other night, eh? Good was it?

Ingenuous Youth (hesitatingly). Well, pretty good. (With alacrity.) It was very crowded. I came in soon after eight, and it was crammed.

Pater. Did you get a good place?

Ingenuous Youth (foreseeing a sure means of escaping questioning as to the Latin and the plot). No, I couldn't get a seat, and where I was it wasn't good for seeing. I couldn't hear much that was said—(with an injured air)—they talked so indistinctly.

Pater (severely). You should have been in time. (With misgiving.) I suppose you understood it, eh?

Ingenuous Youth (trying to fence the question as long as possible). Well—not all of it.

Pater (thinking of the two hundred a-year he has been spending on his education). Did you understand any of it?

Ingenuous Youth. Well—(thinking it best to break it gently)—not much. (Recollects the song, and feels inclined to add, "But it's better than nothing at all!"—restrains himself, however, in the paternal presence, and wishes he could get away, or that the Guv'nor would walk off, or that he'd never been given a holiday to be treated to hear the Westminster Play.)

Pater (disappointed). I suppose you know what it was all about?

Ingenuous Youth. Well—(hesitating, and then, in a tone suggestive of having been deeply injured by the want of attention on the part of the Authorities)—I couldn't get a bill.

Pater. Um! (Begins to wonder if the boy has been there at all, and if so, how long he stayed.) Didn't you catch any of the names?

Ingenuous Youth. Well—(still complaining)—you see—they didn't speak up—and they were so indistinct—

Pater (beginning to be a trifle angry). Didn't you hear the names? (Has just read the account in the morning paper, and so, is well up in his Classics.) Wasn't there—for example—(this is to give his son some idea of what his father's scholarship is like.)—wasn't there a *Davus*?

Ingenuous Youth (who up to now had thought they had said "Davis" on the stage, and that it was the name of a boy). Oh, of course. Yes. O yes. *Davus*. I remember (familiar quotation suddenly bursts upon him) "*Davus sum, non Edipus*."—I recollect.

Pater (pleased). Yes. Exactly. (Congratulates himself on the two

hundred a-year not having been quite thrown away.) Was that line in it? (Wishes he hadn't asked the question.)

Ingenuous Youth (considering). No, I don't think so—(recurs to old complaint)—but they spoke so low, I couldn't hear half they said.

Pater (reassured on his own account by his son's ignorance, but beginning to have serious doubts as to the value of an expensive Classical education). What other characters were there?

Ingenuous Youth. Well (considering) there were two old men—awful idiots; and then there was *Davus*—(remembers having recently mentioned this character, but thinks the repetition will please his father)—he was funny sometimes; and there was a woman (considering)—they called her "*Missis*," I think.

Pater (in all the pride of superior knowledge—derived from the morning paper). No—no. You mean *Mysis*, the slave.

Ingenuous Youth. Oh, yes—*Mysis*; but not a bit like a woman. And then there was—I forget exactly; but they talked about *Glycerine*, or something like that. (Seeing his father about to interrupt, and suspecting something wrong with "*Glycerine*," he returns to the old excuse.) But they spoke so low I really couldn't hear half they said.

Pater (sharply). And the other half you didn't understand—eh? (Pauses for a reply. Still more sharply.) Is that so—eh?

Ingenuous Youth (giving it up in despair, and renouncing all idea of any extra tip at Christmas). Yes.

Pater. Ah! (Suppressing his temper.) Go along!

[Exit Boy. *Pater* wonders what the doose is the good of spending two hundred a-year on learning Latin and Greek. Left wondering. Scene closes.]

How's That?

To a Prince, who might prove, in a shindy, a
Friend or foe, native Chief, doughty SCINDIAN,
The stronghold, Gwalior,
Are you right to restore,
Noble DUFFERIN, Viceroy of India?

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.—The Police Authorities having objected to arming the Constables with Revolvers, have now given them Muzzle-loaders.

IN ACTIVE PREPARATION.—The Freemarket Theatre (St. Stephen's) will shortly underline for production, a new pastoral drama, by Mr. J. CH-MB-EL-W, called *New Cows and Old Acres*.

THE LETTER-BAG OF TOBY, M.P.

IX.—FROM AN UNCROWNED (MARIONETTE) KING.

Arundale, Monday.



EAR TOBY,

Hi! hi! Walk up, walk up! the greatest Marionette show of the season. Eighty-five of 'em, all sizes and various names, with a tendency towards O'Connor, warranted to work together in harmony. If I hold up my right hand, all fall flat on their back. Hi! hi! Walk up, walk up! If I crook my little finger, they raise the left leg. If I whistle, they jump up and run towards me, stopping with one accord when the music ceases. Hi! hi! Eighty-five representatives of free and independent electors, all warranted to vote as I bid 'em, to speak by the hour when instructed, to remain silent when so ordered, not to leave the premises without permission, in short, to do just what they are told, ask no questions, and be thankful for

their weekly wages. Hi! hi! Eighty-five of 'em. Walk up, walk up!

What do you think of that, TOBY, for patter? It comes pretty near an unadorned description of the actual state of things, and though some of you fellows may sneer, and make believe to be shocked, I know very well it's simply envy and apprehension. Till R-ND-LPH began to dominate the scene, the Conservatives had their men in hand pretty much in the same way. They grumbled sometimes, but they voted straight. I wonder what GL-DST-NE would give to have a Party as docile as mine? We have no above-the-gangway, or below-the-gangway. We have nothing answering to your Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals. We are not a Party. We are One Man and eighty-five counters, and when a division is coming on that's something to reckon with, I can tell you.

How do I like my companions? Well, perhaps not much—but that's neither here nor there. I'm not bound to say too much to them, or to talk to them at all, and never have been notable for my geniality. I may respect the sterling qualities of J-S-PH G-LL-a, without insisting upon sitting up all night with him; I may admire the tepid fluency of S-XT-N, without remaining to listen to him; and I may enjoy the high breeding and gentle manners of T. P. O'C-NN-N at a distance. You don't suppose that any other proprietor of a Marionette Show spends his leisure moments in company with his wooden-headed, loose-jointed properties? We understand each other, *au fond*, as JOEY B. says, never forgetful of his famous journey to Paris. They are well satisfied with their position, and I with mine. Moreover than which, our private relationships are nothing to nobody. You hear quite enough of us in public.

Well, and how are things going in London? We have been so busy here that I've hardly had time to read foreign intelligence. PH-L C-LL-N gave me a deal of trouble. PH-L is a nice boy, sober and industrious in habit, and with most reposeful manners. As I am not in the House much myself when the Session's on, I had no objection to his turning up with the rest. But when he set himself up against my mandate it was a matter of importance to crush him. So I did. I expect it's all for the best. He means well, but is dangerous in a Marionette show. If he went on the rampage he might break up the whole of the machinery. O'SHEA was another difficulty. I like O'SHEA. He once did me a good turn, and I was sorry to oppose him in Liverpool. I gave way, it is true; but it was too late, and the only thing I could do by way of compensation was to put in O'HEA for Donegal West. Since the House can't have O'SHEA, they must put up with O'HEA; it's only a matter of sex.

How will all this end, do you think? Things have not turned out quite so well as I expected. We did our best in the British Boroughs, and rooked

GL-DST-NE of twenty-five. But the Counties were too much for us, and have rather spoiled my little game. But we stand pretty well, and I find myself an object of respectful attention from the Leaders of both parties. I am afraid that, after all, something will come of it, and we shall have to go back to Dublin and enjoy ourselves there. Fancy, after the comfortable Club at Westminster, with its pleasant people and its varied interests, to be shut up in a hall on College Green with one or two hundred of my fellow-countrymen! I am a little uneasy at the prospect. After all it may be postponed. R-ND-LPH, in his happy-go-lucky manner, will ask us to take what we want and go. GL-DST-NE, with his serious way of looking at things, will spend weeks in elaborating a scheme which he would press upon our acceptance. If it comes to the worst, of course the worst must come. But a word in your ear, my TOBY. When the day arrives that sees Home Rule granted to Ireland, and it is proposed that I shall sit in Dublin as the President of a National Council, or whatever you like to call it, on that day C. S. P. writes P. P. C. on his political visiting-card, and passes it round.

In the meanwhile walk up! walk up! Hi! hi! Eighty-five of the most delightful, companionable, intelligent Marionettes ever shown in either Hemisphere. Walk up! walk up! Eighty-five, and

Yours truly, C. S. P-RN-LL.
To TOBY, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

RICH AND RARE.

It is well known that many of the presents sent to the SULTAN OF TURKEY, never found their way into the Imperial Treasury, and therefore were unable to appear in the excellent descriptive article of the contents of that wonderful storehouse, published a few days since in the columns of a "morning paper." As it is the duty of all civilised persons to supply the missing links, we beg to give a list of a few of the most interesting, historical curiosities still remaining uncatalogued, in Constantinople:—

From King Henry the Eighth of England.—Pamphlet written by His Majesty against LUTHER, and for which, the burly Monarch received from the POPE of the period the title of "Defender of the Faith." Handsomely bound in calf; it bears the inscription, "Prynnted forre Pryvatte Syrculation," in old English. This book is said to have once belonged to ANNE BOLEYN, who used it for propping up the leg of a wheel-chair that had lost its castor.

From Queen Elizabeth of England.—Portrait of Her Majesty, set in diamonds (paste). The picture depicts an exceedingly beautiful maiden, in the first blush of youth—it was painted when the QUEEN was sixty-four. Also the model of a potatoe presented to Her Majesty by Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

From Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector.—Recipe for the cure of warts, and the rules of a new game of his own invention called "Leape-frogge."

From King Charles the Second of England.—A collection (numbering many thousands) of old English wine-bottles (empty).

From King William the Third and Queen Mary the Second of England.—Portrait of the King from the Queen, and portrait of the Queen from the King. Also a Treatise upon "Ye Difficulties of ye English Tongue," translated from the Dutch.

From Queen Anne of England.—Certificate of the birth of SARAH, first Duchess of Marlborough, showing that her Grace was many years older than she pretended to be, with a spiteful letter from her Majesty, asserting this fact.

From King George the First of England.—Intelligence of the death of Queen Anne, his Majesty's predecessor.

From King George the Fourth of England.—A collection of old wigs, and the complete works of R. B. SHERIDAN, uncut.

From Napoleon, sometime Emperor of France.—Picture of the Battle of Waterloo, by a French Artist (inaccurate).

And from Mr. Punch, Guide of the Universe.—The gem of the collection. First Number of the *London Charivari* (1841), set in its own sparkling coruscations of wit and humour.

A CONSERVATIVE BENEFIT (from their own point of view).—Of what epidemic have the Conservatives relieved Reading? Surely Fever.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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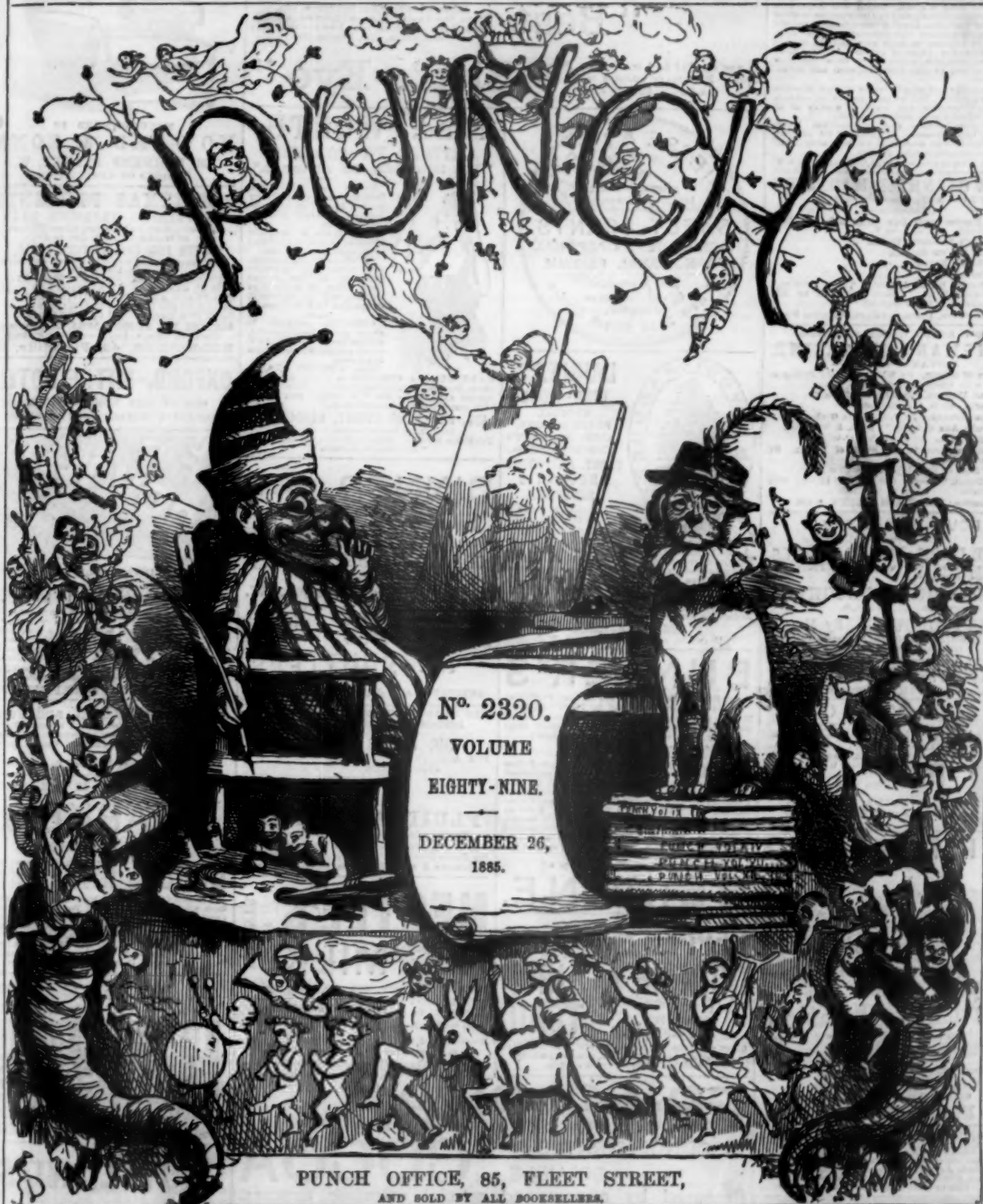
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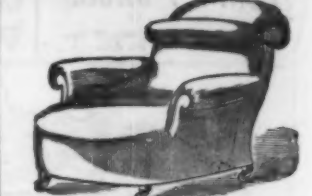
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CROWDED OUT! OR, PUNCH'S HARDY ANNUAL.

PART I.—JANUARY JEALOUSY.

THE Serpentine was frozen over. The usual motley crowd were disporting themselves on the ice. Chestnuts were in season, and oranges could



THE NORTH-EAST WIND—A GENUINE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

be obtained very cheaply at Covent Garden. The Pantomime was in full swing at Drury Lane. In fact, it was thoroughly seasonable weather. EDWIN DE BOOTS and ANGELINA DE SLIPPERS were gaily exchanging vows of constancy as they glided along on the Club Skates, when there was a crash, an ejaculation of horror, and a disappearance. In another moment the loving pair were under water, and alone. But not for long. Suddenly they were joined by an Italian, dressed in a slouch hat and a disguise-cloak. "Discovered!" exclaimed ANGELINA. "My hated rival!" murmured EDWIN. It was an embarrassing situation.

PART II.—FEBRUARY FIDELITY.

It was Valentine's Day. The limited space at our command will not allow of our explaining how EDWARD and ANGELINA escaped from the Serpentine, but escape they did. And now ANGELINA, by some mischance, found herself in the Serpentine's Cage at the Zoological Gardens. "What shall I do?" cried the unfortunate girl, as the Cobras, the Pythons, and the Boas began to devour her. "Trust in me!" exclaimed EDWIN, suddenly entering the glass-case.

PART III.—MARCH MORALITY.

It was very seasonable weather. An easterly wind blew everything into the middle of the following week. Hares were at their maddest. EDWIN and ANGELINA (the story of whose escape from the fangs of the Serpents, only exigencies of space prevent us from unfolding) were walking down Piccadilly. The young man entered a tobacconist's alone! When he returned ANGELINA had gone! Seized and abducted by COUNT JACKO DE BOOTZO, she was reclining in a storm on board his yacht in the Bay of Biscay. The frail bark began to sink!

PART IV.—APRIL AMIABILITY.

THE Row was beginning to be fashionable. The man with the chairs was demanding pennies. ANGELINA (whose adventures after shipwreck in the Bay of Biscay would well repay recital did the exigencies of space permit) was seated under the fast blossoming trees listening to the Horse-Guards Band. "Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty lady," said a ragged individual, beside her. But, in spite of his disguise, she recognised him. "EDWIN!" she exclaimed. "My own darling!" Then she fainted. He lifted her up gently into his arms, and vaulting

with his fair burden into the empty saddle of a runaway horse, hurriedly quitted the Park. The infuriated steed dashed down Piccadilly.

PART V.—MAY MADNESS.

It was the Private View at the Royal Academy. All London was there. A crowd had gathered round EDWIN as he attempted to lead his fair lunatic from the Refreshment-room. "ANGELINA," he whispered, "do you not recognise me?" Her only answer was, with a wild laugh, to attempt to stab him with a carving-knife. Then she rushed into the Powder Magazine, near the Serpentine, and seized a matchbox. The Sentry (who had not observed her entrance) stood aghast! Her next movement was to light a match!

PART VI.—JUNE JURIES.

THE Central Criminal Court was crowded. The Counsel for the Crown had summed up the evidence which substantiated the Prisoner's guilt. There had been told, in detail, the whole story that would have appeared in these columns had only space permitted of the narration. The Judge had done his duty dispassionately. EDWIN and ANGELINA, supporting one another in each other's arms, with pale lips, colourless cheeks, and weary eyes, anxiously awaited their doom. The Jury consulted; then they retired to their own room. On their return, in answer to the question, "Are you decided upon your verdict?" the Foreman replied, "We are!"

PART VII.—JULY JEWELLERY.

It is to be regretted that space will not permit of a recital of the escape of EDWIN and ANGELINA from Newgate and the condemned cell. They engaged a yacht, and were cruising in the Mediterranean. On account of the hurried manner in which they had to collect a crew, their employes were not of very good character. Perhaps the most respectable of them was their mate, a Greek Pirate, known as KUTHROTOS. Following the plan given them by the old Abbé, they soon discovered the Island of Monte Carlo. Here, on entering the cove, they found it filled with the most magnificent diamonds. The next moment they heard a voice, and felt the barrel of a revolver grazing their foreheads. "Move an inch, and I fire!" It was KUTHROTOS, the Greek Pirate.

PART VIII.—AUGUST AMUSEMENTS.

LUCERNE was crowded. The table d'hôte at the Schweitzerhof had never numbered so many guests. The story of EDWIN and ANGELINA's escape from the pirates (which we are forced to suppress, to make room for other articles) had constituted them the hero and heroine of the locality. EDWIN and ANGELINA had ascended one of the loftiest mountains in Switzerland, and from the summit were admiring the delightful view. Suddenly EDWIN turned white. There was a slight tremble, and then earth began to move. "Hold me firmly, darling," whispered EDWIN in ANGELINA's ear. "We are going back on an avalanche!" And he told the truth!

PART IX.—SEPTEMBER SPLENDOR.

COUNT JACKO DE BOOTZO, who, it would have been remembered, had taken a very active part in the Servo-Bulgarian War, had we had space to recount his adventures, was once again in England. He was mounting his horse to go out with his pack of visiting cards, when a telegram was placed in his hands. "'Pristi!'" he exclaimed, beneath his breath, and immediately returned to town. He hastened to his magnificent chambers in St. James's Street. All his papers had been taken! The will was gone! For a moment he lost his reason. Then he became more calm, and rowed his eight-oar (he was thoroughly English in his tastes) to Scotland Yard. "I was expecting to see you," said Inspector BOOKER, of the Criminal Investigation Department, with a smile. "I have traced the whole complicated affair to a man and a woman. It is long, but deeply interesting story. Take a seat, and I will tell it to you." Thusinvited all eager to hear the truth at last, the Count dropped into a chair. The Inspector refreshed his memory with a draught from his note-book, and then began.

PART X.—OCTOBER ORATORY.

It was the Polling Day of the General Election. EDWIN and ANGELINA (whose extraordinary adventures Inspector BOOKER told the Court, in confidence, and which we should have reported but for the very small space devoted to fiction in these columns) were, of course, the observed of all observers. After mutual explanations it is needless to relate that they had become fast friends with the last of the De Bootzo's. Consequently they were deeply interested in his success. Naturalised an Englishman, he had contested the county, or rather, one of its divisions. "Miss Cara," he murmured to ANGELINA, "the two o'clock train will bring a thousand voters to vote against me." "They shall never arrive!" exclaimed the lovely and strong-minded girl. Then she entered the signal-box and coquettishly chloroformed the signal-man. The clock pointed to one minute to two—in another sixty seconds the train (which being on the South-Eastern Railway was never a moment behind time) would be due. With a whirl the engine approached. ANGELINA turned the points, with a white scared face. Suddenly she fainted. On the engine she had recognised EDWIN, who, all unconscious of his danger, was laughing heartily!

PART XI.—NOVEMBER NECROMANCY.

EDWIN was inconsolable. After learning the harrowing incidents that would have been related in our last chapter had there been room for them, it is obvious that he was forced to feel considerable apprehension as to the safety of ANGELINA. She was with the Greek Kalends in their own mountains, a prisoner. "I will help you," exclaimed DE BOOTZO, and dragging him outside the Crystal Palace, opened a secret door, discovered ten flights of steps, passed through a stone passage, and found themselves in a hall, where a Masonic Lodge was being held. EDWIN remembered the stories of the Mysterious Brotherhood that had reached him from time to time, in the shape rather of hints than assertions. Now it was one of his friends who had saved himself from scalping by North American Indians by raising his right thumb; now it was another who had been the constant guest at the dining-table of the King of a third-rate Continental Power by merely jerking his left fore-finger. He perfectly trembled with curiosity. "Before you are initiated," said the Worshipful Master, "I will tell you all the secrets of our Craft." And then he divulged all the secrets of Freemasonry, in the following words.

PART XII.—DECEMBER DELUSIONS.

CHRISTMAS once more! The mistletoe and the holly! All good things in season. Bills coming in by the dozen. Never was there so much doing at the dear old County Court! A mournfully old-fashioned Christmas! It need scarcely be hinted that, after the many adventures our hero and heroine passed through since the first entered the Masonic Lodge, and the last fell among the Brigands (adventures that only the exigencies of space prevent us from publishing at full length), that they were happy to meet again in the large Reception Room of Haunted Hall, Ghostshire. They were holding high revel. All the neighbours were invited for forty miles round for ten o'clock, when they were regaled with weak tea, Abernethy biscuits, and quartered oranges. After a while EDWIN recited to them. The host was in the middle of one of his most unsuccessful "humorous pieces," when midnight began to strike on the old hall clock. Gradually the lights burned blue, and went out. The guests shrieked, and some of them fainted. There were many there who would have gladly listened to EDWIN's recitation in preference to this. A ghastly light, and the Count de BOOTZO glided into the room. ANGELINA shrieked, threw up her arms, and swooned. "Why do you come here?" asked EDWIN, angrily, for he was annoyed at being interrupted. "I come," replied the ghost of the Count, "to tell you all—I know everything." And then, having assisted the ladies and ANGELINA to resume their seats, he began his narrative. And that narrative (as will be seen in due course) supplied all the missing links of the present story.

(To be concluded next year.)



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Suburban Belle. "HOW DELIGHTFUL IT MUST BE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS IN A GREAT COUNTRY HOUSE—LIKE STILTON GRANGE, FOR INSTANCE."

Delightful Stranger (from London). "YAAS. BY THE BYE, HER GRACE OF STILTON HAS JUST WRITTEN TO SAY SHE EXPECTS ME THERE FOR CHRISTMAS WEEK. S'POSE I SHALL HAVE TO GO!"

Suburban Belle. "WON'T YOU FIND IT RATHER LONELY?"

Delightful Stranger. "LONELY? A—WHY?"

Suburban Belle. "BECAUSE I SAW IN TO-DAY'S MORNING POST THAT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AND FAMILY ARE NOT EXPECTED BACK FROM AUSTRALIA BEFORE FEBRUARY!"

[Collapse of Delightful Stranger.]

IN THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

For the Three Emperors.—The Three-Card Trick, neatly packed in a box, with directions for performing the same.

King Milan of Servia.—A brand new Field-Marshal's Uniform, padded with metal throughout, and shilling *Handbook of Retreat*.

Prince Alexander of Bulgaria.—Christmas edition of *A Short Way with the Powers*, and pair of Russian Epaulettes in case returned through post from St. Petersburg.

M. Grécy.—Box of Bonbons, labelled "Presidential Majority."

Mr. Gladstone.—Copy, embellished with illuminated revelations of Secret Agreement made with Mr. PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell.—Great Seal of the Irish Republic (plated), in case complete, from New York.

Lord Salisbury.—Bottle of "Holdfast" Glue.

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Sack of Burmah rice, with receipt for cooking the same *à la minute*.

Lord Hartington.—Box containing pipe and piece of Radical Soap, for blowing bubbles, labelled "a present from Birmingham."

Sir William Harcourt.—"Steering in its own Juice," popular air arranged as solo for his own trumpet.

Sir Charles Dilke.—Round Robin of Thanks from Members of the present Government for promise of kindly approval and general support.

Mr. Chamberlain.—Children's Toy-book, profusely illustrated, containing *The Humorous History of Three Acres and a Cow*, and *What Came of Them*.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

"How can I e'er forget,"—if I'm provided with The diaries, tablets, pocket-books of Messrs. T. J. SMITH?

GEORGE FALKNER's cards we praise. Yes, we remember, Too early they appeared, 'twas last September.

You'll delighted be with the Scent Fountains of SMITH,
They'll draw lots of Christmas attackers!
And each girl and each boy will find infinite joy—
In CREMER's delightful Toy Crackers!
But the hand-painted glass 'twould be hard to surpass—
The work of the skilled SPAGNOLETTI.
While famed SCHIFFER & Co. have a marvellous show,
Of Christmas Cards dainty and pretty!

There is ALBERT MARX, too, you'll be glad to look through
His choice and his varied collection:
You'll be puzzled to choose from the studies and views
That HARDING sends for your inspection.
Architectural tricks taught by neat Model Bricks—
Young builders, I'm certain that they would;
Ne'er one moment forget that they owe a deep debt
To VACHER, and likewise JOHN HEYWOOD!
There is *Red Riding Hood*—baby's opera good,
By ANDRÉ—composed by DE SOLLA:
'Tis well suited, I ween, for each small lyric queen,
Named WINNIE, or DAINY, or DOLLA!

A DIRECTORIAL HORNSPIPE.

AIR—"Jack Robinson."

THE worries and the hurries of a search are past,
When two rubicund volumes arrive at last!
You'll find anything you like when your eyes are cast
O'er the *Post Office London Directories*!

There are streets, there are suburbs, and shops and squares,
There are magistrates, masons, and millionnaires,—
There are sellers of salt fish, of soap, and shares,
In the *Post Office London Directories*!

There are scavengers, salesmen, and stevedores,
There are bead-stringers, barbers, and banks, and bores,
And keepers of cows, and Co-operative Stores,
In our *Post Office London Directories*!
It is printed and published by KELLY & Co.—
'Tis full of information, and so you know,
To them a debt of gratitude we all must owe
For their *Post Office London Directories*!

You may take up this book, but you can't put it down—
'Tis a wonderful guide to our wonderful town—
It tells us of SMITH, of JONES, ROBINSON, and BROWN,
Does the *Post Office London Directories*!
It is bound in red, as you soon may see,
As works of ready reference are bound to be,
And bound to be well read 'tis clear enough to me,
Is the *Post Office London Directories*!

Mr. Howorth.—Explanatory key to his recent Fair Trade Puzzles contributed to the *Times* newspaper.

Colonel Henderson.—A Metropolitan Retriever, un-muzzled, purchased at the Dogs' Home, and presented by a Committee of Angry Correspondents.

THE REVERIE OF A POOR SQUEEZED 'UN.

(See Wordsworth's "Reverie of Poor Susan.")

At the East end of Paul's, there's a plot that's for sale;
And the l'ress sings out, "Buy it!"—the cry's somewhat stale.
The Londoner, hustled and crowded, can tell
How narrow the roadway, the pavement as well.

His fancy runs riot! What ails him? He sees
A Boulevard appearing, all shaded by trees;
With ease and with comfort the 'busses now glide
From Cannon Street corner to busy Cheapside!

A road, "wide as Holborn," allows him to view
The Cathedral uprising in dignity new;
And a fine open space lets the oxygen roam
Where school-boys and merchants once boasted a home.

He looks, and his joy grows intense! But they fade—
The visions of elbow-room, Boulevard, and shade;
And the space will be speedily built on, unless
To the cry of, "Oh, buy it!" the City says, "Yes."



MR. PUNCH CONCEDES HOME RULE TO THE ONLY TRUE HOME-RULERS AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

UN PEU DE SHOWS.

I SEE that all the Critics pitch into the Burlesque called *Vanderdecken*, at the Novelty Theatre, and express their pity for Messrs. BROUEN and EDOUIN wasting their talents on such trash. But what I want to know is, who compelled Messrs. BROUEN and EDOUIN to play the Burlesque? Didn't they read it? Didn't they choose it? And aren't they, and they only, responsible for its production? Why should the Author be singled out for reprobation, and the real culprits be allowed to escape? Hang CINNA the Burlesquist for his bad verses, by all means, but draw, quarter, and finally hang the Manager-Actors,

through whose want of judgment his bad verses are published to the world. There is this comfort, however, that, even if Messrs. BROUEN and EDOUIN were bound by the strictest taskmaster of an Author to produce his piece, no one is forced to go and see it. — New pieces at the Gaiety and the Empire, for Christmas. Also *Kenilworth*, at the Avenue, written by Mr. REECE and an eminent Librettist, whose name is not unlike VARNET. On the Lyceum *Faust* I shall take the earliest opportunity of making some learned remarks. This week, alas, there is Boxing Day; but there is also Boxing Night, when 'Ooray for *Aladdin* and *HORRIGUS DRURIOLANUS*! — New Lights — *Harbour Lights* — for old ones, at the Adelphi, will shine ere this appears. NIBBS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Being a few scattered staves, from a familiar Composition, rearranged for performance, by a Distinguished Musical Amateur, during the Holiday Season, at H-r-r-r-d-n.

STAVE I.—BENDIZZY'S GHOST.

SCROOGESTONE closed his door, and locked himself in. Thus secured against interruption, he took off his collar. It required a good deal of taking off, that collar, and as a matter-of-fact, was taken off a good deal. Then he put on his dressing-gown, his slippers, and his night-cap, and sat down before the fire, to take his gruel. He had much to take, and he determined to take it, like a man.

The fire-place was paved all round with tiles, designed to illustrate history, sacred and profane. There were WILLIAM the Conqueror, and JOSEPH and his Brethren, there were BENJAMIN's Mess, and the Plagues of Egypt, and Indian Emperors, and Dutch subjects; hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts. Yet, if each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old BENDIZZY's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said SCROOGESTONE. He heard a clanking noise, as of a dragged chain, the sound of feet upon the stairs, coming straight towards his door. "It's humbug, still!" he said, "I won't believe it."

His colour changed then, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and stood before him—BENDIZZY's Ghost.

The same face—the very same. BENDIZZY, with his frontal curl, his chin-tuft, his usual buck-like vesture, and varnished boots. The



'Bendizzy's Ghost.

chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was made (for SCROOGESTONE observed it closely) of despatch-boxes and diplomatic protocols, of blue-books and secret agreements, of many keys of quaint workmanship, Indian and otherwise.

SCROOGESTONE was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said he. "What do you want with me?"

"Much! Many things have happened since we met."

BENDIZZY's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"In life I was your rival, BENJAMIN DIZZY."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked SCROOGESTONE, looking doubtfully at him.

"Do you think that, like some of your living friends, I have lost my seat?" chuckled BENDIZZY, depositing himself in a chair, as though it were as easy as sitting on a Treasury Bench.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said SCROOGESTONE. "Never did," he added, *sotto voce*.

"More's the pity," said the Ghost, overhearing him. "It might have saved you some rare messes if you had."

"Humbug! I tell you—humbug!" cried SCROOGESTONE.

At this the Spirit raised a scornful cry, and shook its chain with a dismal and depressing noise.

"You are fettered," said SCROOGESTONE, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "Is its pattern strange to you?—Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as

long as this five Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it since. It is a ponderous chain." SCROOGESTONE glanced about him on the floor. But he could see nothing. "Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said SCROOGESTONE. "But don't be hard upon me. Don't be flowery, BENJAMIN! Pray!"

"I have sat opposite to you, WILLIAM, invisible, this many a-day." It was not an agreeable idea. SCROOGESTONE shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my task," pursued the Ghost, with a touch of his ancient irony. "I am here to-night to warn and advise you."

"Thank 'ee," said SCROOGESTONE, drily.

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

"I—I think, I'd rather not," said SCROOGESTONE.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you will not take my tips to heart. Farewell, WILLIAM!"

The apparition walked backward to the slowly opening window, and floated out upon the bleak dark night.

SCROOGESTONE followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He closed the window and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable.

STAVE II.—THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

It was a strange figure—like a child in some things, like a stalwart

resolute man in others, like time-worn, hair-blanced age, in not a few. This was not its strangest quality. The figure fluctuated in its distinctness, and shifted in its shape, and vacillated in its apparent purpose, being now clear as day, now shadowy and vague as night, now a head without a body, now a body without a head, now vigorously advancing, now swiftly retreating, now aimlessly drifting. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. From the crown of its head, however, there sprang a bright clear jet of light, which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Who are you?" SCROOGESTONE demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired SCROOGESTONE.

"No. Your past."

The Spirit carried him far and wide, and showed him many things.

A studious boy at a big School, a grave eloquent youth at a great College, a singer of comic songs, the rising hope of one Party, the ardent champion of another, the half-reluctant leader of a third. A shifting panorama of rôles long abandoned, of scenes half-forgotten. A Senate charmed into delighted absorption by fancy-illuminated finance, a multitude witched into eager enthusiasm by mellifluous moonshine. And the scenes! Snow-spread wastes, a beleaguered Citadel, an ill-led, ill-equipped, but ever victorious army. A sea of rapt faces hotly applauding hotter denunciations of war and waste! A battered town, a broken square, sand-wastes stained crimson with unavailing blood! A belated expedition crawling up an ancient stream! A lonely, heroic, vainly-expectant figure, in a desert-city! A shriek of treachery, a cry of despair, a wide-sounding wail of bitter, bitter disappointment!

"I wish—I wish," SCROOGESTONE muttered, putting his hand to his eyes—"but it is too late now!"

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!" cried SCROOGESTONE, struggling with the Spirit. SCROOGESTONE observed that its light was burning high and bright. He snatched the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its



The First Ghost is rather put out.

head. The Spirit dropped beneath it, but, though SCROOGESTONE pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

STAVE III.—THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

SCROOGESTONE respectfully did so. It was a pleasant enough spectacle. Broad, beaming, of substantial bulk—nothing vague or



A Genuine Christmas Present.

vaporous about it. A jolly giant, with a bare chest, a blazing torch, an empty scabbard, a big steaming bowl, a ruddy face, an opulent pile of seasonable cheer.

"This is better," thought SCROOGESTONE—"less shivery and reproachful; more genial and restful. Spirit," said he, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have naught to teach me, let me profit by it."

Far they went, and much they saw—amongst tolling artisans in smoky towns, and newly-enfranchised labourers in rural places; things unexpected—startling, suggestive lessons, which SCROOGESTONE could not but ponder and lay to heart, with results which may be visible anon. He saw visions of troubled Churches and perturbed parsonages, spectres of furious squires and jubilant rustics, shadowy pastures cropped by phantom cows, shifting crowds, cockney and bucolic, driving in opposite directions, clamouring in conflicting causes, exulting over rival victories. He beheld one trusted henchman raising a spectral banner of revolt, another drifting like a wind-driven mist in the direction of the enemy. Brooding over these, SCROOGESTONE again remembered the prediction of old BENDIZZY. He looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not, but, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a misty shadow along the ground towards him.

STAVE IV.—THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said SCROOGESTONE.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed forward with its hand.

"You are about to show me the shadow of things which have not happened, but which will happen—"

"If the lessons of the Past are not applied to the possibilities of the dim and distant Future," interrupted the Spirit.

"Lead on!" said SCROOGESTONE. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

STAVE V.—THE END OF IT.

What the Spirit showed him, and taught him, SCROOGESTONE confided only to the discreet bosom of his faithful friend, frank counsellor, and wise warner, Mr. PUNCH. Save that it showed him dark danger in the frozen North, possibilities of dread disaster in the sandy East,

confusion in the dusk-akin'd South, wild disorder in the "moist and melancholy" West; a nation falling to Chaos in the pursuit of Chimeras, a Kingdom shaken by weak surrender to daring disloyalty, a smirched honour, a splendid reputation sullied, and a noble mausoleum clouded by late-falling shades of shame, let nothing be said here and now of the spectral fore-shadowings of the Last of the Spirits. But if you had seen the twain,



"A Merry Christmas to You!"

WILLIAM SCROOGESTONE and Mr. PUNCH—as you may in the picture—hobnobbing over a Christmas bowl of the latter's namesake, you'd have concluded that the Three Spirits had not wholly wasted their labours, that the recollections of their friendly visitations lent a zest to SCROOGESTONE's enjoyment of a fourth Spirit—that in the Bowl, and that Mr. PUNCH hoped the best from the influence of the warnings of BENDIZZY's Ghost upon the future of WILLIAM SCROOGESTONE.

PUGNACIOUS PENMEN.

[Two French newspaper editors fought a duel a few days ago, and M. SCHOLL the dramatist, and M. LABRUYERE a Communist journalist, also went out together.]

We are told that they manage things better in France, But the journalists there lead each other a dance; If one man "slates" another for what he has done, It is pistols for two, and then coffee for one: Or the small-sword's called in to decide which is right, By a dig in the arm, that's the end of the fight.

How too funny 'twould be could we tell in our rhymes, How the *Telegraph* boldly assaulted the *Times*, When ARNOLD and BUCKLE fell out; how FRANK HILL, Of the stern *Daily News*, should try MUDFORD to kill, Who holds rule o'er the *Standard*; or pink, in a pet, FREDERICK GREENWOOD, who rules the *St. James's Gazette*.

'Twould be fun if a challenge were savagely hurled 'Gainst the owner of *Truth* by E. YATES of the *World*; If HUTTON and TOWNSEND, that long-winded pair Of *Spectator* renown, should fight *Vanity Fair*; While fierce T. G. BOWLES would his work have to do With *Saturday POLLOCK* and pistols for two.

We may write on opponents and call them hard names, But we do not go in for these duelling games; If an argument needs to be backed up by such Foolish deeds, then be sure it's not worth overmuch: Let the Frenchmen go out, and endeavour to pink Brother journalists,—we fight with goose-quill and ink.

A propos.

Distinguished Naturalist. Have you ever known a dog fond of oysters? I have.

Person (who can't be serious for a moment). Really? Well, I don't think I've ever seen a dog tackle an oyster; but, the other day, I saw one trying to eat a muzzie.

MUZZLE DAY. DECEMBER 10¹ 1885.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD"! SO AT LEAST THE CATS THINK, WHO ARE HAVING IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY!

THE WAITS!

A MERRY Christmas! Ah! no doubt;
And those within *seem* vastly merry.
Meanwhile, 'tis precious cold without!
Chilled fingers, nose-tips like the cherry,
They find, who're trying the experiment,
Are scarce conducive to much merriment.
Music hath charms! Of course, of course!
But when the instruments all jangle,
When this seems cracked, and that sounds
hoarse,
And tune and time are in a tangle.
Soothing the savage breast—or warming—
Seems quite beyond its powers of charming.
Whew! what a wind! Leader, play up!
Let's give 'em something brisk and rousing:
Perhaps they'll ask us in to sup,
Or share awhile their gay carousing.
Something with less of shake and run in it!
This wait-ing game has little fun in it.
How they are going it inside!
There's little RANDOLPH toasting SOLLY!
Their very shadows swell with pride,
Their laughter rings out bright and jolly.
How different it *might* have been!—
Tip 'em "*The Wearing of the Green*!"
If that won't fetch 'em, nothing will;
And if we can but play together.—
Well, well, we'll try it. Tune up, BILL!
An outside berth in this cold weather
Suits none of us. Let's hope the fates
Won't keep us waiting long as Waits!

"THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS."—The
Upper Story.

ON UNIMPEACHABLE AUTHORITY.

To the recent authentic revelations afforded by certain well-informed portions of the Press as to Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude and policy in regard to the Nationalist Party in Ireland, the following may be added with confidence:—

It is now no longer a secret that Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE have met. The meeting which was not intended to come to the knowledge of Lord SALISBURY, took place in the woods near Harwarden, on Saturday last; the Irish Leader attending for the purpose disguised as the local postman, the late Premier also donning a woodman's smock for the purpose of escaping detection. A highly satisfactory and friendly understanding has been the result of the interview, and there is now no doubt, but that Mr. GLADSTONE will immediately on the very first opportunity that presents itself, take office relying on the support of the Parnellite Vote. The measure of concession he is disposed to make is ample, and will more than cover the Nationalist demands, a circumstance that has caused his Irish collaborateur the liveliest gratification. Complete severance and disruption of all National and Imperial ties, is to form the basis of the arrangement. Perfect liberty of action will be left with the Sister Parliament to deal with "vested land interests," and as it is calculated that this may lead to some protests from a noisy minority dispossessed of their property, a well armed and equipped Constabulary, able to supply the place of the removed Military, will form a prominent feature in the new scheme of Government.

In the event of England going to war with

any European Power or Powers, a benevolent neutrality is not necessarily to be imposed on or expected from the Irish Republic, the conduct of which will be guided by the circumstances of the case as they arise; but a foreign army will not be allowed to use Irish soil as a basis for its operations, without twenty-four hours' notice of the fact being given by the Republic to Her Majesty's Government. It is calculated that this will provide for any eventualities likely to occur. With regard to minor provisions, it is satisfactory to learn that, though immediately on the assembling of the Irish Parliament for its first session, the Authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, will have to look out for themselves, Mr. GLADSTONE has stipulated that Lord CARNARVON shall, either in disguise, or in any other convenient way that shall seem fit by the Republican Authorities, have a safe-conduct on board the mail packet for Holyhead. Indeed, all that the far-seeing provision of a cautious and circumspect Statesman can provide against has been carefully thought out, and embodied in the forthcoming agreement, the ratification of which must be eagerly looked for by earnest partisans on both sides of St. George's Channel.

ON A POSTASTER.

(By a Rabid Reviewer.)

"NEW Poem, by SIR BOW DE WOW." I read
That old announcement with a thrill of dread.
A Critic spake and lo! my fears diminished.
"These," says the Scribe, "are finished
poems." Oh!
These blessed tidings mitigate my woe.
Thank Heaven, they are finished!



THE WAITS.





"NOW THEN, CAPTAIN, NEVER MIND THE CHILDREN. I'LL RACE YOU TO THE GATE FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"

THE HUMANE "HOLBORN."

In the Advertisement of an old friend, the Holborn Restaurant, put forward everywhere, and with striking effect in the outer sheet of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, the Public is informed that this celebrated place of entertainment provides in its "beautiful dining saloons the best cuisine and the finest wines," and that the "famous *table d'hôte* (price three-and-sixpence) from 5.30 till 9 o'clock"—three hours and a half eating, at a shilling an hour, is cheap enough, in all conscience—is "accompanied by a full Orchestra, under a distinguished Conductor."

This announcement is most gratifying to charitably disposed and sympathetic diners, who, while they are filling themselves with the good cheer, will no longer be distressed by the thought that the Musicians may be empty, hungry, and eagerly eyeing the feeders at the different tables. No. The Advertisement distinctly says that the dinners are accompanied by "a full Orchestra," and this information is really consoling. The "full Orchestra" can afford to regard the empty guests as they arrive without one feeling of bitterness or envy. The Orchestra is full—they have dined; they have—not to quote it profanely—"eaten and drunk, and risen up (i.e., mounted to the gallery above) to play," and they can contemplate their fellow-men, whether wanting little or much below, with the perfect equanimity engendered by a satisfactory meal and an excellent digestion.

The Humane Proprietors of the "Holborn" must beware of allowing their Orchestra to become too full, or, in spite of the efforts of the "distinguished Conductor," they may doze, and take a few bars' rest. By the way, who is the distinguished, but in the advertisement nameless, Conductor? Is he so distinguished, of such exalted rank, that he conducts *incognito*, perhaps concealing his identity behind a false nose, whiskers, and wig? Is it possible that the Distinguished Conductor can be a certain Royal D-ke, who is known as unequalled, in his own way, on the violin, and who has more than once, we believe, conducted a band? There is a Duke's room at the Holborn. But we will not inquire too curiously. Suffice it for us, and the public, that the Three-and-sixpenny Dinner is first-class, that the Orchestra is "full," and that the Conductor is "distinguished." By the way, the first tune that the Orchestra ought to commence with when the eating begins, should invariably be, "There's some one in the house wid Diner."

PROMISING.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty has appointed a Committee "to consider and report upon the arrangements which will be necessary to carry into effect the details of the recommendations of Admiral GRAHAM's Committee upon Dockyard Expenditure;" and, as far as can be judged from the selected names, it promises to work well. The presence of Mr. J. WRIGHT, C.B., Engineer-in-Chief, is in itself a guarantee that the Committee will not, in its decisions, go far wrong, while that of Captain CHATFIELD argues well for the thorough talking out of all the propositions that, in the course of business, will come under its consideration. Mr. MCHARDY, Director of Stores, moreover, is not likely to prove a soft in giving his opinion; while Mr. GORDON MILLER, Inspector of Dockyard Accounts, will, in his capacity of Secretary, be able, while watching which way the wind blows, to eliminate superfluous chaff from his record of the proceedings, and give all extraneous matter the sack. With such a nucleus of workers, the Committee certainly starts with everything in its favour.

A Good Opening.

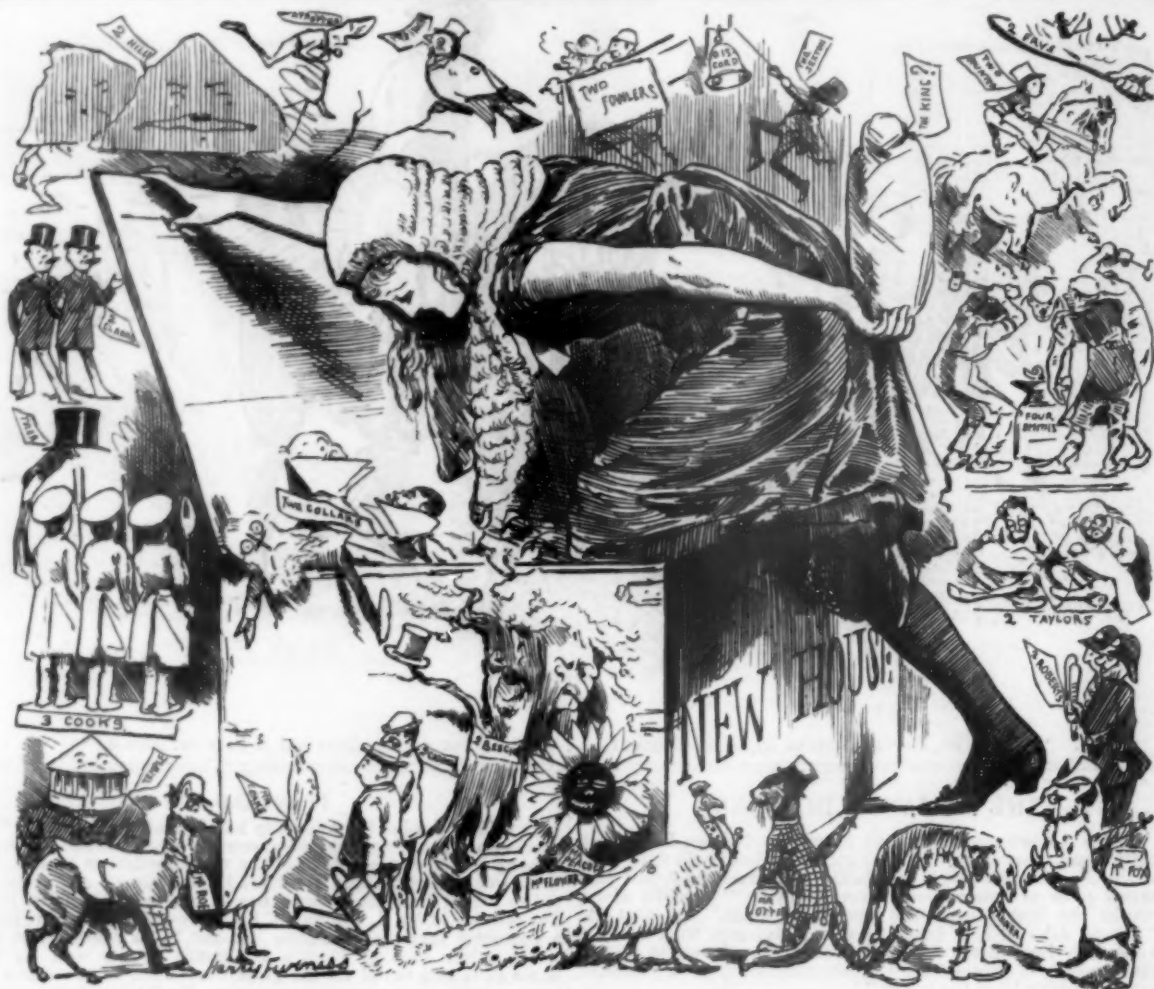
THE following appears in the *Athenaeum* :—

WANTED, by an educated Young Man, aged 22, a PLACE. Can Paint, and talk Ruskinian. —Address, &c.

This young man—he seems to be very young, but he will probably get over this in time, and it is after all not his fault—does not say what sort of a place he wants. Nor does he say what he can paint. Does he give his attention to houses, pictures, or park palings? Now what place would be suitable for a young man who can "talk Ruskinian." Eh? What? Why? Of course the very thing—he ought to be valet to Mr. JAMES WHISTLER. Let him apply at once, and accompany the gifted Symphonist on his American tour.

AN OMNIBUS COMPANION.—"New Edition," recently advertised, of a volume entitled the *Variorum Teacher's Bible*. Apparently a manual designed to meet the views of "Ministers of all Denominations." Which of them calls himself a *Variorum Teacher*?

LIQUIDATION ON CHANGE.—Break up of Frost.



LITTLE (1) MISS HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HER SURPRISE BOX OF CHRISTMAS TOYS.

See "Times" List, Dec. 14th.

"TIS MERRY IN HALL."

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR PUNCH has received a paper which was, he is informed, recently issued by the Authorities of Trinity College, Dublin. Here it is:—

"TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—NOTICE.—Owing to the disorder which has prevailed of late in the Dining-Hall during Commons, the following Rules will, in future, be strictly enforced:—

"1. There shall be no cheering, beating of the tables, &c., when a Stranger dines at Commons, or under any circumstances.

"2. There shall be perfect silence during Grace.

"3. No Student shall move from his table towards the door while the Second Grace is being said, but shall remain standing at his place till the Grace is ended.

"4. No Student shall walk over the Dinner-table.

"5. There shall be no throwing of bread, either during or after Commons.

"The above Rules merely contain some of the first elements of the manners of a Gentleman; and any violation of them, or any act unbecoming a Gentleman, will be severely dealt with.

"December 14, 1885."

THOMAS T. GRAY, Junior Dean.

As to No. 1. When a "distinguished stranger," Mr. Punch, for example, is a guest of the Templars, do not the Juniors, the well-stuffed Gownsmen and the Students, also the Irish Stew-dents, cheer vociferously? Rather. Mr. Punch does not call to mind any beating of tables, but he has a very grateful remembrance of the Table which the Middle Templars keep—and it would be very hard to beat that.

As to Rule 2. Quite right. To hum, whistle, talk, or sing, would be irreverent and ungentlemanly. "During Grace," means,

of course, "while Grace is being said," as, otherwise, the Chaplain, or whoever officiates, himself would have to hold his tongue.

Rule 3. Quite right. Observe "Second Grace"—not "Grace after dinner." To make it classical and complete, there should be a Third Grace. But what with these Graces in Hall, and the Graces of the Senate, the Graduates and Undergraduates of Trinity can't be called a Graceless set.

Rule 5. Of course not. The Undergraduates will show themselves thoroughly well-bred, and not make the Dons crusty.

The summing up is obviously correct. Mr. Vice-Chancellor PUNCH hopes the Junior Dean will have no further trouble with the Students who would bring down his Gray hairs with sorrow, &c.; in which case Mr. V.-C. P. would have to compose a "Gray's Elegy." Be aisy, Boys, will ye now? And a Merry Christmas to all of you that can't get away, or who have, to quote Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S *Shakespeare*, "to labour in their vacation."

Just in Time!

THE United States Consul at Samoa reports, so said a paragraph in Saturday's *Times*, that on the direct tack of the Californian steamers a brand-new Island has risen quite unexpectedly out of the sea. Let Mr. PARNELL at once annex it, take his friends out, with plenty of provisions, and commence Home Rule on a small scale.

NEW DRAMA, IN SEVERAL ACTS, BY W. E. G.—*Woodman Blind; or, The Dim Future.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

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ABNEY Thought at St. Alban's, 298
 After the Election, 298
 After the Westminster Play, 299
 After-Thoughts, 191
 Age of Unrest (The), 134
 Agricultural Question (The), 106
 "All at Sea!" 42
 Alleged Cruelty to a Collie, 270
 All my Eye Art, 261
 All of a Piece, 274
 All Over: 294
 Amateur Yachtsman (The), 161
 "And is Old Double dead?" 25
 Archdiocesan Function (An), 249
 "Arm, Arm, ye Brave!" 46
 "Arry on Song and Sentiment, 229
 "Arry on the Elections, 277
 At Charing Cross Station, 292
 At the Albion, 251
 Banns on the Wood, 220
 Balled in Posse (A), 262
 Balled of the Great Election Battle (A), 258
 Balled of the Philanthropist, 46
 Battle of the Baggage (The), 212
 Battle of the Frogs and Mice (The), 258
 Beer! 55
 Bewused Voter (The), 265
 Black Board (The), 168
 Board to Death, 266
 Bogy, 267
 Bombastes, 220
 Book of Badminton (The), 254
 Boulonsco-sur-Chemin-de-Fer, 209
 Bradehaw's Fun, 29
 Brer Wolf tackles Old Man Turkey-Buzzard, 21
 Bride's Tragedy (The), 70
 British Dramatic Museum (A), 242
 Bumble to the Bee-eater, 98
 By a Blandford Blue, 179
 CALLING them Home, 246
 Canvassing it, 61
 Cannonet by the Chancellor, 174
 Cardsteps Jotting, 95
 Carolines and Penny-liners, 128
 Case of Heartless Cruelty (A), 45
 Cases for Colney Hatch, 253
 Chant of Sir Thomas Thornhill, Bart., 41
 Cheap Drimmers, 227
 Cheeky Chick (The), 162
 Christmas Carol (A), 204
 Concerning Criticism, 221
 Concerts of the Season (The), 79
 Conquering Machine (The), 24
 Contending Swains (The), 156
 Cooling Down, 166
 Corker for the Member for Cork (A), 277
 Correction (A), 251
 Cost of a Sixpenny Telegram, 170

Crocus League (The), 220
 Crowded Out! 161
 Cry from Epping Forest (A), 253
 Cry of the Unemployed (The), 214
 Cum Grano, 227
 Cyclomania, 11
 "Dawn of Creation" and Practical Politics, 222
 "Day in the Country" (A), 11
 De Lunatic Inquirendo, 162
 Depression, 25
 Disclaimer (A), 274
 Disenchanted Castle (A), 97
 Disestablisher's Diary (The), 208
 "Ducal Creature" (The), 228
 Earl of Shaftesbury—in Memoriam, 173
 Early Gooseberry (The), 29
 East-end-on-Mud—"Edition de Luxe," 118
 Ego and Non-Ego, 24
 Election Intelligence, 275
 Election of the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall (The), 228
 End of the Cricketing Season, 143
 "England as he is treated" in Germany, 129
 English Abroad (The), 185
 Essence of Midlothianism, 264
 Essence of Parliament, 10, 52, 64, &c.
 Eton v. Harrow, 29
 "Excelsior! Excelsior!" 121
 Extracts from the Diary of an Eminent Citizen, 145
 FAIR Alarm (A), 210
 False Notes, 267
 Fawkes—et Præterea Nihil, 271
 Filling up at Philippopolis, 267
 "Final, Conclusive, and Binding," 294
 First-rate Chance (A), 225
 Fitzdottrel, 108, 120, 122, &c.
 Flying Visit (A), 264
 Forged Criticisms, 229
 Free and Independent Electors, 228
 Free as Air, 263
 "Free" Everything, 159
 Funny Man (A), 17
 Fury and Jury at Cambridge, 299
 GAMP Rediviva: or, Much Overrated, 61
 (Garden) Party Question (A), 61
 General Ulysses G. Grant, 57
 Gentle Reminder (A), 24
 German Sausage and Spanish Onion, 125
 Gift of Repartee (The), 9
 Gladstonius, 265
 Going for Goochem, 228
 "Going it"—rather! 292
 Going to the Dogs, 117
 G. O. M. on Artists' Models (The), 251
 Good Lawes! 206
 Good Piece of Business (A), 241

"Good Words!" 198
 Grand Old Minstrel (The), 265
 Granville Express (The), 178
 Greek meets Greek, 227
 Grounds for Alarm, 209
 Hair and Rabbit, 218
 Hanwell Festival (The), 57
 Harassing the Hovas, 71
 "Hard Lines," 75
 Hateful Habit (A), 124
 Haymarketing, 56
 Heckling a Heckler, 262
 Helen of Camberwell, 269
 High Sky-High Compliments, 77
 "Hoop-là!" 181
 Horselyana, 206
 How Brer Rabbit lost his Bushy Tail, 20
 How Brer Turkey-Buzzard bothers Brer Wolf, 165
 "How Shall we Three meet again?" 270
 How they Settled it, 264
 Ho to Do it, 281
 Humane "Holborn" (The), 209
 Hum of Bee, 228
 "I don't Care a Rap!" 26
 "Improvement" at Eton, 275, 281, 296
 In a Hammock, 22
 "In for a Dig," 228
 In "Northern Latitudes," 240
 In the Christmas Hamper, 202
 In the Paddock at Doncaster, 155
 In the Temple Gardens, 28
 Invitation (An), 26
 Irish Horse and his Master (The), 115
 Irish "Vampire" (The), 196
 Irrepressible Tourist (The), 102
 Isaac Walton's (completely) Done Angler, 25
 JAKE by Jeremy Diddler, 221
 Just Another Sniff, 105
 KEEPING the Wolf from the Door, 147
 Key of "Gladstone's Door" (The), 59
 "Kind Inquiries," 224
 King Theebaw, 194
 LAST Growler (The), 119
 Latest Intelligence & in Mode, 121
 Lay of Lawn Tennis (A), 79
 Lays of a Lazy Minstrel, 124, 154, 279
 Letter-Bag of Toby, M.P., 142, 158, 160, &c.
 Letter to Ashmead Bartlett, Esq., 124
 Letter to the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, 228
 "Life in London Hygienically Considered," 221
 Lightly Handling, 4
 Little Bulgar Boy (The), 122
 Little "Difference" (A), 126
 Little Holiday Cruises (A), 160
 Little Music (A), 252

"Lo! and Behold!" 71
 Log of the "Sunbeam," 95
 London in September, 126
 London School Board and the "Saturday Review," 5
 Looking Ahead, 120, 293
 Lord Mare's Day, 249
 MAJESTY and Magic, 23
 "Make your Games!" 227
 Making the Best of it, 6
 Man for the Place (The), 262
 Manifest Correction (A), 98
 Mummies Malignant, 12
 Maras at the Manshyn House (The), 194
 Men, on Some Memoirs, 209
 "Milk Below!" 227
 Mock Heroics with a Vengeance, 100
 Model Wife (The), 119
 Modest Flower (A), 245
 More Light, 149
 Mr. Punch's Political Address, 244
 Mugwump's Appeal (A), 276
 NEITHER for Choice, 201
 Never! 291
 New Captain (The), 18
 New Colours, 208
 New Departure (A), 45
 New Elysium (The), 110
 New House of Commons (The), 235
 New Reading, 2
 New School of Guildhall Music (The), 58
 New Words and Old Songs, 299
 "Nick" or Nothing, 222
 Nocturne in North Lambeth, 275
 No Memory for Faces, 25
 Non Tali Auxilio, 227
 Notes by Nibbs, 22
 Notes from the Church Congress, 191
 Notes from the Diary of a City Waiter, 25
 "Not for Joe!" 224
 Not Fur Enough, 168
 Notice to the Public, 53
 Odds and Even, 107
 Officium cum Dignitate, 77
 "Oh, Let's!" 266
 Oh, the Joy of it! 128
 "Old Times come again no more!" 219
 "One-Gunner" (A), 103
 One Warning More! 78
 On Unimpeachable Authority, 206
 Open Door (The), 174
 Our Advertisers, 21, 177
 Our Booking Office, 74, 120, 193, &c.
 Our London Lazar-house, 228
 Our Notes and Queries, 180
 Our Wheel of Fortune, 299
 "Out in the Cold," 279
 Out of the Way, 102
 Oyster and the Grouse (The), 73
 Pages from a Diary, 73

Paper-Knife Poems, 314, 364, 376, &c.
 Papers from Pump-handle Court, 13, 73
 Parnell and his Plank, 167
 Parrot Oris, 14
 Pastoral Players (The), 13
 Pastoral Proprietor (The), 216
 "Peasant to his Pig" (The), 281
 Perils of the Pavement, 71
 Philosopher Out (The), 287
 Picture Papers (The), 213
 Plagues of Adjectives (A), 74
 Pica for the Pilots (A), 281
 Poets Cornered, 29
 Political Kases, 274
 Political Polo Match (The), 138
 Philistine on the Primrose, 118
 Politics and Politicians, 206
 Potting Prices, 264
 Prehistoric Man, 203
 Premier's Primer (The), 5
 Professors of Poetry, 275
 Proof very Positive, 14
 Protest (A), 48
 Provoked Philosophy, 89
 Public and the "Public" (The), 116
 Pugnacious Penman, 206
 Punch's Occasional Fables, 17
 Queen's English (The), 61
 Questionable Convert (A), 174
 Quid pro Quo, 166
 Quite above Board, 57
 Quite New and Entirely Original, 50
 RASANTIA Warning, 90
 Readings for the Recumbent, 113
 "Ready, aye Ready!" 143
 Real Wattle (The), 14
 Reappearance of the Popular Favourite, 223
 Reasons of my non-Return (The), 273
 Recreation and Rowdiness, 24
 Rectification (A), 15
 Return of the Tourist (The), 203
 Reverse of a Poor Squeezed 'Un, 202
 Revised Versions, 214
 Revolutionary Squadron (The), 1
 Rhyme by a Nervous Radical, 287
 Rich and Rare, 200
 Rights of it (The), 261
 "Ring and the Rock" (The), 41
 Rival Umbrellas (The), 176
 Robert decides how to Vote, 265
 Robert on the River, 67, 124
 Robert versus Roberts, 257
 Rowers on the Lea (The), 99
 Rowland on an Oliver (A), 37
 Royal Wedding (A), 38, 53
 SAFETY on the Sea-shore, 83
 S.A. Macgoures (The), 99
 Sanitary Sage (A), 210
 Sore for Sportsmen (A), 192
 Selling Off, 69
 Sentimental Humanity, 179
 Sheriff's Day in the City, 2
 Sheriff's Office and the Sheriff's Officer (The), 248
 Short Anecdote by Benvenuto, 164
 Short Holiday Cruise (A), 136, 148, 173, &c.
 Shot in the Dark (A), 142
 Showing their Hands, 174
 Show Off, 267
 Silly Commander (The), 217
 Singular Shot (A), 111
 Sir Moses Montefiore, 70
 Sir Ralph Allen Gossett, 275
 "Six of One," 140
 Smells of Lea (The), 117
 Soap-and-Waterless July (A), 9
 "Sold!" 225
 Some More Confessions, 146
 Something like a Heckle, 227
 Something to Read, 170
 Song and Suggestion, 261
 Song at Scarborough, 130
 Song for Skagness (A), 137
 Song in a Smock Frock, 168
 Song of an Outsider, 166
 Song of a Slow Movement, 96
 Song of the Signalman, 170
 Borrowers of a Metropolitan Candidate, 127, 206, 225, &c.
 Speaking Generally, 141
 Sporting Events, 69
 S-s-s-h! 15
 "Steady, Sir, Steady!" 27
 Real Fegans (A), 258
 "Shock-a-Bay-Baby!" 243
 Substantial Grievance (A), 202
 Sunday Closing, 227
 Super-human Nature, 160
 "Super's" Complaint (The), 45
 Surprised of the Fittest, 16
 "Sword is Mightier than the Pen" (The), 207
 TALE of a Whale (The), 100
 Tales of Hope, 61
 Tender, if True, 113
 Tenyson's Trouble, 69
 "Terrible Child" (The), 118

Thames and its Tributaries (The), 68
 That Cow Again! 225
 Theebaw's Diary, 278
 Their Own Mixture, 65
 "They've got no work to do!" 53
 Those Forty Years, 267
 Three Sides of it, 266
 Tips! Tips! Tips! 46
 Tip to Our Talkers, 227
 Tip to Statisticians (A), 108
 "Tis Merry in Hall," 210
 Too Bad! 229
 To some Distinguished Amateurs, 37
 Total of the Election, 267
 To the Daring Duckling, 158
 Tourist in Town (The), 109, 122, 141, &c.
 Truth in Earnest, 229
 Tupper Re-Tupper'd, 216
 Turn of the Tide (The), 293
 Twelfth of August (The), 82
 "Twelve Words only," 183
 Two Obadias (The), 265
 Two Old Friends, 229
 Unassuming Version (The), 261
 "Under which King, Besomian?" 214
 Un Peu de Showa, 203
 Unserviceable Franchise (An), 263
 Unwelcome Guest (An), 161
 VERN. Sep., 99, 245
 Very New Rules of Billiards, 216
 Very Sporty Spot (A), 193
 Very well Out of it, 97
 "Villany Triumphant," 98
 Vote of the Red and the Blue (The), 246
 WAIL in Wales (A), 201
 Waist Not, Want Not, 206
 Waiting for a War-Cry, 90
 Waiting for the Verdict, 225
 Waiting to Follow, 220
 Waits (The), 216
 Wanted, a Revised Version, 243
 Warfare at Islington, 11
 Watt's Up Again, 65
 Way we Advertise this Week, 123
 "What is a Girl to do?" 207
 What shall it be? 208
 What will they do with it? 224
 "Where are you Driving to?" 268
 Which is Which? 37
 Who'd have Thought it? 119
 Wholesome Corrective (A), 111
 "Why am I a Liberal?" 226
 Why, Indeed? 209
 With Local Colour, 118
 With the Stream, 54
 Wizard's Curse (The), 268
 Wolf and the Lamba (The), 151
 Wolf in Sheep's Clothing (The), 22
 Working Man's Friend (The), 241
 Write and Wrong, 229

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

"ALL at Sea!" 48
 Battle of the Frogs and Mice (The), 229
 Calling them Home, 247
 Cheeky Chick (The), 163
 "Cloture" at Last (The), 67
 Contending Swains (The), 157
 False Alarm (A), 211
 "Fresh Paint!" 7
 "Going to the Country," 31
 "Hooray! All over!" 296
 "How shall we Three meet again?" 271
 Irish Horse and his Master (The), 115
 Irish "Vampire" (The), 199
 Irrepressible Tourist (The), 103
 Little "Differences" (A), 127
 Looking Ahead! 121

New Captain (The), 19
 "Not for Joe!" 225
 One Warning More! 79
 Open Door (The), 115
 Political Polo Match (The), 138
 Reappearance of the Popular Favourite, 223
 Turn of the Tide (The), 293
 Waits (The), 107
 "What's his Next 'Cry'?" 91
 With the Stream, 54

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ALDERMAN's Fear of a Title, 34
 American Aristocracy (An), 164
 Artist and Fair Stranger, 33
 Asking a Baritone to Sing, 270
 Aunt Jemima and French Cabman, 268
 Baby's New Bonnet, 243
 Bathing Machines in the Tide, 105
 Beauty versus Intellect, 246
 Being Photographed on the Sands, 63
 Bleaming the Dog for Missed Shots, 198
 Bore's Conversation (A), 264
 Bribing the Gamekeeper, 146
 Bricklayer and Government Clerk, 168
 Bumble and the Booby, 98
 Burmese Toad (The), 216
 Cabman's Opinion of the French, 220
 Cats and Muzzled Dogs, 106
 Central Criminal Court (The), 210
 Challenging the Captain to a Race, 202
 Charing Cross Station, 202
 Chemist and Lady Customer, 262
 Choosing their Three Acres, 291
 Christmas Cards in September, 161
 Comic Song in French (A), 54
 Cook and the Ice (The), 62
 Country Aunt and Whitebait, 50
 Country Groom in London, 45
 Countryman on Vestments, 149
 Crowd of Boots at Molesey Lock, 119
 Dead Old Gentleman in Company, 198
 Deer-Forrest Owner and Gillie, 230
 Dogs' "Tug of War," 75
 "Dolly" Churchill at Sheffield, 123
 Effect of a Novice's Shooting, 146
 Egyptian Loan (The), 84
 Election of Lord Mayor at Guildhall, 228
 Elsie tears a Radical's Placard, 223
 Entangled Fish-Lines (The), 114
 Evitable Drawing-Master (An), 102
 Eva in Mamma's Dressing-room, 188
 Ex-M.P.'s "Out in the Cold," 279
 Feeding a Disagreeable Husband, 206
 Forgetting Reply to Dinner Invite, 218
 Frenchman whom Everybody Invites, 6
 German Sausage and Spanish Onion, 135
 Gentlemen Cricketers at Lords, 145
 Gladstone distributing Peasages, 2
 Gladstone's "Hard Hit," 224
 Gladstone's Old Umbrella, 171
 Golfers in Scotland, 174
 Goodwood Stakes, 49
 Grauville Express (The), 178
 Hansom Horse and the Splash-Board, 25
 Highland Coachman and Saxon Passenger, 203
 Hotel Visitor and Waiter, 100
 Housemaid and Irish Milkman, 71
 Hunting Doctor and Cottager, 261
 In "Gladstone's Room," 29
 Ins and Outs at Speaker's Lodge, 107
 International Inventions Exhibition, 121
 In the Paddock at Doncaster, 155
 Irritable Model's Repartee, 223
 Jarvis's Bank Holiday, 69
 Juggernaut Tram-Car (The), 69

Lady hooking a Fish, 150
 Lady Driver's Logic (A), 129
 Last Appearance of Mme. Inventories, 231
 Last Ball of the Season (The), 186
 Latest Tatching Jotting, 145
 Letting go the Pant-Foil, 24
 Liberal and Conservative Husband, 274
 Liberal Garden Party (A), 83
 Little Boys and French Maid, 166
 Long Shots, 109
 Lord Rosebery and Prince of Wales, 51
 Lord Rosebery's Broad Views, 214
 Lord Splashboard's Horse in a Cab, 88
 Manners' Sixpenny Telegram, 167
 Meet Salesman and Farmer, 226
 Meeting the Wrong People, 15
 Merry Meeting at Royal Institution, 15
 Miss Brown accompanies Bagpiper, 120
 Miss Gladys's Lawn-Tennis Shoes, 80
 Miss House of Commons' Toys, 210
 Mistake in French Exercise, 100
 Model British Matron and Statue, 196
 Molly's Seal, 194
 More Yachting Jottings, 121
 Mr. Brown's Salmon-Stalking Dress, 135
 Mr. Punch and the Old Model, 267
 Noddy Friend and Lucky Speculator, 231
 New Fourth Party (The), 47
 New Ministry in Old Attitudes, 10
 Objections to Sea-side Resorts, 74
 Old and New Styles of Duelling, 51
 Old Lady and Draper's Shopman, 67
 Old Lady and Rail-way Porter, 81
 Only True Home-Buys (The), 203
 Our Own Court Circular, 299
 Over-praising Sir George's Wife, 42
 Oyster and the Grouse (The), 73
 Paps Keeping up their French, 234
 Parcel Post in the Country, 153
 Parliamentary Clarke (The), 29
 Parliamentary Magic Lantern, 250
 Peeper's Medical Doan (The), 19
 Piano at the Country House (The), 78
 Playing Lawn-Tennis in the Rain, 284
 Policeman and Two Organ-grinders, 227
 Portrait Painter's Looking-glass (A), 210
 Powers waiting for the Verdict, 255
 Prince's Next Tour (The), 180
 Princess of Wales's Picture (The), 46
 Publishers in Novelists' Rooms, 158
 Publishers' Trade-Marks, 265
 Punch addressing Electors, 244
 Punch and the Imitis Fatuus, 110
 Punch's Wheel of Fortune, 290
 Purchasing a Tricycle, 65
 Railway Station on Regatta Morning, 3
 Raining Phantasies, 157
 Randolph as Puck in Office, 37
 Randolph, the Star Comique, 56
 Reason for Buying Dry Champagne, 11
 Reform Club (The), 263
 Remedy for a Sore Throat, 111
 Robert's Turtle Banner, 240
 Rothschild's Soothing-Syrup, 66
 Sacks in the House of Commons, 52
 Salisbury and Harcourt on Sherry, 243
 Salvation Black Man and Farmer, 220
 Scotch Boatman and Teetotal Fisher, 187
 Scotch Doctor and Northern Farmer, 229
 Scotch Funeral Procession (A), 183
 Scotch Hotel-keepers and Tourists, 70
 Scotch Professor on Jokes (A), 14
 Sea-side Studios, 63, 123
 Secretary of several Companies (A), 298
 Shooting Districts, 141
 Shooting the Dog, 117
 Small Boy and Stranger at Sea-side, 60
 Steward and Sea-sick Passenger, 179
 Street-Boy and Tricycleist, 225
 Suburban Belle and Stranger, 202
 Sultan and the Buglar Boy, 123
 Sweeper-Boy and Fine Days, 118
 Tailor and Customer's Leg, 191
 Tasting Everything but Water, 95
 Titania and Bottom, 99
 Tommy brings his Change in Toffee, 38
 Tommy's Feasting after Smoking, 96
 Topics of the Day, 158, 180, 189, &c.
 Tourist and the Gravesdigger, 214
 Trade-Marks for Publishers, 253
 Trade-Marks for Well-known Firms, 277
 Treading the Hay in Scotland, 163
 Turkey and Wolff (The), 147
 View of the Corn Exchange, 207
 Visitor and the Cup of Tea, 278
 Wimbledon Whimsicalities, 25
 Whose Train is it? 170
 "Who's St. Paul?" 27
 Why Sandy didn't Clean the Carriage, 145
 Wolf, Fox, and other Animals, 22
 Yachting, 97
 Yankee Millionaire's Wife's Portrait, 122
 Young Lady and Smoking Carriage, 66





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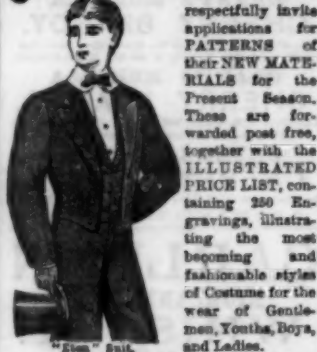
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